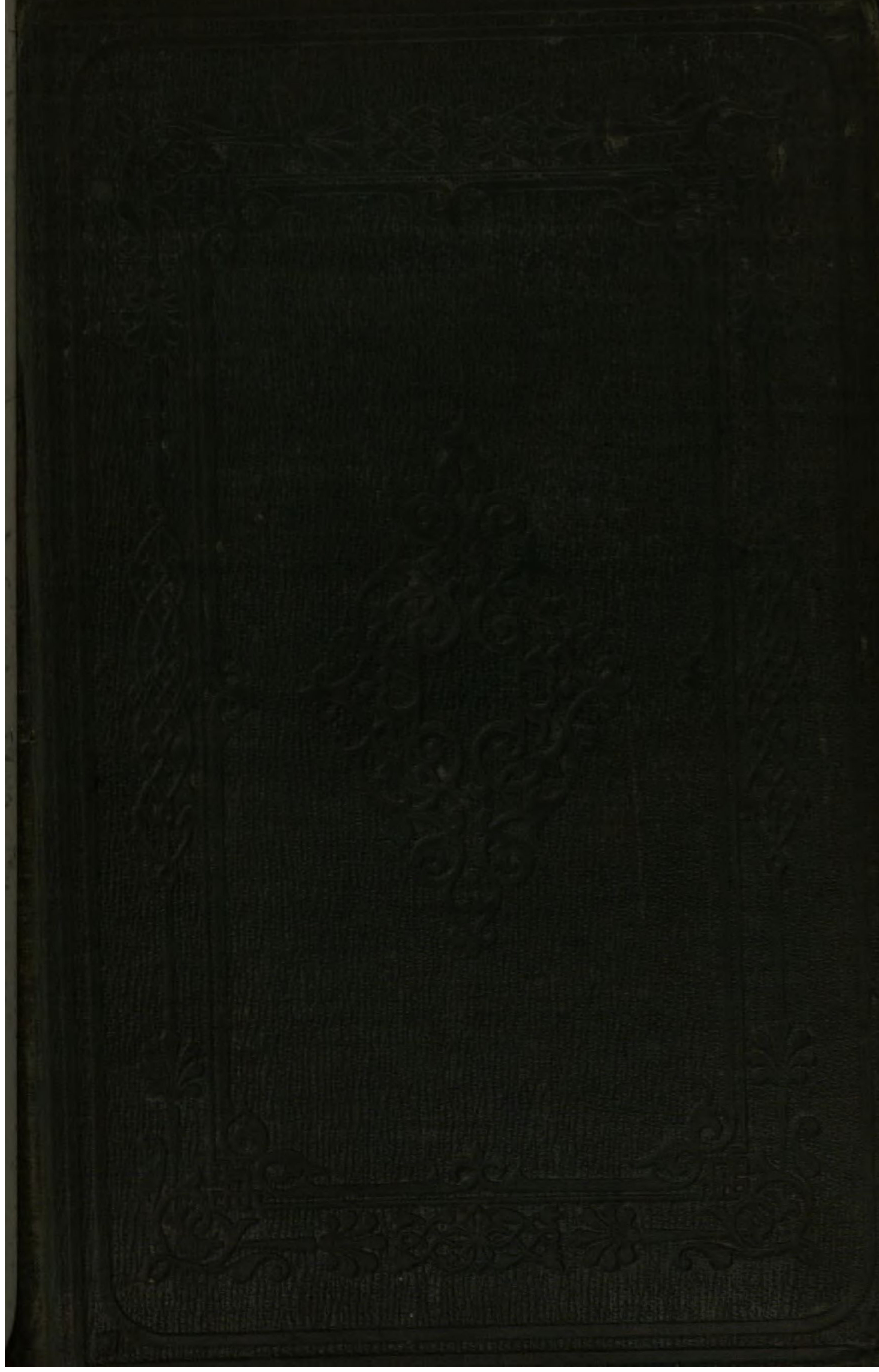




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GERMANIA

IN 1850 ;

ITS COURTS, CAMPS, AND PEOPLE.

BY

THE BARONESS BLAZE DE BURY.

“ Esa, Señores, es la historia de las Asambleas Alemanas ; y sabeis porque murieron así ? Yo os lo diré. Murieron así, porque ni dejaron hacer, ni hicieron ; murieron así porque ni dejaron gobernar ni gobernaron ; murieron así porque despues de mas de un año de discusion nada saliò, o saliò humo solo de sus interminables discusiones.” — SPEECH OF DONOSO CORTES, 30TH JAN. 1850.

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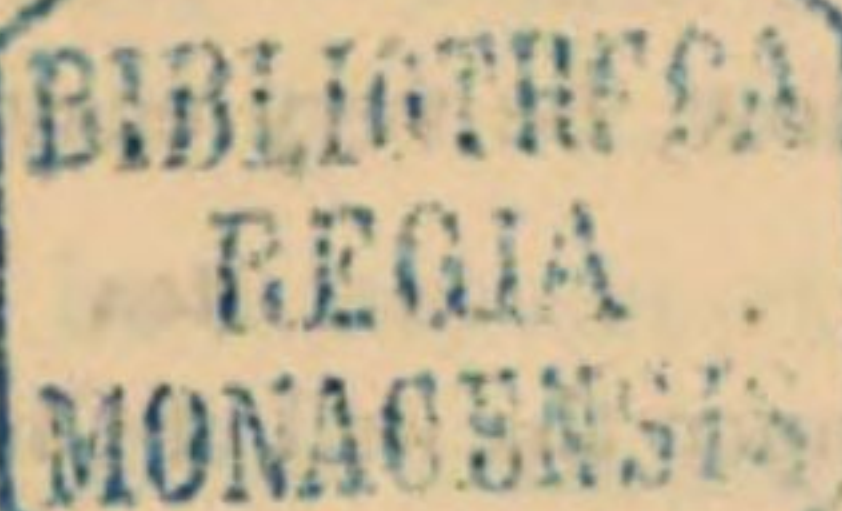
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THE FIRST AND SECOND PARTS OF THE HISTORY OF THE
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GERMANIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE SNOW.

"TRAVELLING is so easy now-a-days !" that is the phrase one hears on all hands. "Since the establishment of railroads, there are no distances." Granted. It is easy to go to Egypt, and the journey up the Nile is a mere nothing. Shooting parties may be accepted on the borders of the Mississippi, and from the Havannah to Liverpool you may cross in a fortnight. I met a gentleman last winter who told me of the great railroad by means of which we shall go to Calcutta in eleven days, passing through Persia and Asia Minor, (fancy the "Babylon Station!") and as to the Holy Land, why it will soon be our next-

door neighbour: all this I do not dispute, and it may, for aught I know, be very easy to take one's

“ tea

And toast upon the wall of China,”

but it is *not* easy to go from Munich to Vienna.

The cold came on suddenly; on the 19th of November, the warmth was so great, that the only explanation of it was, that “the sweet South,” in its passage from Italy, had not had time to cool itself by the contact with the Alps; on the 20th, early dawn saw Munich swathed in snow!

And now, get away as you can. No railroad connects Bavaria and Austria; the Danube is frozen over—what is to be done? It is provoking to be obliged, in the nineteenth, to do as people did in the seventeenth century, and travel *à petites journées*, neither more nor less than Madame la Marquise de Sévigné used to do when she went from Paris into Brittany, in the year 1670. I would almost as soon contemplate a *voyage en litière*, which she declares no two persons, however friendly, can accomplish without hating each other at the end.

“You had better stay here,” said our kind Munich friend.

“I must be in Vienna for Christmas.”

“They are going to give Lachner's opera of ‘*Catarina Cornaro*’ on Wednesday, *mit festlich*

beleuchtetem Hause,"* objected the pretty Madame de W——.

"There is to be a concert at the Odéon, for the benefit of the soldiers wounded in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, and the whole Court will be there," added the Countess M——.

"But we must go to-morrow."

"You will be snowed up."

"The carriage must be put upon a sledge."

"You will be blown over a precipice."

"The wind may change."

"You will be overturned in a ditch."

"Ditches are dry."

"You had better go home through Italy," advised a worthy countryman of mine, who thought "comfort" the first consideration in life, and who was, besides that, a little "hard of hearing."

"I am dying to see Radetzky."

"You could go by Roveredo and Milan"

"But I want to make acquaintance with Jellacic."

"Or by Venice and Bologna, and then, from Leghorn by sea, to Marseilles"

"But we have letters to Schlik."

"The land-road is the most interesting; but the steamers from Leghorn are so comfortable that they compensate for"

* What the Italians style an illumination *a giorno*.

"The Ban!" cried I, in my obstinate friend's ear, "they won't compensate for not seeing *him*—*demandez à ces dames*." He was, as I found out afterwards, of north country origin, and might have gone maundering on till now if I had not stopped him. As it was, he shrugged his shoulders, pulled down his wristbands, settled his ruffled feathers, and decidedly "giving me up" as incorrigible, walked to the tea-table, remarking, in the sort of tone one would adopt to warn a man from "wicked courses:"

"You may depend upon it, it is impracticable; you don't know what the inns are."

Bless Eothen! how his eternal "*Oui! je sais*," recurred to me.

I never met this excellent "borderer" before, and probably never shall meet him again; but he was not altogether wrong in representing the hostelries of the Austro-Bavarian frontier as places not to be imagined in this our civilized age.

Nevertheless, all things must have an end, and so it was with our pleasant stay in Munich. Our last day was employed in admiring the rare collection of drawings, medals, engravings, books and paintings, belonging to the Baron de Lotzbeck;* and when, in

* M. de Lotzbeck is a Peer of Bavaria, and possesses one of the most valuable collections of the works of modern artists

the middle of the chilly night, I found myself rolling on towards Landshut, I could not chase from my mind's eye a certain delicate Spanish jessamine, whose branching tendrils I had seen in the morning wreathed round a table of Florentine mosaic. Flowers of stone! it was such a meet vegetation for the frozen earth around me! they might have clung to the icy trees, or climbed round the snow-laden casements of every cottage; I could fancy I smelt their perfume.

Snow! yes, this *is* snow!—the pure, unpolluted, diamantine crystallization of Heaven's damps, and not the dark, dingy, *café-au-lait* kind of looking mud, that we dignify with the name in more southern lands. How it glitters! how it shines! how it sparkles! You may walk upon it, nor leave more than a vague foot-print behind: it is hard, and crackles sharply as it is trampled down by the rolling wheel, or the horse's hoof. By the side of the road, the tall trees assume a ghost-like shape, and to every

throughout Germany. At his residence of Weyhern, he has the famous *Sacontala* of Riedl, and the *Mignons* of Aryscheffer, and at his house in Munich the dining-room is decorated with twelve illustrations of the Gospel, original drawings of Overbeck's. The table I have mentioned is a wonder of Florentine art, and cost five hundred guineas, besides taking ten years to make.

Toute proportion gardée, M. de Lotzbeck is the Duc de Luynes of Bavaria.

branch hang girandoles of nature's own manufacturing. I had not then seen that wondrous chandelier of the throne-room in Berlin, or I should have found its model in this frozen dew.

We have seventeen degrees and a half; and in one of the carriage pockets, a bottle, filled with *vin de Bordeaux* and water, presents nothing save a mould of ice!

The snow stretches over everything—fields, hills, and villages. Waggon standing in court-yards are but huge masses of snow, and the postilion's hat and cloak are white—white, and glistening; I wonder if his horn be frozen, that he does not blow it, but goes on, trot, trot, in silence, upon his steaming horses, as though he were a native of any other nation. I would ask him, only I have a kind of notion that his voice must be iced, like our wine.

And then, on we go again, through the still, deep, blue night; and the yellow stars in heaven are less numerous and less bright than those with which earth is spangled over.

The moon shines brilliantly, and throws over the whole a kind of azure splendour that is fantastical; and, ever and anon, the breath of the wind stirs the latest-fallen snow, and a cloud of dew-dust obscures, for a moment, the whole scene, and wraps it round in a mantle of frozen smoke. Upon the wide expanse

of what once were corn-fields, see how the hares assemble! Under the furry covering of their eternal *pelz** they mock at winter's harshness, and skip, and spring, and bound about, after such an insane fashion, that it suggests to my mind the propriety of changing the proverb, and substituting, for "Mad as a March hare," the phrase, "Mad as a hare in December." Poor puss! she probably thinks that hunters and dogs are frozen too!

How Schubert's *Winter Reise* comes to one's memory; and as one clatters over the deserted street of some silent country town, how one remembers the lone traveller, who reaches his home in the night—the home he has not seen since his boyhood,—and whom none are waking to welcome. He draws his cloak tightly around him, for the cutting wind whistles sharp, and takes his way to the village church; and on his road, he wonders what has become of the large pond which lay upon the green, and where, as a child, he had used for hours together to loiter away his time in launching boats he had made himself. The pond has disappeared—all is altered. What wonder? Fifteen years and more have passed—and he goes on; but, all at once, the

* No German exists, I believe, who has not one or more of these fur-trimmed *douillettes*, which often have very costly fur both in and outside.

hard pavement ceases beneath his tread, and his foot sinks deep into the snow—deep, deep, and deeper still, and a sudden crash tells of ice that has given way. The old pond was there, but the snowy covering, that rested upon its congealed surface, hid it treacherously from view. The traveller sinks: he cries aloud for help, but none hear; he stretches forth his arms, but no one comes; the cold seizes and benumbs him, biting at his very heart, as with steel-teeth; he sinks, and the broken snow marks the spot where he disappeared—lost, in view of the home he sought, and of the church where first he learned to pray!

His body will be found when the snow melts—perhaps in spring. What a spring-time for the mother who waited for him!

Ah! Schubert, thou wert a great master, and didst reign supreme over the ballad empire!

“Where do you find the beautiful melodies, the strange fantastic ideas, which abound in your works?” asked, one day, of the composer of the “Erl King,” a person of my acquaintance.

“I know not,” was the answer, in the gentle, dreamy tone so peculiar to him, when speaking; “*they come to me somehow.*”

But, to appreciate the unassuming *naïveté*, the child-like simplicity of the reply, one must hear it in Schubert’s own idiom, his own native Vienna dialect,

“*Es fällt mir halt so ein!*” None but an Austrian would say that!

A bell in the distance strikes twelve, and you are surprised—surprised that it should retain life enough in its brazen lungs to give forth sound; and then sleep begins to flap its wings around you, and your closing eyes see all sorts of fantastical shapes; the hares become elves, and the trees look like white giants, whilst the postilion seems to be leading you some fearful dance into the midst of an unknown land; now you fancy you are whirling round in Lenore’s skeleton polka, and anon the earth seems to you but a huge bride-cake, the frosting of which you are ruthlessly cutting through. You pass by a church-yard—a “court of peace” they call it here—and ask yourself what those particular graves do there, since all earth is now but one tomb, and nature lies stiffening before you, swathed in her cold, colourless winding-sheet.

You do not, in this universal burial, comprehend the meaning or the necessity of any one having a grave to himself; and your brain is now in a sleepy whirl of warring fancies, which pass before you, strange, motley, and indistinct, as though they were dropping through the ever-changing round of a kaleidoscope; and then all fades and ceases, or is transformed; and the first sound or circumstance which calls you from the spirit-world, finds you, for

one second, as utterly foreign to the world of reality, as if you had never been born; it is but a moment—gone ere it can be recognized; but *in* that moment, you have comprehended unconsciousness, and a total separation from yourself.

“*Caffee oder Bier?*” that was the very unpoetic call which woke me from my slumbers, on arriving at Landshut, at six o’clock in the morning. I imagine my vacant stare must have expressed considerable surprise, for the *Kellnerin* rejoined in a half-offended tone, as though she thought a doubt of the quality of her “malt liquors” must be the only reason of my inquiring look.

“It is genuine, not Munich, but Seefeld beer, the best in Bavaria.”

I had been dreaming of the drowned traveller, and with the weird maladies of Schubert echoing through my memory, was suddenly awoke and called upon to “chronicle small beer!” *Ce sont les chances du voyage—(et des rêves surtout!)*

My north country friend was right, and the inn at Landshut proved it. A long, low room, into which light from half-opened shutters filtered lazily, shaming a foul smelling lamp, whose red glare had flickered through the night—thick wooden tables, primitive as those whereat Cedric the Saxon entertained his guests, and retaining signs of the previous night’s potations; these were the objects which met my eye,

as I accepted the invitation to "come in and warm myself."

This was not easy, for there is about the cold of the morning something which far surpasses that of the night. It is not so intense; but it is more penetrating, and clings to you with a damp corpse-like hold.

After an hour spent in attentively gazing at the enormous tower of the church, which looks like a giant-extinguisher put upon the whole town, and in reading the *feuilleton* of a radical paper, full of lies to the glory of Dembinski and Bem, the moment for departure arrived, and as the sun was beginning to gild the horizon, we re-entered the carriage. But how different was the whole scene! On reaching the high hill which rises behind Landshut, the grandeur of what winter *can* be in the north, burst upon us in all its magnificence. The sky was blue, as though heaven's dome were made out of one immense sapphire, and not a single cloud obscured the brightness of the golden rays which poured flood-like down upon the earth.

The sun was not only genial, it was warm, very warm. Yet still, all its warmth failed to melt one crystal from the boughs, and upon the carriage windows the congealed atmosphere was iced still into a thousand curious trceries. But if the heat were

powerless against the chill covering wherewith Nature had wrapped herself round, the effects of the sun upon her icy garb were no less strange and beautiful. The blue radiance of the night was changed into a brilliancy which the eye had some pain to support, and every tint that can be conceived, red, lilac, yellow, green, passed over the earth's virgin robe, spreading rainbow-like carpets upon the ground. No breath of wind was stirring, no bird or insect speckled the air, no sound of living thing disturbed the echoes. Solitude was complete around, and in those eternal plains, whose untrodden surface attested the absence of man, there was a palpable evidence of solitude that made you feel as though you had entered an uninhabited universe.

This endless expanse of snow is desolate in its vast loneliness, as the wide sandy waste of the desert ; and when it is without trace of the passage of man, it is even more melancholy still. Nothing that we know of can give an idea of what winter is in the North, when it assumes this degree of severity ; it has horrors and beauties of which we do not dream. But in its terror there is sublimity, whilst its beauty is allied to sadness. A spot which is familiar to you, when you see it for the first time in this garb, produces the impression of the statue of some one you have loved, made to ornament a tomb ; the features

are there as you knew them, but they bring to you the idea of death.

The day ought to have been a gay one; it was a shining, brilliant, and what in any other season would have been a joyous, laughing day; and yet as you passed along you felt as though you were *alone*—quite, utterly, entirely *alone*! Neumarkt, where we dined, or tried to persuade ourselves we had done so, corroborated still further the truth of what the borderer had said; and I began to feel uncharitably towards him, as one does towards those who have told you something unpleasant, the truth of which you are obliged to admit.

I confess that the little black lumps of parchment and powder that were served to us at Neumarkt, under the name of partridges (and which differed only therein from the apples of the Dead Sea that, although ashes within, they were not “fair to look at” without), caused me to hold my innocent *compatriote* in increasing disfavour; nor was this feeling mitigated when, some few hours later, at Alt Cetting, we cast our despairing eyes over what the natives called a table, and over the dishes upon it, which they innocently denominated supper.

The day was waning fast, and it was now a matter of discussion whether it would be safe to go on

through the night; but the impossibility of sleeping in the place we were then in, and the assurance of the driver that, with such a moon as was likely to rise, he would answer for no accident happening, determined us to proceed.

Something having become loosened in one of the wheels we were forced, during the time it was being mended, to take refuge, on account of the stove, in the dining-room of the inn. Bad enough it was, to be sure, and full of noise, smoke, and unpleasant smells of diabolical culinary productions.

The vast space allotted to the purpose of feeding was divided into two compartments. To the left lay the portion destined to receive the *vornehme Gäste*, and on the right-hand opened a long chamber, allotted to the guests of an inferior description. In the former room were congregated a few *voyageurs*, just come in with the *Eilwagen* (which ought to have arrived on the previous night), and some half-dozen Bavarian officers. In the latter were a crowd of peasants, some in the attire of the neighbouring Tyrol.

Whilst I was turning over the pages of the *Deutsche Zeitung*, lying before me on the table, my eye was caught by some verses, such as it was frightful to think any human imagination should have

invented, but which I will quote here, in order to show what were the men who, after the revolution of February, tried to seize upon popularity in Germany, and bring over the mass to their infamous doctrines.* Here is the passage: (it is headed Berne.)

“All religion is superstition, and must be eradicated before the freedom of the people can take root.” “These are the precepts inculcated by Heinzen and his disciples; alas! not entirely without effect,” observes the *Deutsche Zeitung*, “for the greater number of the German refugees make themselves remarkable for the most disgusting and absolute atheism. As an example of this take the following: at the anniversary of Robert Blum’s death, in Zurich, an individual, in the assembly of refugees, who had met together for the occasion, said, ‘Of the triumph of liberty in Europe there can be no hope, so long as the belief in God and eternity is forced upon the population by a set of priests. This wild illusion’ (namely, religion) ‘must be torn out of the souls of the people before the universal overthrow of thrones and kings can break the chains of slavery. In order to ‘come at’ the princes we must first get rid of the priests!’ Here now, resumes the newspaper, is a

* See what I have said of this party and its leaders, Blum, Vogt, &c., in Chap. III. Vol. I.

specimen of atheistical poetry, such as it flourishes in the popular reunions and circles of which the operatives are members :

“ ‘ C——d be that G—, the unseeing, unhearing,
To whom our belief bound us, praying and fearing ;
We have waited and hoped in our want and our pain,
He has mocked us, our hopes and our patience are vain !

We weave on ! we weave on !

“ ‘ Cursed be the Fatherland, where our sole dower
Is poverty, shame and despair at each hour !
Germania ! we work at thy winding sheet,
And a threefold curse thy decay shall greet.

We weave on ! we weave on ! ”

I had hardly come to the end of this impious rhapsody, when a strange sort of psalmody issuing from the inner apartment struck my ear. At first, I could not distinguish exactly what it was ; but, after a moment's attention, the words, “ Pray for us, miserable sinners, now and at the hour of our death ! ” revealed to me the Invocation to the Immaculate—the Salutation, at parting-day, to the Virgin—the Mother !

It was the hour for the *Angelus*, and, in the room set aside for the lower class of visitors, a peasant woman, standing before a copy of the *Ave Maria*,

which hung framed against the wall, recited the prayer, of which each separate phrase was repeated in chorus by the rest of the assistants.

All the guests, in both rooms, were standing and uncovered, and remained in that attitude till the end of the evening prayer.

And this, I could not help thinking, is the race they are labouring morally to destroy, and *here*, as my eye fell once more upon the newspaper before me, are the destroyers!

* * * * *

We resumed our route by the same brilliant moon as the night before, but our way lay now through less cultivated scenes: rocks, streams and woodland wilds, all lay swathed in snow; forests, as though carved in stone, rose massive and over-loaded with white wealth; the course of rivers was no longer marked, or was only pointed out by a dark line where the current had been torrent-strong, and had rebelled against the grasp of the mighty frost. As we passed over what we recognized as a very long bridge, our driver knocked at the front glass of the carriage, saying, as he pointed to a black line like what I have mentioned:

“There is the Danube.”

From village to village, or, as the peasants there-

abouts call it, from "market-place to market-place," we searched that night for a bed wherein to rest, and at last, at one o'clock in the morning, we were obliged to be content with a hovel. We stopped at a picturesque "*in-conveniency*" called Simbach, and came to a halt in despair.

CHAPTER II.

A FRONTIER TOWN.

THERE are places which not only produce a disagreeable impression of present discomfort upon you, but which leave in your mind a memory of all that is most repugnant; the Germans have a capital word for this feeling, they call it *un-heimlichkeit*, and use it to express the precise contrary of what is pleasant and homely—as though, in that one word “home,” were contained all that human wishes could aim at. *Un-homeliness*, the quality of that which would appear to us most impossible as a home; of that which physically and morally mislikes us whilst we are in contact with it; *that* it is, and that was the sensation inspired in the highest degree by the road-side inn at Simbach. The country around was lovely, and, on the following morning, the view

from our windows spread over a fair and wide expanse of chequered wood and wold, but the post-house of Simbach was *un-heimlich*, and the very creaking of the room-doors upon their hinges was more discordant than in other places.

We had but two posts more before we should cross the frontier, and we treated fatigue kindly, and rose late. But more snow had fallen towards four o'clock in the morning, and we were told we should not reach Scherding before nine or ten o'clock at night.

The weather was gloomy, unlike that of the previous day, and evening faded into night, the change being only marked by the absence of light, not by any difference of colouring. As the clocks of Neuhaus (the last Bavarian village) were striking ten, the tread of our horses' hoofs sounded hollow upon the great bridge connecting the two countries. The Inn had been too rapid in its headlong mountain course to allow of winter receiving its tribute perfectly; and its dark, rushing waves came roaring on, and angrily hurling against the piles of the bridge floating islands of ice, whose rude touch made the wooden arches shake.

Gloomy did that broad river look, as it rolled beneath the canopy of the sky, over whose surface grey clouds swept heavily, and chased away the moon

or only let her pale rays struggle through, from time to time, making the dark water darker by their faint light. And the voice too of the flood, was a voice of wail—a moan of angry sadness; and the wind came down from the Tyrolean Alps, and lashed the Inn, and the Inn roared like a struck lion, and madly flung a frozen mass against the bridge, and the bridge shook as before.

The gates are opened, and, by the uncertain flare of a Custom-House officer's lantern, who is settling some point with the driver of a huge waggon before us, we see the double eagle of Austria.

I had for the last month been assailed by the usual predictions touching the vexatious spirit of the Austrian douane; made, it is true, by persons who had never crossed the Austrian frontier, and I began now to tremble, not for my bonnets and dresses (I knew I had nothing that could cause suspicion to the most fidgetty functionary in all Europe), but for the reputation of a politeness I had vouched for all along. I knew them of old, and thought they must be sorely changed if a spirit of vexation could have become infused into them.

We stopped at the door of the Custom-House, and entered the *bureau*. A veteran *employé*, looking very sleepy, fetched his *chef*, remarking as he

went, that he had rarely seen a carriage more heavily packed.

The head man came; he was tall, thin, and seemed somewhat stiff in manner. Whilst he seated himself at his office table, and prepared to examine the passports, the "Pelion upon Ossa" of trunks, cap-cases, and carpet bags, was built up in the outer bureau. Over the *douanier's* table hung a portrait.

"Kaiser," said I, looking at the picture.

"*Ja!*" said he, going on examining the passports.

"Ferdinand?" continued I.

"*Na! Franzl,*" replied he; and this time he looked up through his spectacles.

"*Ah! der alter Herr!*"* I resumed.

At this, he not only looked up again, but he cordially smiled; and then followed that, without which, I affirm that no Austrian alive can talk five minutes to a woman—the compliment!

"*Ja! der alter Herr!*" repeated he; "but how can the *gnädige Frau* know that? She was not born at that time."

I laughed in turn.

* "The old gentleman" was the, to our ears, somewhat equivocal name given familiarly to the Emperor Francis by his subjects. It is about equivalent to "the Governor," and is to Austrian ears highly expressive of filial affection.

"If you are not a *Wiener*," I observed, "I have but small skill in discovering nationality."

"Born in the Leopoldstadt," he rejoined, and he rose and presented us with chairs.

He looked at his watch ; it was half-past ten.

"*Gnädige Frau*," said he, after casting a glance over one huge receptacle for female finery. "Upon your honour, have you nothing subject to duty in your luggage?"

I recapitulated as well as I could all the various objects contained in the formidable packing cases, and ended by a Nuremberger doll.

"The doll must pay," said the polite functionary, "but nothing need be touched."

There is one peculiarity about the Austrian race that I have never found in any other ; namely, that what we term gentlemanlike feeling, is inborn in them, and not dependent upon education. The very last Austrian peasant bears indisputable marks of gentle blood, and is, morally speaking, a gentleman. The love of truth is so inherent in them, the respect for truth so profound, that it does not come into their heads to doubt an assertion earnestly given ; besides which, they have that quality so eminently, a gentle one of recognizing gentility in others, and knowing instantaneously who are those who would not

descend to a false statement. This, in some nations, is called tact—with them it is honesty.

Try to induce a *douanier* in France, Belgium or Prussia (the three heads of one Cerberus), to take a lady's word of honour for what her luggage may contain, not only he will not take it, but he will not recognize a social position which shall impose, as an obligation, respect for truth; nor even, if he did recognize it, would he be able to distinguish the individual holding that position.

The superiority of the Austrian (and I shall be borne out by the testimony of all those who *know* them) lies therein, that even if ignorant and uneducated, belonging to no matter what class, he recognizes the *necessarily* honest and honourable—the gentlemanlike, in a word—by means of some kindred feeling within himself.

It would no more have entered into the imagination of the Chief Commissary of the Customs at Scherding, to doubt my word (particularly after I had told him I was English), than it would have entered into a French gend'arme's head to take it, if I had asked him.

Owing to the snow, the carriage could not mount the steep hill, leading to the town, and we were reduced to climb up it on foot.

As I have said, it was now between ten and eleven

at night, yet the pavement of Scherding was alive and busy as an ant-hill. The houses were closed, shops were shut, single lights flickered in bed-room windows, Scherding was evidently occupied in drawing on its nightcap, yet the pavement of Scherding was alive. Small whoops and tiny hurrahs floated along the ground, and little black objects moved quickly about in the uncertain night-light, like so many bats hovering near to earth, or a *Walpurgis nacht** of Brobdignagian rats. The hares between Munich and Lands-hut were nothing to this!

“Take care, *Gnädiger Herr*! it will throw you down—*Gnädige Frau*! for goodness sake! there comes another right against you! . . . And Psh! Psh! Wrsh! Wrsh! away went one after the other of the little black things down the steep hill.

“But what in heaven’s name are they about?”

“Ah! *Kinderspiel*,” was the reply. “Pretty child’s play forsooth, and by which your legs might be broken at any time.”

As I told you, winter has beauties in the North which we do not dream of, so has it also diversions, which to us are unknown, and this is one. I know not at what hour the mamas and nurses of Scherding call in their “small fry,” with Lady Macbeth’s “to

* The witches’ Sabbath on the Brocken, on the 1st of May.

bed! to bed!" I should rather fancy it might be when they themselves get up; but certain it is, that to a very unusually late hour the childish population of this peaceful town swarms over the pavement of the market-place, and practises sledge-driving at a fearful rate down the long steep hill leading to the water's edge.

The means of locomotion of these infantine charioteers consist of an infinitely small wooden box, turned upside down, and upon which the conducting imp sits astride. A *bahn* as it is called, or sliding path, is made, no matter where, but naturally a rapid declivity is the best of all for the purpose; and to work they set, gliding, sliding, kicking, sprawling, running between peoples' legs, and playing their pranks under your very feet, like so many grass-hoppers. I have seen big fat babies, barely more than two years old, who could not speak, and who could scarcely do more than walk, climb upon these wooden machines, and join in the fun like the rest, sitting crowing upon their sledges like Bacchus upon his wine cask.

Our arrival, for our own safety, was ill-timed, for these imps were in all the mad excitement of the first snow-fall, and, utterly unmanageable, were giving themselves an indigestion of *Schlittenfahren*,* as

* Sledge-driving.

the children in other countries do of green gooseberries.

“To which Brewery do the *Herrschaften** mean to go?” was the odd question put to us.

“To none at all,” was of course the reply, accompanied by a demand for an inn.

And then, to our utter amazement, we were told there were no inns! (For bad inns we were prepared, but that there should be a place with no inn at all, that was more than my north country friend had prepared me for.)

“No *Gasthaus*?” we all echoed; and then it came out that the difference lay more in the name than in the thing. There were three famous houses in Scherding, that had stood there for the last seventy years, and whose owners had made fortunes by brewing beer. Added to the principal concern, which was therefore the brewery, the proprietors of these establishments had rooms which they let to strangers; and there turned out, after all, to be a possibility of being housed for the night.

Of all these *Bräuhäuser*, the oldest, richest, most esteemed, was that kept by the widow Peyrer, at the corner of the market-place, close to the Linzer Thor. Thither we went, thinking by the way how ill we

* This word corresponds to the *Excellenza* of the Italians; it means literally “their Lordships.”

should fare, but that, as it was only for the night, it would be of small consequence.

Ah, kind Madame Peyrer, how little did I know when I entered your dark smoky "guest's room," how long would be my sojourn amongst you and yours, nor with what sincere regret I should say good-bye to you ! Thou bustling and excellent mistress of the *Goldene Kreuz*, thou worthy *Mère Peyrer* ! I think I can see thee even now, with thy bunch of keys and thy gold-ringed fingers, as when, on that first night of our arrival, thou wert busied with preparing the good things for supper, and giving out the sweet-smelling linen for the beds. If I can regulate my destinies, I will never enter Austria again, save by the road that leads past thy door, and thou shalt see that thy kind-hearted care was not lost upon the stranger.

"Man proposes," is a hacknied, but an "*ower*" true sentence, as my countrymen say in Scotland ; and seventeen degrees of cold and night travelling are trials of the best constitutions. Instead of leaving Scherding on the morrow, we passed there fifteen days.

"A whole fortnight !" I can imagine my compassionate reader exclaiming, "in a town of two hundred houses, and two thousand four hundred inhabitants. It must have been enough to kill any one

with *ennui* !” *Vous vous trompez*, my dear reader. I never was less *ennuyée* in my life.

In the first place, *I was at home*, for not a corner of the old roomy house, and not a creature in it, but was put at the disposal of the *Fremde Herrschaften*.

Here, at least in a gastronomical point of view, the “borderer’s” predictions were at fault, for nothing could surpass mine hostess for culinary art. She had cooked, in her younger days, for the *Herrn Diplomaten*, who were hurrying to the Congress of Vienna, and had in nothing forgotten her skill. I assure you, it would have given a dying man appetite to have entered the clean kitchen of Madame Peyrer, and seen herself and her daughter up to their elbows in flour, making sweet dishes, whilst the cook plunged the still-living trout into her smoking cauldron, or prepared the game for the spit. Then there was what she called the *roasting* kitchen, a vaulted stone chamber, wherein an ox might have been roasted whole; and where, by the light of blazing, cheerfully crackling fires, ministering maidens went with fat-spoons in their hands, basting Styrian capons and plump hares.

Right proud was the widow Peyrer, as well she might be, of the good things she could give to her guests; and there was no end of the inventions by

which, every morning, she sought to prove to me her solicitude for my well-being: no end either of the thousand little delicate attentions, by which she, and all around her, down to the very "Boots," tried to help me in tending my suffering companion. "Boots" would, I believe, have run off in the middle of the darkest night, if he had been told, that on the hill-top by Forenbach grew an herb that was required by the *Gnädige Frau*; and so with them all. But the chief delight of *la Mère Peyrer* was to be talked to in her own tongue, and to have her dishes called by their right names: her fried chickens designated as "*gebackene Händ'l*," and a hare termed, not a *Hase*, but a *Haserl*.

"It was worth cooking for people who knew how to speak!" said she often; and thereby took to her *Kalberne Schnitzl* and *Mehlspeisen* with renewed ardour.*

Scherding is, in its way, too, a curious place, with its old houses, all painted over with gaudy-coloured Scriptural subjects. There, over the way, at the apothecary's, is a Virgin and child of flaming hue; whilst our neighbour, the linendraper (who, by the bye, sells chestnuts and chocolate), rejoices in two giant figures, one of which is occupied in peering

* The first are a kind of thin veal cutlet, the last comprise all that can be made with flour.

into his neighbour's eye for "the moat," whilst the very accurately represented "beam," protruding from his own, looks like a twelve-pounder pointed at the tailor, who lives opposite. In every house, in every shop, are hung up, in gilt frames, illuminated copies of the Lord's Prayer and the *Ave Maria*; and the simple inhabitants of this obscure town are not yet sufficiently *avancés* to think of dispensing with daily mass.

In the evenings, our clever, agreeable doctor comes to take tea with us, and talk of places and things that he has seen, and is afraid he may never see again. He was physician in ordinary to Prince F—— for several years, and likes to tell of the people he met with then, and to hear of great cities and distant events.

Books, not only German, but French and English books, were supplied us in plenty by the military Commandant, and an *employé supérieur* of I know not what department. No attention, no care, no kindness, that could make strangers feel they were *at home*, was spared us in that pleasant town of Scherding; and pleasant and heartfelt are the recollections it has left.

My morning *distractions* were long walks by the water-side, or drives across the snow, in the rapidly-gliding sledge.

It was very lovely that river Inn, with its dark, rushing flood, that went on, bearing huge blocks of ice upon its bosom, but refusing to stay its current altogether. Very lovely and very lorn it is, with its silver-pebbled banks, and the convent towers of Forenbach in the distance; and many a pleasant hour have I spent in listening to its murmurs, and watching its waves as they fretted round some ice-block, that would not stir.

One day, when convalescence had begun, was wiled away in going to catch *Forelles** at Münzkirchen, a village some six or eight miles off, whose inhabitants looked upon those of Scherding as important citizens, and the landlord of whose one little inn was a politician, and an original, moreover, who undertook to prove to the doctor that a *Reichstag*† was a rank impossibility, and an absurdity to boot. His *Forelles*, however, were delicious, and so was his wood-smoked ham, and *de fil en aiguille*, as the French say, or rather *de jambon en truite*. The doctor bought of him a roebuck, weighing thirty odd pounds, for the sum of ten shillings and sixpence.

Mine host of Münzkirchen was a rich man, as they all are in this part of the country, and looked comfortable in the consciousness of his riches.

* The river and lake trout.

† A General Diet, or National Assembly.

I thought, when we returned home, that I caught upon Madame Peyrer's good-humoured face, a certain expression of satisfaction, that was not altogether caused by the joy of the *Herr Doctor* having, as she said, paid thirty *Kreuzers* too much for the deer; and Jacobine, our handsome chambermaid, seemed to me also swelling with some secret. When dinner was over, and whilst I was busy, with Jacobine, trying to arrange some flowers, our kind hostess had sent for me from her "garden-house," as they call their little boxes out of the town, a pattering of feet became audible upon the staircase, and in the passage; then a note from a wind-instrument, and then another, and then a waltz—a genuine one, of poor Strauss's own, played by a genuine Austrian band. It was the first music I had heard since my arrival in this most musical country. Jacobine read my delight in my face, and her own brightened up as she said:

"I told *Madam*, the other day, that the *gnädige Frau* had said she was fond of music; and, as a troop of *Böhmer Musikanten** came by this morning, *Madam* told them they should all dine for

* These wandering bands are almost all Bohemians, and the purity of tone and the truth of their intonations are, even in these street performers, quite wonderful.

nothing, if they would stay and play this evening for the *Herrschaften*.”*

Scherding has its heroes too, (as, indeed, since the late wars, what town in Austria has not?) and its inhabitants will talk to you by the hour of the glorious 10th Chasseurs, of which a battalion had long been quartered here; and endless are the tales they have to tell of Jablonsky, the young hero of Santa Lucia,† to whom Radetzky, on the field of battle, gave his own cross of Maria Theresa,‡ and who married a fair maid of Scherding; of which fact Scherding is very proud, as well it may be indeed. And not more than a fortnight before, all the wealthy burghers of the frontier town had seen the Emperor himself, who had visited Linz, which is but a matter of thirty miles off; and, amongst the number, the *Mère Peyrer*, too, had gone.

* Here is the great distinction: *Madame* is used only to females of bourgeois station, whereas “*gracious (gnädige) Frau*,” is used to *ladies*.

† Jablonsky was a Captain in the 10th Chasseurs, the regiment commanded in the famous affair of Santa Lucia by the heroic Colonel Copal.

‡ This was contrary to all the statutes of the order, but it was “the Marshal” who did it, and the hand of Radetzky to confer glory is worth a whole chapter of knights.

"Now, tell me, *liebe Frau*," said I, one evening, to the good old lady, "are the Emperor's portraits like him? Does that large one, which hangs up in your great big state-room yonder, give one any idea of him?"

"None of them are so good-looking," replied she; "and, above all, none of them have that serious, earnest look with the eyes (*diesz ernsthaftes Blick im Auge*). Oh! you should have seen him," she went on, warming with her subject, "as he stood in the middle of all the Generals and Lords, none of them under fifty, and many with their white hairs—and he so young, and all alone of his age! It wrung my heart to see him so thoughtful and so grave *at nineteen!** Only to think of his having *all*, all to build up again, and put in order! Such times to be born to, such wild work!—but the Almighty Father will protect him, for he means honestly to Austria," she added, fervently; "and it is well he should come amongst his people, as he does, and see them, and know them, for they love their young Emperor well—God bless him!" said the old lady, solemnly, and with tears in her eyes, as she ended her speech, "*Er ist ein herrlicher Junge!*"†

* The students of Linz greeted him by some verses which are curious, because they are an evidence of this feeling throughout the country. (See Appendix).

† Literally, "a glorious young fellow," but I leave it in the original, for no translation can render the intimacy of affec-

My good old friend was a most devoted Austrian, and loved her country with genuine patriotic ardour.

"Look at them," said she, two days before our departure; "see what a race they are. Yesterday, there were eight thousand men in Scherding, and a fine row they made, and right merry they were, I warrant you; and plenty of beer and wine, too, was drunk; but there was not a hand lifted, nor so much as a glass broken! And now," she added, "do you think they, over the water" (the Bavarians) "could ever say as much? Why, it was but the other night that they killed a *gendarme* in Neuhaus. *Na!*" she pursued, "they *are* a fine people, and a good and a gentle, and should not be roughly ruled or hardly driven."

Eight thousand men in Scherding? Yes, it was true enough. And for a singular diversion—for the races. What races?

Why, the sledge-running, to be sure.

On the morning in question you might have walked on the heads of the crowd in the market-place, and on the roads leading to Linz and Passau. All the farmers, all the villagers, all the peasants for fifty
tion it expresses, nor its simplicity. I have not changed one word in my hostess's speech, but give it as I wrote it down when she left the room.

miles round were in Scherding, on that same 9th of December, and for an hour before the starting time you might have seen the horses gaily decked with ribbons and bells, and tacked to the light *Gassel Schlitten*,* led carefully by their owners through the groups, and exposed to the admiration and conjectures of the betting throng—for they bet, and that highly.

At twelve o'clock the procession commenced toward the racing ground; it was opened by a monster car, in which sat some ten or a dozen musicians, over whose heads waved the branches of pine trees that had been cut down and placed whole and entire upon the huge machine. After this followed thirteen sledges driven by the runners, each man with his number inscribed upon his arm. The rear was brought up by the crowd. A finer set of peasantry I never beheld, or countenances on which nature had more unmistakeably stamped honesty, and the gentle qualities of which I have already spoken.

The dress of the women had nothing remarkable,

* These are small sledges, upon which the driver sits astride, his feet resting upon the two rails that plough the ground. They are excessively light, and are made but for one person, though I have seen a sledge-driver put his wife (sitting sideways) before him, and whisk her off like the wind, for the pace at which they drive is usually a full gallop.

but that of the men was highly becoming. It consisted of a jacket of dark cloth, trimmed with Astrakan fur (generally the very finest) and silver buttons; closely fitting trousers, and Russia leather boots, reaching sometimes over the knee.

When upon the ground, the music-car took up its position, with its green boughs nodding, and gay banners floating in the wind, and the musicians began to play their most inspiring airs. The judges of the course (on horseback) took their places, and at a certain signal the race commenced. Off went the thirteen, one after the other—for the sliding-path made round the vast field, on the borders of the Inn, would only admit of two abreast.

Now, they go on regularly enough for awhile: but one has gained upon the rest as they turn, near the river—and now another gains upon him! They whirl anew past the starting-point, and a cannon fired from the town announces the first round. And now, the lines are broken, and sledge presses on sledge, and when they come again dashing by the starting-point, two are considerably in advance. *Boum!* goes the second cannon: and round they go again, and still No. 9—for it is No. 9—is far before the rest. And then comes No. 11, and then the others. *Boum!* goes the cannon again, and so a fourth and a fifth time, and No. 9 looks half mad, and whoops

and halloos like a Red Skin, and the music plays furiously, and the whole crowd of spectators whoop and halloo, and hurrah too (eight thousand of them ! as *Mère Peyrer* said, I leave you to guess how the welkin rang !) and the sixth round is completed, and the sixth cannon fired, and No. 9 is victorious.*

And now begins the homeward procession, and in less than an hour all the eight thousand are housed in the different breweries, and Scherding is almost as tranquil as before.

All Scherding was at the race course. I do not think a single creature stayed in its home. Oh, yes ! *one* did. Look over the way ;—at a window opposite mine, sits a delicate looking young woman, with a child upon her knee—a little child of some eighteen months old ; such a very weakly-looking pale infant. There is a flower-pot on the ledge inside the window, with a rose in it that looks as sickly as the baby. The mother parts the child's hair, and kisses, and fondles it, and I can see she talks to it ; and then it stretches out its poor little thin hand towards the

* This winning horse was bought by a peasant-farmer, about fifteen months previously, from Count de Khevenhüller, and cost more than a hundred guineas ! It had won the prize the year before also. A hundred guineas is not a very uncommon price for a rich peasant to pay for a horse, particularly in Upper Austria.

flower-pot, and the mother takes it down ; and mother, child, and flower, seem to me all equally wan. There was something inexpressibly sad in this picture, and I could not help remarking it to the doctor, who just then came in. He cast a glance at the group and smiled.

“ You do not seem to sympathize with yon poor mother sorrowing for her child,” observed I.

The doctor looked somewhat sceptical. “ It’s may be she’s sorrowing for the *fête*,” said he.

I recollect a popular Austrian song, wherein a woman is told by a friend to go home, for her husband is ill. (“ *Weib ! du sollst Heimath gehen*” it is called). “ One other dance !” cries she : “ *Noch a’ Tanzerl ! Noch a’ Tanzerl !*”

“ Your husband is dying,” says the friend—“ *Noch a’ Tanzerl !*”—“ Your husband is dead,” says at last the monitress.

“ Then he will not be impatient,” replies the *Valseuse*, and off she flies : “ *Noch a’ Tanzerl ! Noch a’ Tanzerl !*”

CHAPTER III.

TO VIENNA !

GREAT were the hand-kissings in Scherding on the morning of the 16th of December, and manifold the recommendations to take care, and not catch cold again, and numerous the warnings to Hans'l (I will tell you by-and-bye who was Hans'l) not to forget the inn at Peuerbach, where the *Herrschaften* would have the best chance of dining ; and then came the prayer, "not to be forgotten," sent forth in every variety of tone from gruff to shrill, parting from every lip, from the septagenarian hostess down to the wee errand-boy of nine years old. "Think of us sometimes !"—"If we could but know how you get to Vienna !"—"If it were not too great a liberty . . . if one word could be written . . . just to say . . . only one word !"

“We will write directly we arrive,” was the unanimous answer; and I added, “We will come back some day!” At this announcement, if I had had a dozen hands, they would hardly have sufficed for all the kisses that were rained upon them. Jacobine made a desperate plunge, and mastered the little finger of my left hand, whilst the old *Hausknecht* had secured to himself the other three, the right one being, whole and entire, absorbed by the urchin of nine years old, who held on to it tenaciously, kissing it in downright earnest, and not by any means *pour la forme*.

Hans’l cracked his whip and off we drove, in the midst of the thousand-fold repeated exclamations of sympathy of these gentle-hearted, affectionate-natured, simple friends.

The Austrians have more of this cordiality than any nation I know of, and “a way with them,” as the Irish say, that is quite and inimitably their own. They are creatures of impulse to the full, as much as the French, and possess quite as much of what our neighbours term *spontaneity*; but with them the impulse is always a good one, and what is more, the act it may have occasioned is never regretted.

An Austrian has that one great mark of a really guileless, noble nature, that he is not sorry for having been “taken in;” and were he duped ninety-times,

would not, for any consideration in the universe, change places at the hundredth with the duper. It is here that he differs from the Prussian, in that his intellect (though by no means, as has been too-often misrepresented, of an inferior order) is not *sharp*.

Talk to an Austrian peasant upon the subjects he understands (for he does not burthen himself with any of the loose luggage which the so-called "high degree of intellectual cultivation" in our day drags after it), and you will find his perceptions quick, and his judgment sure, besides which, there is a method, a regularity about all he does, which strikes you forcibly, after you have come from Northern Germany. His intelligence is neither lofty nor dazzling, but it is broad and deep, and, like most things both profound and large, presents a flat surface to the eye. Thence is it so often misjudged by those who do not care to penetrate beyond the mere surface. It is an eminently practical intelligence, useful as a corn-field without poppies in it; but "'cuteness," is a quality it ignores.

I should never end if I were to enumerate the thousand and one marks of affectionate sympathy which we everywhere met with, and which await every traveller in this country, when he chooses to put himself *en rapport* with the inhabitants, and not treat them as though their existence were to him a

matter of perfect indifference. There is another mark of the gentle nature of the Austrian—his dignity. He will make no importunate advances to you, but if you take but one step towards him, he will bound forward to meet you. He is not servile, but really anxious to please you, and, above all, desirous that you should know it. But keep aloof from him, and he is uncommunicative as a frozen fountain, and if you try to put him, as it is called, “in his place,” the odds are but he will keep you still more effectually in yours. The Austrian peasant* is both proudly honest and honestly proud, and there is in him such sterling worth, coupled with such infinite delicacy of feeling and purity of heart, that, as I have said, there is no gentleman really worthy of the name, who should not feel at his ease with him as with an equal.

As an instance of “the way they have with them,” I will cite the following little anecdote; it is illustrative of a whole race:

When we arrived at Peuerbach, the hour for dinner was passed, and it did not appear to be

* I use here the word Austrian to designate really the native of Austria Proper—the inhabitant of the banks of the Danube and of the country under and above the Enns. The Tyrolese, Styrians, Moravians, Bohemians, have their separate characteristics.

perfectly certain what we could obtain, or, indeed, whether we could obtain anything at all. This, when one is hungry, will disturb, to a certain degree, the equanimity of any temper, and fasting without a prospect of food, or with, as Shelley's "Prometheus" says: "No change, no pause, no hope!" is a sorry promoter of *amabilité*; accordingly, for the first quarter of an hour, the mistress of the house, a good-looking, portly woman, of about forty-five or fifty, and I were upon rather distant terms. At last, some very good soup began the thaw, and some excellent smoked tongue, but, above all, the most delicious *black* bread ever tasted, quite did away with any coldness between us.

Whilst waiting for Hans'l to put the horses to, I made acquaintance with an enormous dog, who would lay his great shaggy head upon my lap, and poke his cold, black nose into my hand. It was disinterested, for he would not eat what I offered him from my plate, but rubbed against me perseveringly, listened, with his round eyes half closed, to all I said to him, and looked the picture of contentment and comfort. The hostess, all the while, stood watching us at the end of the table, leaning upon it with her two hands. All at once :

"Well," said she, at length, "I have often wished my youth back again, but now I wish it more than ever."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," she replied, "if I were young, I would go with you, and follow you all over the world—you must be pleasant to serve."

"Don't be too sure," said I, laughing.

"Oh!" said she, with a smile that was arch and thoughtful at the same time, "*I* might be deceived, but the dog is not mistaken!"

It was assuredly no merit of mine which drew this simple village-woman's heart towards me, but the overflowing of a kindliness, of which the spring was in her own breast. It is *in* them, they are all so.

I remember the Princess M. telling me (and she is a good judge, for whatever political enemies she or her husband may have, the poor of Vienna and its environs have not forgotten her ceaseless and innumerable charities) that during the time of the cholera in 1832, the different societies and asylums established for the purpose of taking charge of orphans, constantly met with the following reply, from neighbours of a dead father and mother, poor people themselves and having children of their own: "Ah, no; leave the

poor little worm with us, it knows us now and we have 'taken to it,' it can share our loaf, and it will grow up to love us."*

Peuerbach is an odd town, and would have been the very last in which to go without a dinner, for it has too much of that of which Scherding professes to have none. It is nothing *but* inns. Down what I suppose still to be its *one* street, there are, on both sides of the way, no houses but *Gasthäuser*. There are the "Lion," and the "Stork," and the "Sun," and the "Moon," and the "Cross," and the "Swan," and the "Armed Man," and the "Flower," and the "Emperor of Austria," and the "Archduke John," besides more "Eagles" than one can count.

From Peuerbach our way lay over hills, without end, and I do not think that for ten minutes together we were upon level ground, besides which, what with the damp of the previous week, and the heat of the sun for the last two days, the snow, which did not the least in the world give in upon the untrodden surfaces, had begun upon the too-much used road to leave the stones in many parts almost bare, which under the stubborn plane of the sledge, produced a peculiarly grating and disagreeable sensa-

* *Würmchen* is one of the common expressions for a baby, particularly for one that is either helpless or weakly, or in any way to be pitied.

tion. The scenery, however, as we neared Efferdingen,* was enough to have compensated for discomfort far greater than any we had to experience. To our right lay the Alps of Salzburg, and between them and us stretched forth a wide breadth of plain and woodland, chequered with villages and bounded by low hills. As the sun was setting, we reached a hill-top, whence the gorgeousness of the whole scene burst suddenly upon us. Hans'l stopped spontaneously: and we watched the crimson orb sink down majestically behind those majestic heights, leaving, as he vanished, their snow-crowned summits sparkling in a wide ocean of pale gold. Hans'l pointed to a spot we could not see, but which lay in the direction of some dark pine forests.

"There," said he, "is the railroad to Gmünden."

A railroad! The sound had something discordant, and it seemed as though the rose-coloured Alps and the deep lone woods ought to be free from this iron invasion of modern industry.

* Efferdingen was, it is supposed, in other days, Ofterdingen, the birth-place of the famous Minne-Sänger Heinrich von Ofterdingen. It is now pretty well proved that the *Nibelungen Lied* has its birth-place here, and the story of Chriemhild may be traced in all its parts to the localities of the country *op der Enns* as it is called, that is, the land which lies above the river Enns.

It was night when we reached Linz, and we could only hear, not see, the broad flood of the "dark rolling Danube." *En revanche*, mine host of the "Golden Cannon," had prepared (authorized thereto by a missive from the watchful *Mère Peyrer*) a room, whose only fault was that it was too warm, and a supper, the only defect of which was the being too good.

Here we took leave of Hans'l and it seemed like bidding adieu again to Scherding.

But now I must describe Hans'l to you, my dear reader, *car il en vaut la peine*.

Hans'l was a young man of some five or seven and twenty, a *Bursch*, as the term goes, who had agreed to put his horses to our carriage, and drive us from Scherding to Linz. He was in every respect the *beau idéal* of the Austrian peasant I have tried to describe to you. Hans'l stood near upon six feet, and was proportionably strong. With the careless ease of a woodsman in all his movements, there was a something about him that said plainly: "Look at me, I am free-born." I have seen but one man as handsome as Hans'l, and he was a Croatian soldier—but of him anon—in the one case it was the freedom of constant conquest, the freedom developed in war; in the other, it was the dignity of peace, the

liberty that grows with and out of the intimate communication with Nature.

Hans'l's costume, like that of all his peasant-brethren, was that of Elvino in the 'Sonnambula,' and it would have been no easy task to have found an Amina to match. His dark brown ruddy complexion told of toil and health, open air, and pure thoughts, and his large bright blue eye told of honesty and truth, such as no earthly consideration could corrupt. As Hans'l was preparing to leave us, a glass of wine was offered to him. He raised it to his lips, and then hesitating, "Did not they tell me at Scherding," said he, "that the *gnädige Frau* had children?"

"One little girl," I replied.

"Then it is *her* health I will drink," he rejoined, with a delicacy that would have done honour to any station, "here's to the *liebe kleine*!"

Ah! Hans'l, the double shake of the hand you got for that was a sincere and a cordial one.

"God bless you, *gnädige Frau*, and *gnädiger Herr*!" said he, as he carried my hand to his lips, "may health and happiness attend you, and may you one day come back again amongst us!" There was visible emotion in the way in which he said this, and he shook my companion's hand with a mixture of

respect and *self*-respect I shall not easily forget. I never saw such an instance of honour, done to self, whilst being done to others. Rely upon it, reader, that the country where such men as Hans'l are common is a great country.

Our next coachman, who was to take us to Vienna in three days, was of a different kind; he was elderly and town bred, and therefore not to compare to Hans'l, besides which, his mother was from Fulda, which made a cross in the breed.

The day passed off well enough, stopping to lunch at Ennsdorf, where, on one side of the river, Upper Austria leaves off, and on the other, Lower Austria commences. I wonder little boys ever grow up into men in this wonderful place; for there is a palpable reason why they should all break their necks. This is no less than the *Bahn* down the *Wiener Gasse*. From the principal street there turns down to the left a small road, so steep, but above all so sharp at the turning, that it is not easy to descend it on foot. Down this smooth precipice, for it is little else, the infantine population of Ennsdorf carries on the same game as at Scherding, with this difference, that, as I can certify, comparatively few of them get to the bottom in the state in which they left the top. Down they go, head over heels; sledges even, which are "stubborn

things," cannot stand it, and turn upside down, pitching the propellers of them no matter where. There lie the brats, sprawling in the snow, and nothing can prevent the next comer, down the hill, from either inflicting upon the already prostrate involuntary blows, or from being himself upset over the obstacle presented by his fallen comrade. The bottom of this *Wiener Gasse* is a perfect battle-field, and is encumbered with heaps of slaughtered sledges, to say the least. I repeat it, I wonder that, in Ennsdorf, little boys ever grow up to be men.

That *they* should ever come to what is termed "man's estate," is a matter of some surprise to me, but that *we* who have arrived at that enviable age, should be still in being after the night we spent at Amstetten, is far more surprising still.

Amstetten is a small town about eighty miles from Vienna, and here we were destined to find supper and beds.

Under an arched stone gateway rolled the carriage, and out of it we got, but no one came forth to meet us. The coachman opened a door, and we entered a dimly-lighted room, tenanted by two females, who rose at our approach. They were evidently sisters, for they were the image of one another, but such pale, scared, strange-looking girls I never beheld, either before or since. They were very handsome, both with

dark eyes and really raven hair ; but I bethought me of the vampire, and I was strongly inclined to believe (and I do believe so now) that these dark maidens of Amstetten were the victims of some such enchantment. They had an "ower uncanny" look.

"Supper !" was of course the first *entrée en matière*.

"Supper !" echoed both with a deep sigh.

"Well," I retorted, "what have you got?"

"What we have got?" (another sigh ; I began to shiver, and take them for living Loreleys who echo all that is said to them.) The upshot of the cross-examination was "fried chickens" and *Rostbraten*, (*Anglicè*, the upper coating of a beefsteak frizzled, with onions round it as black as itself).

Despair seized us. At length an idea struck me. —No Austrian inn is ever without a fat capon. I suggested this.

"Oh, yes !" was the reply, "that you can have." And accordingly, comforted with this assurance, we proceeded to inspect the bed-rooms, and see that they were duly warmed.

Slowly did one of these suspicious looking nymphs prepare my bed with her white hands (they were bloodless as her cheeks), and the following conversation took place between us :

I. "If travellers arrived in the night, what would you do?"

A deep sigh and a vacant stare.

I. "Do not people eat in this part of the country?"

A slight shrug of the shoulders, and an uncertain "*Ja*," that appeared to mean "that's as it may be."

I. "*Have* you ever any travellers here?"

A long-drawn sigh, accompanying the word "Sometimes," which evidently masked this thought: "I wish none ever came at all!"

But the effort had been a strong one, and the pale girl let the pillow fall heavily on the bolster and rested awhile. At the end of half an hour, I sought once more the lower regions of this strange dwelling, hoping that now the much-desired fowl would not be long ere it made its appearance. To this effect I addressed myself to the twin *Brownie* of the taciturn bed-maker up stairs. She answered me with the same sigh and stare, but still "worse remained behind."

"*Ja!*" said she, to my demand for the promised bird, "it is true that there *are* capons," (I should hope so, indeed! seeing that we are to sup upon one)—she stopped, took breath, sighed, and continued: "there *are* capons, but—" (oh, evil boding "but!" most ominous conjunction!) "but,—*they are not yet killed!*"

I sank into a chair with a countenance as blank, I believe, but less expressive of indifference than her own.

La petite Jeannette was nothing to this; there lay, indeed, all the eggs of my hopes smashed like hers! The "Bear," of whose skin I had been so quietly disposing, was still roaming about in his native Siberia, or rather the detestable capon, whose flesh was to have prevented us from starving outright, was sitting ironically elevated upon his perch in the *basse cour* of this diabolical hostelry, and literally, and in the full extent of the term "crowing" over us.

And there stood the pale woman glowering at me, and not feeling one atom of sympathy! How should she? She was evidently fed upon the milk of rushes, and if one could have taken off her stockings, I am convinced one should have found out that she was web-footed.

The end of it all was what the beginning had been: fried chickens, but *not Rostbraten*.

I went to my bed impressed with a respect for the "borderer's" veracity, which made me positively hate him.

"And what if *Sanct Pölten* should be like this too? The only resource was to scold the coachman,

which I did, but he bore it stoically—as well he might—he liked *Rostbraten* !

But, what was far more to the purpose, was, the feat achieved by our servant, who, unable to speak German, yet contrived to make himself understood (I fancy, by laying violent hands upon the animal itself), and to obtain for the next morning, at starting, the capon which had not been forthcoming on the previous night. As we carried off the dead body of our enemy (well roasted enough too), I felt as though we really had gained a victory, and wondered whether, by the arts and enchantments of the two “weird women” of Amstetten, we should not find our prey turned into stone when we came to eat it.

This was, however, the last inn which made good the north country gentleman’s prediction ; for Sanct Pölten, where we slept, and Plankenberg, where we dined the next day, held up, on the contrary, most honourably, the reputation of Austrian cookery, and when we entered the *Maria Hilfer* gate of the Imperial City at nine o’clock at night, we felt that, at the *Erzherzog Karl* itself, we should find nothing that would surpass the omelette *mit Ribizel** that we had enjoyed at our mid-day’s meal.

* The Austrian word for red currants, called in German

Well, to be "the last" of, no matter who or what, is an interesting thing, witness the "Last of the Mohicans," and the last oil lamp that burned in a bye street in London, and, faithful to old tradition and maugre the invasion of gas, went on flickering and flaring till, I believe, the hand that fed it was no more. In the same spirit am I glad to have taken the journey I have described, because I am convinced that such slow-coach proceedings are now amongst the things that were, and that I, in my own individual person, am the very last of the *voyageuses en litière*.

The country we had passed through, is perhaps amongst the least known of the Austrian dominions, and, in some respects, is one of the most remarkable. Its scenery is lovely, its produce great, but its real wealth lies in its population. The rich peasantry of the upper and lower banks of the Enns, but particularly the former, are as important for the greatness of Austria, and for the security of her rulers, as are her farmers to old England.

There is in these stout Austrian yeomen a mixture of democratic independence and feudal habits that assimilates them with the Scotch as well as with the English. For instance, like the former, they add to "*Johannisbeeren*." They make an excellent jam of them, preserved whole.

their patronymic appellation the name of one of their possessions, and by this they are habitually called, as in Scotland they say, Isla, for Campbell of Isla, or Luss, for Colquhoun of Luss.

Many of these *Bauers* are proud as Nuremberger burghers, and there is a kind of affinity between them. They count their ancestors as though they were Dietrichsteins or Trautmansdorffs, and hang their portraits round their farm-house chambers as do the dogal families of Venice. Unless for the riches, the likeness would be great between them and the border farmers of the north of England, and any one who is used to the "halls" of Westmoreland and Cumberland, sometimes belonging to nothing beyond a mere farmer, whose race has lived there for ages, from father to son, may have a good idea of what are the ancient dwellings of the wealthy peasantry of Upper Austria. They are a peculiar race, and the countryman of no other land can give any idea of them. In Galicia, Hungary, and Bohemia, the peasant was, up to within the last few years, a serf *de facto*, if not *de jure*, nor since he has ceased to be so, is he happier; and the noble mountaineer of Styria and the Tyrol, though free, is excessively poor. There are exceptions, and the Saxons of Transylvania, and the inhabitants of the Zipser land in Hungary, with some others, are fine models for a free farming people, but

in general there is nothing that can compare with these tillers of the soil *ob der Enns*, whose farms are handsome stone-built edifices, surrounded by fat meadows and rich orchards, whose granaries are gorged with corn, whose stables with horses and kine, whose cellars have always a drink of good old wine for every guest, and whose hospitable board is ever open to a stranger.

More than once these *Bauers*, whose household often consists of thirty or forty individuals, have received their Emperor within their farm-house walls; and near Linz, there is the famous Meier in der Tann, who will tell you how "Kaiser Franz" and the Archduke Maximilian have more than once honoured his house with their presence, and how both have treated him with loving consideration.

If order, honesty, truth and piety, were banished from the earth, they would, be assured, find a never-failing refuge under the roof of an Austrian peasant-farmer *ob der Enns*.

CHAPTER IV.

VIENNA—THE WALTZ-KING, AND THE FISH-WIVES.

To arrive in the Imperial city by night, and not see the tower of Saint Stephen, that is almost unpardonable. The *Stephan's Thurm* is, as it were, the embodiment of Vienna in stone; its most perfect emblem; and when you are at such a distance, that the town itself is utterly shut out from view, you can still see the Stephan's tower rising gracefully, and shooting upwards to the sky. If the day be fine, you can even discern a little bright speck glittering and sparkling high in air, twinkling like a star that has lost its way, and is suspended in mid-heaven—the golden eagle which perches on the top of the spire, spreading out its wings to guard the city antique and unique, “the Kaiser city without parallel,” as its loving children say.

“*'Sgibt nur an Kaisers stadt, 'sgibt nur an Wien !*”* murmured I to myself, as we entered the town, and the *employés* of the Excise kept up by their civility the favourable impression already produced by their brethren of the Customs in Scherding.

So this is Vienna ! and at last, after having been so often upon the road to it, near to it even, I am actually within its walls, and shall soon hear the hour strike upon its cathedral bell, and be upon as good terms with “Stephan,” as any born “Wiener” of them all.†

At whatever hour you may arrive in Vienna, even in the night, the first thing that strikes you is the movement, the life of all around you. As we crossed the wide open space between the Faubourgs and the town, we met groups of gaily dressed grisettes upon the arms of their cavaliers, tripping lightly onwards either to or from some dance (it was Sunday) ; and by the light of the lamps, I could see their white stockings and sandalled shoes. Such thin shoes, and such thick snow ! Thin shoes, forsooth ! Well you

* A popular song, proverbial throughout even all the rest of Germany :

“There is but one Imperial town, there is but one Vienna !”

† The Viennese frequently speak of the cathedral tower as “Stephan,” just as though it were a living creature.

may say so indeed, and shiver at the thought. The very morning after our arrival, one of the first things I read in the *Fremden Blatt* was the following paragraph : “ Too much cannot be said upon the imprudence of wearing thin shoes in the present weather. Two young girls, who had returned on foot last Sunday night from a ball, died three days ago, in consequence of their feet having been frozen.”

This made me look upon the lady who danced whilst her lord was dying in a somewhat different light. No wonder, if they will sacrifice their own lives to it, that they should feel so little concern for the lives of their lords !

“ *Noch a' Tanzerl ! Noch a' Tanzerl !* ”

One thing is proved to me ; namely, that if mother Eve had been a Wienerin, the evil one might have offered her all the apples in Normandy without success, whereas, if he had tempted her with a “ *Tanzerl*,” we her heirs, and the perpetuators of her misdoings, should have gone on twirling like dervishes, and have probably seen “ inordinate love of dancing ” take the place of gluttony in the list of the seven capital sins. Well, upon the whole, I wish it had been so, and the talent we in England, for instance, evince for the confection of apple-pies, might have been spent in learning better how to waltz.

Waltzing, we all know—everybody in Europe

knows it—is a necessary component part of social Austria, but I doubt much if any one, who has not actually lived there, knows with what tyrannical sway, the gay god rules in Vienna, nor what human sacrifices he demands. This “dear delight” of the Imperial city costs it every winter many of its fairest maidens.

Every class pays its tribute to this inexorable power ; and whilst the last notes of the ringing horns are wafted upon the morning air, from some heated ball-room, there too often mingles with their clang the chaunts of the priests, accompanying to its last home some coffin, crowned with white flowers—the song of triumph and the dirge ! The Carnival ! why, it is almost worse than the cholera ; for whilst it is remarked of the latter that it chiefly seizes upon subjects predisposed, and weakened already by age or infirmity, the greediness of the former covets particularly the cheeks whose bloom is brightest, the limbs that most lithely move.

I wonder Saint Stephen stands it as he does ; he who has influence over the Wieners ! I am surprised he allows his daughters to be carried away in this manner by the waltz-king. Of all the sovereigns I ever heard or read of, this said “Waltzer-König” is the only one whose incessant demands upon his people

are always readily granted, and never murmured at, and who seems actually to grow in popularity the more he exacts from his subjects.

He is worse than the dragon of old, for whom, if I recollect right, "eleven virgins at once" were but a mouthful; but woe betide the Saint George who should be mad enough to overcome him! he would be done to death with hair-pins! Everybody waltzes. The Emperor waltzes (and beautifully too, which he cannot help, seeing that he is Austrian); the Ban waltzes! Schlik waltzes! and one day all Vienna was in amazement, and a little bit even in dudgeon with Count Clam, because he would not waltz. Although he is one of the youngest generals of the army, he had actually refused to dance the night before at the Kammer ball of the Arch-Duchess Sophie. The Countess W——, and the Princess L——, had both asked him; nay! had told him he must dance, and he had said he would not. More than that, it was asserted that the Arch-Duchess had laid smiling commands on him, to which he was reported to have answered, that "he was ready to die for the house of Hapsburg, but not to dance for it."

It was talked of at Madame A.'s, at the Baroness B.'s, at the Countess C.'s; it was related at the dinner-tables of the *Casino* and the *Archduke Charles*;

amongst the young officers and the Secretaries of Legation; it was commented upon by the pretty *Wienerinnen*, behind their counters; and at Madame Feyrer's, the glove-maker, in the *Kohl Markt*, I was asked whether it was true; and a pretty damsel, who was fixing a button upon a straw-coloured glove, observed, that for such a "good-looking young General," it was not handsomely done—" *'Swar von ihm gar nit schön!*" said she, as she opened her ripe lips, and bit off her thread with the pearliest teeth in the world!

I should like to know what consideration upon earth could induce *her* to refuse a waltz, when dancing is going on in the Sophien Saal or "*Bei Sperl!*" *

Talk of the Parisians and pleasure! Why, they know not the meaning of the word. Compare the *bal Morel*, and similar dancing-booths of the Champs Elysées, at the time when Paris thought itself a gay place, with Dommeyer, upon a Sunday afternoon, even in winter, and you will see where the gaiety lies. The French seem always as though they needed

* The Sophien Saal is a public ball-room, where, on Sundays, the "ladies" of the counter, and the ladies'-maids pass the greater portion of the night in dancing. Sperl and Dommeyer are the names of the proprietors of similar places. (All are in the Faubourgs).

pleasure, to arrive at oblivion; whereas it is the natural element of the Viennese, that, without which they could no more breathe than a trout without its stream. The French are a reckless, but are *not*, I maintain it, a light-hearted people.

How often had I occasion to think of the eight thousand merry-makers of Scherding, in the midst of whose wildest mirth not a glass even had been broken, when observing, with admiration and wonder, the tractability of these pleasure-loving Viennese in their amusements! I do not think that any capital in Europe can offer a spectacle like that presented, on the Sunday nights of the Carnival, by the *Elisium*. I suspect it would be an impossibility in any other country.

The *Elisium* is neither more nor less than a cellar, or rather an indefinite collection of cellars, not "rolled into one," but branching off one into the other. They were the cellars of a convent, once upon a time. Between eleven and twelve, on a Sunday night, you may see half Vienna pouring down the huge maw which opens to receive it, somewhat after the guise of the red cavern, supposed to represent the infernal regions, in "Robert le Diable." Men do not walk, they are *shot* down the stairs like coals out of a sack; and you find yourself at the bottom, before you are well aware of having left the platform, where you

took your ticket. Here you go to the right, or to the left, or straight on, and everywhere you find space crowded to suffocation. In one place, supper-tables are ranged in long chambers, decorated to represent Alpine scenes, and musicians, dressed like Tyroleans, are playing Styrian airs, under cover of an artificial chalet.

You leave this, to enter a round room, painted and bespangled *à l'orientale*, and wherein gingerbread gilding is plentiful; Moorish galleries lead to Gothic corridors, and when you issue from these, you find you have more stairs before you, and the clash of cymbals, trumpets, and drums, and the increasing ardour of the assistants, announce to you that something extraordinary is going on. This is the "great attraction" of the evening, the procession of masks, the "*Masken Zug*." As to attempting to get near it, you might as well try to force your way through a stone-wall: all that you can do is to follow the stream, and watch what is going on from afar; but, to your infinite horror, you find, all of a sudden, that you are on the verge of a precipice, hanging on the very brink of an abyss! Why, I thought you were already deep in the bowels of the earth—and can there be anything deeper still? *Vous verrez tout à l'heure.*

Beneath you is the "*Zug*," wending its motley

way, large and lazy, as a boa that has dined. The subject of it is the emigration to California; and all the arsenal of Viennese wit has been exhausted to find mottoes and devices for the maskers. Leading to the level space, where the procession is defiling, is a broad and steep flight of stairs, down which, if there were not the help of the *up* current, you must be plunged head-foremost.

In your rear you have a good-humoured looking *Wiener Bursch*, a *garçon de café*, or some such functionary, who goes on uninterruptedly, exclaiming: "*Schaun's na! schaub's na! i bitt ihnen, Schaub's ja doch!*"* whilst your right-hand is flanked by Prince L., the brother of a sovereign prince, and your left by a private soldier of the Mazzuchelli regiment, who is trying with all his might not to crush you or injure your dress. But this is nothing; the startling sight is in front. "Don't tread upon my toes!" is a common objurgation, but here it is, "don't tread upon my nose!" and nothing can equal the anxiety of the upturned eyes which implore of you not to "put them out!"

There! now you have advanced a step further, and

* Equivalent to "Look ye, now Look ye! Lord love ye! Look ye there!" but as far from that flat translation as a remark made by Pat, is from the same remark made by a Cheapside dandy.

your right foot is on the shoulder of a handsome Captain of Hussars, who smiles gallantly and pays you a compliment, the sense of which is, that it is easy for you anywhere to "walk over the course," for you know him and he is an *habitué* at the Countess E.—'s ; when this is past you find yourself in danger of sending your shoe through the lace of a housemaid's cap, and to save her and yourself, you stretch out your arm and catch in despair at the string of dazzling stars upon an old General's uniform. The *hauberl** is saved by its wearer's having mounted a step, and then, she laughs, and you laugh, and the old General laughs, and you loose your hold upon his crosses, and by dint of much management on your part and on that of your cavalier, you arrive at the bottom, having, considering the circumstances, an incalculably small number of damaged noses to answer for, but rich in the comprehension of what "walking upon people's heads" really means.

And even now, you are not at the end. Lower still, by one long, winding staircase, is the Brazilian railroad, and down you go.

How deep you may be in your maternal element,

* Cap. They are famous for making caps in Vienna, and a "Wiener hauberl" is proverbial.

when you enter upon the *Eisenbahn* is more than I can undertake to say, and you are not much inclined to care, for all your attention is engrossed by the rattling of the cars on the railroad, the laughing of the people in them; the cracking of the postilions' whips (for the carriages on the rails are drawn by ponies), and the screaming and chattering of the cockatoos, parrots, and monkeys, that, for the sake of *la couleur locale*, are chained upon trees, real trees, over your head.

"Now, as I live!" cries out your companion, "there's Peppi!" and he nods familiarly to one of the most aristocratic exquisites in Vienna, who is taking his *tour de chemin de fer*, (by the side of such a pretty girl!) and you have not gone far before you are met by "Tony" and "Seppl" and the Lord knows who besides; and then comes by a man with a basket, who gives you *bonbons*, and if it is not too late, you go home to the house of one of the ladies of your party and rejoice over ices from Dehne's.

And in the thousands whom you have seen at the *Elisium*, there is not a class that is not represented, from the Prince to the chimney-sweeper, from the General to the drummer, from the Countess of thirty-two quarterings, whose father had the Golden

Fleece given to him by Austria,* down to the girl who sweeps your bed-room floor in the absence of the head chamber-maid of the hotel. And in all this mixture of what are represented as hostile classes, in all this close contact of what are called warring colours and conditions, not a word, or a gesture, or a look indicates anything save good intelligence and harmony. The noble does nothing to slight his humbler companions—that is not astonishing; but, what is far more so, the man of inferior rank does nothing to insult those above him, or *make them feel that there, where he is, there is no place for them.*

I maintain the *Elisium* to be not only unique in Europe, but impossible in any other country. No one should be in Vienna without visiting it, for it will serve more to show what the Viennese really are, than huge folios of political economy.

This desire for association of some sort, for a kind of intimacy with their betters, is a positive want, an imperious necessity, with the Viennese. It is one of Vienna's few anomalies, for Vienna has fewer than any other capital. Its aristocracy passes

* It is a very different thing to have received the Golden Fleece from Austria or have had it given by Spain. The latter finds many *accommodements* with its severe statutes, whilst the former adheres to them scrupulously still.

for the proudest in Europe (which is another error), yet it is the one most familiarly handled by those of a lower degree; its society is said to be the most restrained, the most given to *petit-comité-and-coterie*-ism (and this is true); yet it is the one of all others where the slightest occurrence happening in one circle is the best known to all the rest.

If, instead of calling the Vienna aristocracy proud, people would term it exclusive, they would be nearer the mark. But this exclusiveness comes far more from a dislike to what is termed "general acquaintance" than from any feeling so little and so obsolete as pride of birth *in that sense*. The Austrians have pride of birth—have it very strongly; but it is in the sense of the French gentlemen of old, when France was a great and an honest nation, and had as many, if not more, *gentlemen* in her than any other; in the sense of *noblesse oblige*. An Austrian gentleman, nobly born, conceives that he is obliged by his birth to be more loyal, more honourable, more high-minded than other men (witness Prince Windischgrätz, about whom I will tell you later); but that does not lead him to the folly of thinking that his wife's drawing-room is a sanctum which would be profaned by untitled visitors. That there have been passing follies, such as the *crème*, and the *crème de la crème*, and the *haute volée*, and

other such absurdities, I do not deny, but these originated less in the impertinence people chose to suppose, than in small social feuds, of which these separate camps were the polite expression; they represented in the nineteenth century the *Bianchie Neri* of old times, which, after all, were but coteries in a savage state.

The Viennese live among themselves and their own immediate belongings, and do not like to take a crowd into their intimacy, and here is the reason for their shyness towards foreigners.

They are in a period of transition betwixt the family circle and the "rout," midway between which lies "society," such as it used to be understood in France, and has never yet, unless by a *very small* number of persons, been understood in England. There are silly women everywhere, that *we* know as well as any nation, and that some of this description have been guilty of impertinence, which is after all but silliness disguised, I do not doubt; but they are exceptions, and the whole class should not be judged by individual examples. All those who have been admitted into the intimate reunions of the aristocracy of Vienna will bear witness to its simplicity, its kindness, and its undeviating spirit of honour and truth. It is not so "book-learned" as that of Berlin, decidedly not; but I

have not, out of France and England, met so many *practically* intelligent men, so many well-informed, really liberal minded men, as in the terribly abused salons of the *Herrn Gasse* and the *Schenker-Strasse*.

But that this aristocracy, so defended against general invasion, should be the one whose intimate occupations seem to lie the most open to all eyes, is certainly strange, yet so it is. Your *coiffeur* or your *modiste* will tell you what dress the Countess W. had on at Madame P.'s, though there were but fifteen people there, and how "it had been remarked that Prince S. paid her most incontestible court;" and the banker's wife who never in her life spoke to the Countess D., or the Countess B., when speaking of them, would not think of designating them otherwise, than as "*die Clotilde*" or "*die Pauline*."

This is nothing,—but what should we think of the Billingsgate fishwomen, if they were to speak of a member of the "Upper House" as "*Charlie Richmond*," or "*Dicky Buckingham*?" yet so it is that the *Fratschelweiber** of Vienna used to speak of the

* The women who, upon the Hof (one of the chief open squares in Vienna), sell fish, vegetables, cheeses, and other market produce. They are famous as the *Dames de la Halle*. The word "*Fratscheln*" is exclusively Viennese, and is meant,

Lichtensteins and the Schwarzenbergs. This is a little gone off since the time of the Emperor Francis, but it is not extinct, for I was one day good-humouredly corrected by a *Fratschelweib*, to whom I was talking (in order to make *her* talk), for having named Prince Palffy by his title, as he went by at a few yards' distance:

“*Na!*” said she, “that’s Tony Palffy!”

This habit of giving people of both sexes and of all ages an abbreviation of their Christian name is universal in Vienna, as in Madrid, with this difference, that young men, unless closely related, do not call young ladies “Pepita,” or “Mariquita.” It is the greatest proof that the exclusiveness of Austrian society does not come from any other feeling, save that of *coterie*-ism, and the liking to be *entre soi*, intimate, of which we English have such a marvellously vague and distant idea. Between the upper and lower classes it is a mark of the mutual good-will that *can* be brought to connect the two, and is as much to the credit of the one as of the other.*

principally, to designate their talk, or, as it is called, their “gigl-gagl.”

* Do not let the reader imagine I intend asserting that the *Dames de la Halle* of Vienna call lords and ladies by their Christian names to their faces. I have said that civility, and a proper respect for their own station, and that of others,

This adoption of the abbreviated Christian name is such a mark of tender familiarity, that a good Wiener would have thought it almost wrong to speak of the Emperor otherwise than in that fashion; and I shall not easily forget an old lady in a game-monger's shop, who one day spoke to me of her young sovereign for upwards of half an hour. She had eulogized him the whole time, but at last she said :

“He is always in uniform ! that's a pity—he's too much of a soldier !”

“How so ?” asked I, “he had need to be one, and he has shown—”

“Oh !” interrupted she, firing, as though she fancied I suspected her loyalty, “he's a hero, every inch of him, for the matter of that—but now that the wars are over and that things are in good order out of doors and in-doors, he might come amongst us a little more—as his grandfather and his uncle used to do—we're used to it from them, we *Wiener Bürger* and—” “Ah !” said she, suddenly stopping short, as though struck by a conclusive argument, “Look ye, *gnädige Frau, schau'n's !*

are among the characteristics of the Austrians, I would merely remark that people do not usually talk of those they dislike by appellations, that would seem to imply intimacy.

it is a thousand pities. They'll call him "Franz Josef" to the end of time—but they never *will* call him *Franz'l*!"

"Well, my good lady, never mind that. I am much mistaken, or Franz Josef *der Erste*, will make you cease to regret even "Franz'l!"

CHAPTER V.

TWO WEIGHTS AND TWO MEASURES—A
PARENTHESIS.

“*AVOIR deux poids et deux mesures.*”

That is a proverbial French phrase, which means that you should not have one rule of action for yourself, and another for your neighbour; that you should not “judge, lest you be judged,” or, in other words (for it all comes to that in the end), that you should do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you.

Whilst we were waiting at Saint Pölten for the horses to be put to, we managed to stumble upon an English gentleman and his two daughters, who were going to Italy. As we had met them in society in Paris, we entered into conversation with them; and, naturally enough, the subject was the country we were in.

They did not know one word of German, and were dependent for intercourse with the natives, either upon the knowledge the latter might have of French, or upon the interpretation of their courier, a dark, curly-haired, sleek-whiskered Milanese, called, as they all are, Antonio (I believe it to be a generic name).

The young ladies were rejoicing over the thoughts of going to Italy, and only wretched at the idea of having to pass through the capital of the hateful Austrians. I then hazarded the inquiry as to whether they spoke or understood German? Not they, and it seemed as though they delighted in the negation.

Another interrogation: Had they ever happened to know any Austrians? "None, unless it might be Count ——; but then he had lived long in England, and was *so much improved!*" (It was *such* an advantage to a foreigner to have lived in England!)

They did not speak the language; they did not know the people; but they hated them cordially, called them barbarians, and thought it was a right and proper thing so to do.

And this is the deplorable work of a few radical newspapers, who have swallowed, with shark-like avidity, all the gross misrepresentations, all the

palpable falsehoods, all the wanton untruths with which it has pleased a set of refugee-rebels to satisfy their craving appetites. Nevertheless, I must say that one thing diminishes the feeling of disgust with which one sees one's own dear England open her motherly arms to the revolutionists of other countries, and that is, that other countries did precisely the same thing to her.

France—the France of the Monarchy, of Louis XV. and Louis XVI.—swarmed with Scotch fugitives, whom the ruined fortunes of the Stuarts had driven far from their native hills. If this were all, it might be supported upon the ground that the Scotch fought for what they considered as legitimate monarchy, and against what they called usurpation; but Austria, and France, and Spain, and the most aristocratic countries of the continent, count by dozens the Irish who have fled from their native land, and become *très grand Seigneurs* abroad.

You call the Irish rebels,—and I am not going to dispute, the least in the world, your right so to do; but *they* do not style themselves so: they talk of “sacred rights” and “violated laws,” “broken promises,” “Constitutions trampled under foot,” “liberties outraged;” in short, all those high-sounding words, which you put forth when you take up the cudgels for the Hungarians; and there are O'Don-

nells and O'Neils, and O'Connors and O'Reillys, and a hundred others of green Erin's interjectional names, occupying the highest places in Imperial Austria, and holding those honours (be the granting of them *intended* in that sense or not) as a kind of protestation, before history's tribunal, against tyrannical proceedings upon *your* part.

After that, I certainly do not think that the Austrians have quite a right to be so very angry with you for your hearty welcome to her revolutionists and anarchists ; but I am decidedly of opinion, that *you* can have no right whatever to throw at her a stone, which must so instantaneously recoil upon yourselves. Take care that whilst you are working away at that mote in one of Austria's eyes, the beam that protrudes from your own does not put the other out !

Do you know—you who invented the word—do you know what is *meant* by "*having clean hands*?" Is it not, that he who is convicted of a certain offence, shall not be at liberty to accuse another of a similar misdemeanour ; but that he only who is innocent shall be judged worthy to bear witness against his neighbour ?

My friend, with the two daughters, whom I will call Mr. Smith, because he truly represents a large body of his countrymen (though, be it remarked, he

rejoices in a far more aristocratic name), said he would not discuss upon Hungary, for that he really did not well understand the question.

His "girls" seemed angry at this announcement, for they were quite sure of the picturesque appearance of a Magyar at a fancy ball, and that surely was enough!—But "Papa" had "estates in Ireland," and the possibility of there being a resemblance between the two questions, and Smith O'Brien, who had indirectly been the cause of two of his tenants becoming irregular in their payments, having any likeness with Kossuth, went home to him, and he gave up that point.

"But Italy," said he; "Italy, the *garden* of the arts," (this certainly is treating "the arts" like larkspurs or cauliflowers; *mais passe pour ça!*) "Italy!" pursued the "*liberal*" gentleman, "the mother of civilization"

"Polve d'eroi non è la polve tua!"

lisped the eldest Miss, casting up her eyes in a most inspired manner, and interrupting her sire's oration.

He could get no farther after this.

I changed the subject.

"What news are there from India?" I inquired.

"Nothing very remarkable since the last victory,"

answered he—and then, exultingly, “what glorious veterans have shown themselves, both Hardinge and Gough !”

“They have,” said I.

“I have as fine a boy at this moment in the Punjaub, as ever wore a captain’s epaulette, and he has won his at the point of the sword, God bless him !” and here the old gentleman’s eyes glistened.

“Right, Mr. Smith. I sympathize with you. Your name is John, I think ?”

“It is (a hearty shake of the hand), John Bull ! and I am proud to say it !” (a smile discovering a set of fine, white, shining teeth, as well-conditioned tusks as ever threatened a baron of beef, or opened to let forth phrases big with “British freedom,” “British truth,” “British justice,” but above all, “British humanity”) a regular John Bull !

“I am happy to hear it—you have good reason to be proud ; first, of being, as you say, a John Bull, and next, of that fine fellow of a son of yours, to whom I heartily wish laurels enough to fill a hamper ! Do you admire Burke, Mr. Smith ?”

“What Englishman does not ! he is one of our chief glories !”

“Quite of your way of thinking. May I beg to look at that paper you have in your hand ? An

English newspaper is a treat." I glanced over its columns for a moment.

"*Were they driven out of the country this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed, during the inglorious period of their dominion, by anything better than the ourang-outang or the tiger !*"

"Very strong, that ! fine language !" opined Mr. Smith.

"Very applicable you think, no doubt," said I, "to the Austrians in Italy ?"

"Exactly ! Oh ! the barbarians !"

The Misses Smith again cast up their eyes, shuddered prettily, and I believe were thinking all the time of Lablache in Marino Faliero, or of some air sung by Mario or Ronconi, wherein *empio tiranno* ! is often repeated.

"Now, Madame," said Mr. Smith, composedly, and like a man who is preparing to beat you dispassionately, to convince you by strong reasoning, to be cool-headed and clear, statesmanlike, in a word—
"now, Madame, I am not what is called 'a Liberal,'—never was one ! I am a High Tory, and so was my father—I glory in the name ; I was in Parliament myself, and voted against the Catholic Emancipation, and if I had been in Parliament still, would have

voted against the Repeal of the Corn Laws. No! I think I may say, Queen Victoria, God bless her! has no better subject than I am! and I have proved it, for I have four sons, all of whom are in her service at this hour; one in India, one in the navy, one studying for the bar, and one in the Church (none of your Puseyites, none of your Evangelicals either, but a regular, staunch High Churchman, one of the old school!) I am proud of being a true 'farmer's friend' in my own county, and—"

"Proud, of course, of the Duke of Wellington, as every Englishman should be," interposed I.

"The Duke! Ma'am!" echoed Mr. Smith, lifting his hat an inch or two off his head. "That is a man! Proud of him!—I should think so, indeed! but I was going to observe, that I am not a Radical, God forbid! or a Liberal, and I can see things as they are without being run away with by any prejudice; but I must say, that the cruelty of these Austrians in Italy, and the tyranny they exercise over the Italians is, in my mind, the most revolting occurrence of modern history—it is, above all, revolting to an Englishman. We hate tyranny and oppression in all shapes; with us, every man's house is his castle, and he may do and say what he likes. Liberty and humanity! these are our watchwords, and we cannot bear to hear of freedom crushed, or the laws of

humanity outraged. It is loathsome to us, Ma'am ; Old England abhors all such practices !”

I knew that would be the end of it !

“ Well then,” said I, “ I am sorry for Edmund Burke—”

“ Why, what has Burke to do with the Austrians ?” asked Mr. Smith, somewhat puzzled.

“ Nothing at all, only that the passage I quoted to you just now, which you thought so fine, and so particularly well adapted to the conduct of the Austrian Government in Italy, was a passage from Burke’s speech on Fox’s East India Bill, delivered on the 1st of December, 1783 ; and the ‘ dominion ’ alluded to therein, as likely to leave no better traces behind it than if ‘ ourang-outangs or tigers ’ had passed over the land, is our dominion in India !—the dominion of the magnanimous, and liberty-loving, and ‘ humane ’ Britons, whom you, Mr. Smith, are—chiefly on account of these great qualities—so proud of calling your compatriots.”

Mr. Smith smiled grimly, the young ladies looked languidly wrath, but neither Mr. Smith nor the young ladies knew precisely what to reply ; and they were grateful to the dark-whiskered courier for telling them the carriage was ready ; and off they whirled, under the guidance, the interpretership—nay, I may almost say the protectorate of “ Antonio,” to visit a nation

with whose natives they could hold no communication; with whom they would probably have held none if they could have done so; and whom they thought themselves justified in abusing upon the faith of newspaper reports; the whole to end very possibly by their being atrociously taken in by some swindler, some "dear nice creature," who should sing "*O bell' alma innamorata*" for the "girls," or put on a paper cap, and make macaroni for "papa," making a fool of himself *par la même occasion*, until "papa" died of laughing.

And now, my dear reader, that Mr. Smith should have these ideas is not extraordinary; but how many Mr. Smiths are there?

I know that his arguments are too often used; I have myself heard them used a thousand times. But what I mean to affirm is this—without examining at this moment whether the Austrian rule in Hungary or Italy is a harsher one than it should be,—I will take your side of the case, and suppose that it is so: I then affirm that you, of all nations, are the very last that have a right to judge.

The greatest defect that you—or, if you like it better, that *we*—have, is the want, the pretension, to be better than our neighbours. We should not be content with being only as good; and here lies the one great exaggeration of the nation which is decidedly

the least prone to exaggeration of all others, consequently here lies the principle of error, and this leads us direct to uncharity towards our neighbours. One of our greatest pretensions, and one of the most monstrously unfounded of them all, is the pretension to humanity in politics; and not alone that, but to the absolute monopoly of humanity.

Now, the talk of *political* humanity is in itself "twaddle," and is about as absurd as it is to talk of "humane warfare!" War is war, and soldiers are soldiers; and when men are within bayonets' length of each other, they do not usually, of whatever nation they may be, choose that moment for a display of humanity; and even the gentlemen who began the battle of Fontenoy with "*Messieurs, les Anglais, tirez les premiers,*" and "*A vous, Messieurs, de la maison du Roi,*" cut and maimed one another pretty lustily when they got into the thick of it.

But one thing is tolerably certain, namely, that the less civilized a nation is, the more chance there is for its committing unwarrantable excesses when the moment of actual combat is *over*; and as the Magyars, compared to the Austrians, bear, upon the question of civilization, about the relative position borne by the ancient Huns to the Romans, it is not astonishing that their mode of proceeding should have been a somewhat savage one, whereas the Imperialists have

but to answer for what is, alas ! inevitable, when one race is let loose upon another.

I would advise the defenders of Hungarian humanity to ask the Servians of Carlowitz what *they* thought upon the subject, on the morning of the 12th of June, when Hrabowsky stormed the town.

Humane policy is, taken in the absolute sense, I repeat it, just as absurd a word as humane warfare, and *we* do not practise it a bit more than other nations ; for, on the contrary, we steadily and inflexibly pursue our course, like a great nation as we are ; governing, I believe, unexceptionably and *mildly*, so long as our rule is unquestioned ; but if those over whom we conceive we have a right to reign *resist us*, we quietly and without making a noise about it, but *resolutely* and without “any nonsense,” *put them down*.

Witness 1798 and the Irish rebellion ! Witness 1768 and the American war, where the only difference was, that we did *not* “put down” anything at all.

Witness our conduct in India !

I dare say Burke’s speech on the *East India Bill*, would astonish many a man now-a-days, who has perhaps forgotten it altogether, and who lives in the pleasant and pride-begetting illusion that he is part and parcel of a country so infinitely better than its fellows that it has a right to give itself airs ; but I

think it would not be a bad thing if some of us were to study it a little more. We should see there that we were not only accused of tyranny, unwarrantable and odious,* of hateful and deliberate injustice,† of cruelty, nay of savage barbarity,‡ but of that of which not one of her very worst

* "The country was laid waste with fire and sword, and that land, distinguished above most others, by the cheerful face of paternal government and protected labour, the chosen seat of cultivation and plenty, is now almost throughout a dreary desert, covered with rushes and briers, and jungles full of wild beasts."—*Burke's Speech on Mr. Fox's East India Bill.*

† "But supposing the Rajah of Benares to be a mere subject, and that subject a criminal of the highest form; let us see what course was taken by an *upright* English magistrate. Did he cite this culprit before his tribunal? Did he make a charge? Did he produce witnesses? These are not forms; they are forms of substantial and eternal justice. *No! not a word of all this.* Mr. Hastings concludes him, *in his own mind*, to be guilty; he makes this conclusion on reports, on hearsay, on appearances, on rumours, on conjectures, on presumptions; and even these never once hinted to the party, nor *publicly* to any human being till the whole business was done."—*Idem.*

‡ "Hafiz Rhamet, the most eminent of their chiefs, one of the bravest men of his time, and as famous throughout the East for the elegance of his literature as for his courage, was invaded with an army of a hundred thousand men and an English brigade. This man, *at the head of inferior forces,*

enemies has ever been able to accuse Austria : of bad faith* and *dishonesty* ! and this towards a country containing upwards of “thirty millions of souls,” about whose civilization and rights to respect, one of our greatest orators says : “A people for ages civilized and cultivated—cultivated by all the arts of polished life, whilst we were yet in the woods an ancient and venerable priesthood, the depository of

(Oh boasted British love of *fair play* !) was slain, valiantly fighting for his country. His head was cut off, and delivered, *for money*, to a barbarian. His wife and children, persons of that rank ! *were seen begging a handful of rice through the English camp. The whole nation, with inconsiderable exceptions, was slaughtered or banished !*”—*Idem.*

* “That universal systematic breach of treaties, *which had made the British faith proverbial in the East* ! These intended rebellions are one of the Company’s standing resources. *When money has been thought to be hoarded up anywhere, its owners are universally accused of rebellion, until they are acquitted of their money and their treasons at once ! The money once taken, all accusation, trial, and punishment ends.*”—*Idem.*

At the time when the public conscience in England was embodied in such a speaker, and that such crimes were denounced by such a voice, no cry of hypocritical indignation against our neighbours’ proceedings was raised. Were such events to occur now-a-days, where would be the Burke to chastise them ? It is somewhat strange that our indifference to such things at home should grow in the same proportion with our intolerance of what *we affirm* to be the misdemeanours of our neighbours abroad.

their laws, learning and history a nobility of great antiquity and renown, a multitude of cities, *not exceeded in population and trade by those of the first class in Europe*; merchants and bankers, individual houses of whom have once vied in capital with the Bank of England; whose credit had often supported a tottering state, and preserved their governments in the midst of war and desolation; millions of ingenious manufacturers and mechanics; millions of the most diligent, and not the least intelligent, tillers of the earth."

It is not a stranger, it is not an enemy, it is one of our own best and noblest sons who concludes this harangue, by declaring that he shall feel himself "overpaid," for the labours of eighteen years, if he is able, by his single vote, to take his share "in destroying a tyranny that exists, to the disgrace of this nation, and the destruction of so large a part of the human species."

And now, my dear countrymen, if this were true, and that tyranny and wanton cruelty could be laid to your charge, what right would you have to accuse any nation? But if you have uniformly acted only in self-defence, if you feel that England can reproach herself with no act of undue severity, be just to other lands, and admit, at least, that there are moments of stern necessity for nations, when duty,

in its observance, demands from the observer tenfold strength.

If you would escape condemnation yourselves, pity whilst you admire those who, from a sense of right, have taken upon themselves the necessary performance of a painful and thankless task.

CHAPTER VI.

VIENNA AND ITS SOCIAL HABITS.

I TOLD you that people in Vienna were not book-learned, as in Berlin, that is, *there* does not lie their speciality (why not give the word *droit de bourgeoisie* at once? it is such a good one). The Viennese are, above all, people of the world, as the meaning of the word is in French, *gens du monde*—namely, people who before being anything else, are gentlemen and gentlewomen conversant with the habits, occupations, duties and diversions of the world in which gentlemen and gentlewomen are required to live.

Here I must pause, for I foresee that I am exposing myself to an almost universal attack from

those who will not take the pains to reflect upon what a gentleman really is ; but who imagine the term to represent some overbearing, arrogant, ill-bred puppy, who delights in hearing himself called " My Lord," or some empty, consequential, grave coxcomb, who keeps aloof from the rest of God's creatures out of respect for his own rank.

In England, where the meaning of the word gentleman is, I will not say better, but by far more generally understood than in any other country, we have no conception whatever of what constitutes a gentleman abroad, or whence the word really springs. *Gentilhomme* and *Edelmann* are terms we accept and employ, but we neither perfectly understand them, nor take the trouble to know what differs in them from the signification of the word *gentleman* with us.

A few words *en passant* upon France, where time has been when gentlemen, models for those of the whole world, were plentiful. The *gentilhomme* is a man about whose birth and genealogy there can be no discussion ;* he cannot be the grandson of a tailor or a carpenter, and still be a *gentilhomme* ; because

* See the Prince de Ligne upon this subject : " La Noblesse," in his " Mémoires," Vol. II., p. 376.

the positive rights, the material privileges which in former times made *gentilshommes* of his ancestors, in virtue of which he is a *gentilhomme* himself, are wanting. But may he be a gentleman? The answer with us cannot admit of a doubt, but it is a very different thing as regards our neighbours. With us, gentlemanliness is a something inborn in the individual, not essentially belonging and confined to the race. Our floating elements of aristocracy are diffused over the whole population, and for that reason the aristocratic principle with us is in no danger of perishing politically, as it has been in other nations.*

No man is a gentleman who is not noble in all his dealings, who is not a slave to the right, and who can for one instant hesitate between right and wrong; the man about whom you can feel a doubt is not a gentleman. Now, you may doubt of every man in France, unless—mark this well—unless there be some *reason* which commands him imperiously to do his duty. This reason he finds in his honour, the chivalrous honour of his *ancestors*, which he is determined to keep untarnished. It is a noble, a lofty, an

* *Vide* upon "Natural Aristocracy," Burke's "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," and what he says there of "Legitimate presumptions;" also Lord Brougham's "Political Philosophy."

inspiring sentiment, but not a sentiment accessible to all! This is why a *gentilhomme* in France is always a gentleman,* and why it is so difficult to make a gentleman out of a Frenchman who is *not* so born. There is no way but the sword. Military distinction! that gives at once the incentive to the individual himself, and to his descendants the precedent. But this is the reason of that fact which so often excites the astonishment of English people; namely, that, in the middle classes of France there are no gentlemen—no men who feel themselves forced to be honourable by family tradition, or who would be *sure* of themselves if tempted by interest to commit a dishonest act.

The French must be sublime or be nothing. They are so excessive in all their feelings, so *exaltés*, that they must see beyond themselves, out of themselves, almost beyond human capacity, some end at which to attain, and the attainment of which will gain for them glory or renown. Two classes alone can be

* I must again repeat that this does not apply to personal cases. There are instances of most rascally *gentilshommes*, as there are examples of gentlemanlike *bourgeois*; both are really extremely rare. But individuals should be as little made to suffer for the faults of their class, as a whole nation should be condemned because of the defects of a few isolated members of it.



ruled by this law; the highest and the lowest. The former obey the forefathers, whom they will sooner die than disgrace, and they worship honour; the latter (do not quarrel with me, reader, nor think I am advocating hard-hearted doctrines; I am telling you truth—truth which, if you really knew the intimate natures of those of whom I speak, would cease to surprise you) the latter can obey no dictates save those of religion, can aspire to nothing save superhuman virtue, manifested by superhuman resignation and readiness to sacrifice. This would be wild and absurd, if talking of any other nation, but with this wondrous and eminently paradoxical race (which, contrary to all others, *peut le plus et ne peut pas le moins*), it is reasonable only to count upon that which is impossible, and the plain, quiet accomplishment of a duty about which no fuss is made, has no chance whatever with them.

If not the *most* distinguished for piety,* and for a

* No one can judge of what the *gens du peuple* are in France, in Paris especially, unless they have been familiar with their distress. Most ladies have in Paris, directly or indirectly, to do with the administration of charity. I have, since the Republic, seen, not one, not two, not ten nor twenty, but countless *ouvriers*, who were wrestling, surrounded by their families, with want of the most hopeless species, and before whose proud delicacy, whose honest dignity, but above all, before whose patient resignation and whose exalted piety I

power of abnegation which borders on the sublime, the French lower orders must necessarily become the most impious, the most sanguinary, the most degraded of all Europe—there is no medium for them, for no Frenchman can be anything *simply*. One half of him is always playing a part at which the other half is eternally staring. The consequence of there being but these two classes in any way called upon to obey an elevating influence, makes the inferiority (and it is a notorious one) of the middle classes. The *bourgeoisie* as it now exists—the shopkeeper who is a *garde nationale*, a *juré*, a *député*, and heaven knows what besides—the *bourgeoisie* is not a natural produce of France, and consequently in its characteristics it shows all that is most opposed to the French national character, being mean, prejudiced, dull, *routinier*, selfish, servile, rapacious, vulgar, atheistical, and not even daring. The proof is, that the Parisian translation of “he’s a snob,” is, *c’est un bourgeois*.”

I will not here enter into the inferences which cannot fail to force themselves upon you in a political point of view, from all these *data*; but it is easy to see why France is in her present position, and easier

have bowed my head, blushing for my class, and asking myself which of *us* would be capable of as much?

still to understand how, in France, a gentleman must indispensably be a *gentilhomme*, and how you cannot fabricate the former out of a man whose own personal self is his only god, whose sole thought is money-getting, and whose sole incentive is, and, from his peculiar constitution, must be, interest.

A principle is a thing repugnant to a French *bourgeois*, as irksome, and likely to fetter him in the pursuit of his advantage. A principle is that for which a *gentilhomme* will lay down his life, because that brings him glory, and does credit to his name; and a principle is the sole refuge of the *homme du peuple*, because without it, his violent nature will give him up a prey to crime, and consequent despair; besides which, by extraordinary virtue, he feels that he too may have a claim upon admiration.

Now, whilst with a *gentilhomme*, honour—chivalrous honour—is the soil wherefrom spring in never-ceasing profusion the qualities entitling him to the name of a gentleman, we in England find that most richly fruitful soil in honesty. All the rest follows, but this is the matrix whence the bright ore is extracted. Now it needs no ancestors to be an honest man. Every one may be that, and the cause of our having so numerous a “natural aristocracy,” is, that the parent idea whence it springs is a more accessible one. But honesty is also a word of wide

signification. It implies truth, justice, purity, and the capability of sacrifice, the devotion to the right. We worship honesty as the Frenchman worships honour, and count five hundred gentlemen to every single *gentilhomme*.

One of the proudest things to what is called a "plain English gentleman," when he goes abroad, is to feel that he, untitled and without rank, can find, in foreign countries, no *peer*, no mate, no *equal*, save amongst those who, in such countries, hold the very highest aristocratic rank. These are alone the equals of the well-bred, thorough English gentleman. Not only *he* feels this, but *they* feel it, and admit it. He is the *only* individual about whose coat-of-arms and quarterings they do not inquire, but in whose sentiments they find the reflection of their own, and upon whom they count, in all circumstances, with implicit faith.

If France be the country where are to be found the fewest elements of *natural* aristocracy, Austria is, after England, the country where are to be discovered the most. What we derive from honesty, and what the French derive from honour, they derive from their inborn inimitable simplicity. They are as chivalrous as the French; and if they were not defended by this same admirable quality, might possibly be as prone to exaggeration; they are as honest

as we are, but they are less prosaic. Their strength, their virtue, their originality, their charm, all are to be deduced from their exquisite simplicity. All that they do is done simply, *et comme si de rien n'était*. They possess, to the highest possible degree, what we call *hero-ism*. (I write the word thus, on purpose to show that I mean it in the antique sense, to express the abstract quality of whatever is great, the feeling which prompts men to do great things.) They have the one inestimable distinction, above almost every other nation, that what they do never seems the produce of effort. They do difficult things easily, great ones gracefully, good things naturally, and all with the most perfect simplicity.

An Austrian's law, in every occurrence, is *his duty*; and, be he high or be he low, be he Prince or be he peasant, he never, by any chance, feels that there might be a temptation in what *is not right*. But, whilst a Frenchman deems himself glorious whilst performing his duty, and even the sober Englishman feels a kind of comfortable glow at the idea of having done "what was expected of him," the Austrian *does not think about it at all*, but does that which he *ought* to do, just as he sees or hears, because ears and eyes were given him for those purposes.

An homœopathic doctor, in Vienna, was describing

to me, one day, the manner in which every new remedy was tried several times by a society of some twenty or thirty medical men and students of this persuasion, before it was thought safe to administer it to patients; and he added, that, by dint of repeated trials, many most dangerous poisons had been made available to the healing art. Upon my demand as to whether the trial might not sometimes be dangerous to the person attempting it, he answered in the affirmative; telling me, quite naturally, that he had himself twice been in extreme peril from taking too strong doses of some medicament, sent to the society from the Cape of Good Hope.

“But,” said he, “I recovered from it; and, only see the advantage! After many essays, we got to understand its use, and now it is one of our most efficacious remedies.”

“Yes,” remarked I, “but you must allow, Doctor, that your attempt had nearly proved fatal to you.”

“Well!” retorted he, and I clearly saw he did not understand me, “what then? We have already lost one or two of our companions; but we have won experience, and the sick have been the gainers by it.”

“What!” rejoined I, “you have positively had deaths amongst you from your experiments?”

Again I saw he could not comprehend my surprise.

"Certainly," he replied; "but what are we there for? I can't conceive a better death for a man than that which he gains in doing his duty."

Yes, Madame de Staël was right. This duty-worship of the Austrians struck her too, and they are not changed since then. Every one is the slave of his duty; and you will see, in some of the succeeding chapters, how, within the last two years, this feeling, —actuating the Emperor Ferdinand and his Empress, the Archduke Franz Karl and the Archduchess Sophia; inspiring the young Emperor; prompting Radetzky, Jellacic, Windischgrätz; ruling Prince Schwarzenberg; animating the whole social body, from the sovereign down to the shoe-black;* has saved Austria from the wreck, when any other country must have gone down.

No wonder they are a light-hearted people, and no wonder that the first study of an Austrian *Edelmann* is to be a *gentleman*.

And now that I have, I hope, quieted your alarm, and explained to you what I mean by "being a gentleman," I return to my *gens du monde*, in Vienna.

* Ask the Generals of the Italian army what they think of the battalions of Viennese volunteers.

Dancing always, *encore et toujours*, that is, we know, a matter of course; but there are other amusements. There are the theatres, which are super-excellent; there are the rides and drives to the lovely environs, and there is the Prater!

What the "Piazza" is to Venice, is the "Prater" to Vienna—the positive breath of its nostrils. In *every* respect, the Austrians and the English are the two nations best fitted to understand one another; but the Prater completes the sympathy, for it is, *à s'y méprendre*, Hyde Park. It is neither the Champs Elysées nor the Corso of any southern city; it is "the Park," nothing else, but that alone. It is a *crowd* of horses, carriages, and people, such as is to be seen nowhere but in England; and you discern at once a race to whom horses are not a *luxe*, as in France, but a necessity, as with us. There is not a stud in England that surpasses those of Prince T—— and Count D——, and I doubt if even we have a "whip" who can compare with Count Sandor.

Just at the entrance of the Prater, on leaving the *Jäger Zeil* to the right, there is a stable-yard of no very extraordinary appearance; but often, when the day is fine, and before there is any crowd in the Prater, you may see a plain, but very handsome open carriage, with four horses, enter the gates; a young

man, in a colonel's white uniform, spring out, jump lightly upon a horse led forward for him ; and, as soon as the person who accompanies him is also mounted, trot down one of the side-alleys towards the Danube, touching his undress military cap to those who gather round to see him pass.

It is the Emperor, with one of his aides-de-camp.

You have seldom seen a youth sit more gracefully, feel his steed's mouth more delicately, or fill a saddle more as though he had grown to it than does Franz Josef. He "well becomes his horse, and his horse him ;" and as he breaks into a gallop, and you lose sight of him beneath the arching trees, you feel that the old lady at Scherding was right—" *Er ist ein herrlicher Junge !*"

By way of amusement, there is, in Vienna, what can be heard nowhere else—the *Music !* I do not mean the Opera : that is all very well, with a good orchestra and excellent choruses, and indifferent *premiers sujets*, as everywhere out of Paris and London—I mean the *military* music. *That*, throughout all Europe, can be only heard in Austria. I never shall forget what I felt, upon coming, for the first time, upon the Piazza San Marco, in Venice. The day was brilliant, and the dazzling Basilica shone in the sun with its gold and glittering mosaics ; but the

whole was *dead*—it was dead splendour; when all at once a wind-instrument was heard, and the band of an Austrian regiment, quartered in Venice, began to play the march from the “*Lombardi*.” Ah! now, indeed, all became suddenly animate! There was life in every thrilling tone, and each single isolated note of the brazen harmony seemed alive. I had no thoughts for politics or “the Spouse of the Adriatic,” and could not “fash mysel’” because

“The Swabian sued and now the Austrian reigns,”

but could only thank Heaven, that as

“In Venice Tasso’s echoes are no more,”

(for which I am profoundly grateful),* there should have been substituted for them such spirit-stirring, inimitable sounds. It is a well-known fact that none save an Austrian or a Bohemian can manage a brass instrument, and in all bands where the music is really an object of care and attention, natives of these nations are anxiously secured. There is nothing in a brass instrument being merely true (truth is its indispensable condition as freshness is that of an egg, and if it were not true it would send you into fits); but

* See what Lord Byron says of a “performance which habit alone can render attractive,” and of the “recitative” which is “shrill, screaming and monotonous.”

there is an uncertainty of tone about every species of horn, unless played by an Austrian, which makes you fidgetty, and induces a kind of apprehension for what *might* occur, which is insupportable. Whereas, listen to brass bands here, and you may safely give yourself up to the delight of their soul-stirring tones, for you instinctively feel they are infallible.*

Any real lover of music ought to go to Vienna, if for no other earthly reason than to hear the march of the fourth act of the *Prophète*, played by the military band there. It is enough to make one jump out of one's box, or sit panting upon one's chair, like a war-horse that, in its stable, hears the call of the trumpet.

These Viennese are a very strange race. With so much of our steady, honest qualities about them, they

* Some years ago, Professor Fischhof, the Director of the Conservatoire in Vienna, was applied to for a solo performer to be sent to London for some brass band. Everything was settled, when suddenly Dr. Fischhof remembered that his *protégé* could not speak English! He wrote to the applicant (I think Kramer, of the "King's band,") and the reply was: "It is of no consequence, for all his comrades are Austrians like himself." I may be in error as to the name, but am certain of the fact which was related to me by Professor Fischhof himself; and the moral of which is, that if you want a "*civet*," you must catch a hare, and if you want a brass band, you must catch an Austrian.

have, at the same time, an undeniable similarity of *esprit* with the French. They are lively as quicksilver, and witty as a *gamin des barrières*, with, I must admit, a great deal of his peculiar style of wit.

In all these qualities they differ completely from the northern Germans, and I really can find a parallel nowhere for their delicious sallies and repartees, but in the repartees and sallies of the wittiest nation of the globe. But to appreciate this, it will not suffice to know the German language well, you must have a thorough knowledge of their own delicious dialect, and then you will probably be tempted to pass every evening at some *petit théâtre*, but, above all, at *Karls Theater*, in the Leopoldstadt Fauxbourg.

Vienna is, at present, the home of the drama in Germany, and at the *Burg*, where, thanks to the unremitting kindness of Count L——, we went several times every week,* I have seen performances wherein the elder Laroche, Anschütz, Wagner, and Löwe, aided by Madame Hebbel, Madame Haizinger and Mademoiselle Neumann, sustained parts, and which certainly left no superiority whatever to the *Théâtre Français* in its best days before the Republic.

It is impossible to forget the *Wallensteins Lager*, as it is given in Vienna, with Beckmann as the

* The *Burg* is a small and essentially a *Court* theatre, and, unless you have some friend who lends you his box, it is impossible to find places. The boxes are all let by the season.

Capuchin Friar, and the various costumes of the different states of the empire; nor did I ever see Goethe's *Faust* given with such intelligence of its illustrious author's intentions as at the *Burg*. Above all, however, has rested upon my memory as a *souvenir local*, a perfection of a vaudeville, arranged for Mademoiselle Wildauer, in which she represents a peasant-girl of the Styrian Alps, and with Beckmann as a travelling *Berliner*, anxious to judge of "the manners and customs" of the mountaineers, dispenses more *Volkswitze* than would nourish twenty ordinary vaudevilles, brings the popular genius of Prussia and Austria so face to face, that you would actually think the Brandenburger Thor and "Stephan" were spitting at each other, and keeps you literally writhing upon your chair in a very agony of mirth. But as I said before, German will not help you in all this. There is no town where you need the assistance of the language so much and so little as in Vienna. You need it not at all if you merely want to amuse yourself *et courir les salons*, for there every one speaks English and French, and that beautifully, as at Berlin, Munich, Hanover, and indeed almost everywhere now. More than in any of these towns, however, in Vienna, French is spoken fluently in every shop, and for *use* you can never need German. But if you want to penetrate further, to look deeper into the

character of the people, to know them intimately and appreciate their *esprit*, you must be conversant with Viennese. A *Wiener Witz** done into German is like a translated Irish bull, and unless you can seize the delicious *finesse* of their raillery—*piquant* and *naïve* at the same time, which nothing but their own dialect can give, you might as well drink evaporated flat Bordeaux, Château Margaux, with the *bouquet* gone off. But to return to the theatre of the Leopoldstadt: there is the first, the last, the Incomparable! The unique Nestroy! How I wish you could see *him*

Look at that most inimitable invalid as he sits upon his rickety chair, more rickety he than it. Look at the patch over the eye that is lost, and then look at the eye that wakes—how it shows you at once that it does the work of two! and that nose! that potation-telling, but most sagacious nose! Did you ever see clothes so hang, and slouch upon so unbendable a frame? so square, so angular, so perfectly drilled a man! You might have had news in the morning of the complete ruin of your West India property, and it would not prevent you from sharing in the general hilarity provoked by Nestroy in the

* A Viennese joke.

Zwölf Mädels in Uniform.^{*} I defy you to resist him, when, at the head of his little troop he goes through the exercise before the commandant of the fortress. Notwithstanding the rustiness of his limbs, and the weight of his monstrous old musket, he goes strictly through the whole, until at the word *links geschaut* (eyes left), he finds a sudden and natural obstacle to his discipline. You should see the *one* eye look at you then, and hear the accent with which he says, "*Na!* that's beyond my power!" The words are nothing, but no one can resist them in his mouth.

But Nestroy's masterpiece is the scene where he is alone, and occupied with a book of tragedies, and when he reads passages from them with his own comments. What work the one eye does then, to be sure! He reads scenes from Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*, from *Don Carlos*, from Goethe's *Egmont*, stopping at every other line to give forth some *plaisanterie de circonstance*; and now the public (the popular portion of it) becomes as curious to study as the actor. A communication establishes itself between Nestroy

* "Twelve Maidens in Uniform," a popular piece. Nestroy, be it said, is as clever an author as he is an actor, and his vaudevilles are famous in Germany. He is the Austrian Henri Monnier, with infinitely more refinement.

and the heroes of the pit and gallery, and the scene might last till the next day. Each time he attempts to rise or close his book, he is forced by clamours to resume his seat, and publish some fresh "comments." Then comes the turn of the contemporaries, the authors of yesterday, the very piece, perhaps, that is being played at the *Burg* for the second time; and I leave you to judge how they are handled! It is worse than Jules Janin's Monday *feuilleton*, in the *Journal des Débats*.

How he does maul them! and how the public enjoys it! Then actor and public warm into still greater confidence, and in the intimacy of this *tête-à-tête* Nestroy hazards political epigrams! *Gare à Welden!* * if there is not actually a "fling" at the "state of Siege!"—and there, another at the "equal rights," †—and now, to right, to left, all the *questions brulantes* of the day, receive, in turn, their hit, and a "dead hit" it generally is; but the "people," who are represented to us in other countries as "impatiently submitting to tyranny," and "groaning under military oppression," enjoy the fun exactly as if some other, and not themselves, were concerned;

* The Military Governor of Vienna.

† "*Gleichberechtigung*" (equal rights) for all the various nationalities; that is the constantly recurring phrase in all political conversations. It has become a bye-word.

and the good-humoured hits (for, in the midst of all this, his very sarcasm is good-humoured) dealt at the "instruments of torture," by Nestroy, are received with a frank, unbittered merriment, that would not, I suspect, be possible, if they felt themselves very much pinched by them.

"Judith ! Judith !" cries a *Bursch* in the pit ("Judith" was a tragedy that had lately appeared at the *Burg*), and Nestroy begins to "comment" upon the treacherous beloved of Holofernes. But what can he do in the Biblical East ? Why, in one second, base a witticism upon the "three Kings" and the *Drei Königs Bündniss*,* which is as brilliant as it is unexpected, and which convulses the whole house.

I wish you could have seen, in that box just opposite, how the Ban enjoyed Nestroy and his jokes. How the "fierce Croat Chief" joined his frank, hearty laugh, with that of the people, when any "dig" was given to the "*Belagerungs Zustand*;"† but, above all, how he did seem to relish the sudden slap at the "Bond of three Kings !"

* Treaty between the three Kings—of Prussia, Hanover and Saxony, see Chap. v., Vol. i.

† State of Siege.

CHAPTER VII.

VIENNA AND ITS REVOLUTIONS.

IN Austria, as in Prussia, the revolutionary movements have no connection with the Revolution, as it still reigns in France, beyond the mere fact of their having everywhere been mainly prepared by French emissaries. In Austria, however, there are several circumstances to be considered, which render her internal troubles different from those of the rest of Germany. In the first place, from the very nature of her possessions Austria had not only in Europe, but in the German Confederation itself, a position perfectly *à part*. Neither Unitarian nor wholly Federative, Austria stood a part of the whole, herself divided into parts— a sort of *Bund* within the *Bund*, so that she might, at one and the same moment

almost, be obliged to play a totally different part, according as the exigencies of her different component portions might present themselves, and she might (as was the case) be exposed to war, and civil war, at the same moment.

This was a cause of disturbance which made her situation quite unlike that of her neighbours; for, unless in the case of Posen with Prussia (which, however, cannot stand the comparison), no other State but Austria, when watching over her own interests, is required to watch over those (opposed between themselves) of four States within the State.

The next cause of dissimilarity between the position of Austria and other German States lies in the fact, that, added to the discontent of what I will call her internal-external possessions, there existed a strong desire for *change* within her own immediate *home* dominions.

Nothing can better illustrate the political state of feeling in Austria, than that which, *in a certain portion of the population*, burst forth, in 1789, in France. The liberalism of the Clermont Tonnerres, La Rochefoucaulds, Montmorencys, and so many others, found imitators in a very considerable portion of the high Austrian aristocracy, and was shared in

by the smaller gentry and the wealthy *bourgeoisie*. *The people alone had nothing to complain of*, and remained inactive in the question.

What was desired in Austria was reform, and the desire for this had nothing in the world to do with democracy, or with the wild theories of the French socialists and communists. What was demanded and what was obtained in the way of reform, would have been demanded and obtained if the February Revolution had not taken place; would have been so probably at a later period, but would have been so infallibly, for the advocates of change were to be found amongst the very first and highest of the Emperor's *entourage*. Nay more, though, in all probability, M. de Metternich would not have been the instrument chosen to effect reform, none were more intimately persuaded of its necessity than himself, and those who approached him near enough to hear the unreserved expression of his thoughts, can bear witness to the constant repetition of the phrase: "All the evil lies in non-government (*das nicht regieren*), and in the confusion made between administration and government."

But the system was a difficult one to change, particularly with the entire responsibility left to his

advisers by the Emperor Ferdinand. If his predecessor *would* have done so, he *could* have established any reforms; but the very qualities which gave him the power, withheld from him the inclination. Francis I., of Austria, was one of those monarchs who embody a whole system, and who, when they have disappeared from the scene, leave this system behind, a hollow, empty shell.

The faults of which the Austrian policy was accused, its inflexibility, its impenetrability, and its dilatoriness, came far more from the Emperor than from the Arch-Chancellor, and it would have been far more just to have called the system which governed the Imperial States by another name than by that of Prince Metternich. This, all the persons who have had any opportunities of judging matters as they really were, can attest. Let whatever might be the subject under discussion, at the end you were sure to find the Emperor.

In the financial, commercial, military, or judicial department of administration, the Imperial power was always the last resource, and could be appealed to directly. Every letter, from no matter whom, and concerning no matter what, came to the Emperor's eyes, and he alone decided whether he

would or not himself examine the subject of which it treated, before allowing it to be settled by the administration, to which it belonged of right to take cognizance of it. This direct appeal to the highest authority worked two ways. Whilst it flattered and delighted the lower classes by the impossibility they perceived in it of any injustice being done to them by those above them, it necessarily indisposed all those whose special authority could thus be, at any moment, called in question. Besides this, it induced naturally a slowness in the material process of administration that was often much to be deplored. And not this alone, produced this dilatoriness; it was also the consequence of the Emperor's personal character, which was scrupulous to excess, and the scrupulousness of which, increasing daily with increasing years, rendered him, in the end, averse from taking any resolution whatever, for fear a better one might thereby be prevented.

Upon the death of Francis I., it has been universally affirmed, that reforms might have been introduced, and ought to have been so; but the one great difficulty presented itself of changing anything where what is to remain is not upheld by a strong hand. That is why I observed that the Emperor Francis could have done whatever might have been deemed advisable, because he had energy enough to

have allowed nothing to be wrested from him that he should not choose to give. But the one point upon which the Emperor Francis had no doubt, upon which he never hesitated, was the necessity which existed for him to keep whole, entire, untouched, the sovereign authority he had received from his ancestors, and to transmit the crown unsullied, unshorn of one of its beams, to his successors.

It has often been a matter of astonishment that, with this firmness of character, he should have resigned his post as Emperor of Germany, in 1806; but the very peculiarities we have alluded to explain his conduct. The possession of the Imperial dignity was, strictly speaking, dependant upon the will of the German nation, represented by its different Princes; if they fell off from their chief, the latter was entitled to believe that there was no further cause for his existence, and the very scrupulousness which made the Emperor Francis so inflexible upon the question of his own indisputable right, as Sovereign of Austria, disposed him to take into consideration every different opinion he might hear upon the question of his maintaining any longer the possession of the Imperial dignity as Emperor of Germany. If we recur to his *Manifesto* of the month of August, 1806, we shall find that the

"small interest shown by the German States for the maintenance of their Chief" proved to him how right he had been to abdicate the Imperial Crown.

Francis I. was, naturally enough, adored by his people, especially by the lower orders. By *all* he was respected, because it was perfectly well known that he would tolerate no one single act that could be construed into an offence against the sovereign authority; consequently such offences were comparatively rare. But what was to be regretted, at the same time, was, that the Emperor, and those who aided him to govern (or rather to administer, for he was the originator of this system of administration, instead of government), were almost entirely in the dark as to the real sentiments entertained towards them by the great mass of the intelligent and possessing classes. The child-like love of the lower orders for "*der alter Herr*," and the fear entertained by those of a higher rank lest the sovereign should discover in them anything short of the same devotion, blinded the Court, and those around it, to the real state of public opinion.

When the same system had fallen into hands less firm, individual ambition, and the desire for change, were not long in betraying tokens of their existence; but the very circumstance upon which the aspirants

towards an increase in their political franchises built their hopes, was probably an imperious reason for defeating them, in the mind of the Arch-Chancellor. The experiment was too dangerous, the responsibility too heavy a one; and the statesman, who, for more than twenty-six years, had been the associate, far more than the inspirer of the policy of Francis I., hesitated, like his master, the late Emperor, and things remained where they were. *C'était partie remise*, but that was all.

The Revolution of February stirred up *these* elements; and in the movement of Vienna, in the month of March, 1848, the *people played no part*. What was obtained was a *reform*, and the sacrifice of the man, whose "system" (falsely so called) was supposed to be opposed to all reform.

It was upon the 13th of March; the apartments of the Archduke Lewis were filled with petitioners of all sorts, students, and delegates from the famous Assembly of the Provincial States of Lower Austria, who had been so busy, ever since the first days of the month, with arranging matters between authority and those over whom it had to be exercised. Prince Metternich was seated in an inner room, occupied in attending to business of urgent importance, when the increase of the clamour in the adjoining chamber struck him. Rising, he entered the room, inquiring

what was the meaning of the noise, and discovered that his own immediate retirement from office was the "one thing" exacted. With a calmness and a serenity, that impressed even his worst enemies, the Prince remarked, that, as the pre-occupation of his whole life had been the welfare of the Austrian State, "it could be no sacrifice to him to abandon his high post, directly it was thought that his retirement from office could be conducive to the country's weal." *

And now began that series of weaknesses and faults, which clearly proved how rightly the Arch-Chancellor had judged in thinking that *reforms* were not *all*; but that the power to protect them, when granted, must be also there.

The Fiquelmont-Pillersdorf ministry was formed, and it rained showers of concessions and decrees. Constitutions were promised, Parliaments announced,

* I have met many enemies of Prince Metternich's, and of those who were *present* at this scene I have spoken to several, *not one* of whom has failed in assuring me that nothing could surpass the dignity and calmness evinced by this most remarkable man throughout, and especially upon this last occasion. That whatever may have been the errors of his policy (if such there were) Prince Metternich enjoys, after his retreat from his forty years' service of the State, the serenity of a most untroubled conscience, none *but the very lowest of his detractors* dream of disputing.

liberties granted; and for a short time, Vienna was so happy, that its only idea soon was, what it should ask for next: as all was to be had for the asking, why not think of something new? This was not long in coming. Freedom of the press was, of course, one of the new conquests; but one of those which it was soonest found necessary to regulate. At the first intimation of a limit to be set to this newly-granted liberty, of course the students were in high dudgeon, and a meeting was called in the *Aula*. Here Schuselka, newly recalled from exile, ascended the tribune, and poured forth an incendiary discourse, springing, as he himself confesses, more from the excitation of the moment than from any deeper conviction.

“The revolutionary aspect of the whole,” says he, “revolutionized me, and I dare say I did make a very exciting speech!”*

In the midst of hurrahs and bravos without end, the death of the new law upon the press is unanimously resolved, and M. de Pillersdorf is transformed into the chief mourner at its funeral. These kind of comedies are enacted at every instant. The *Aula* has a fancy for something, and off go its delegates to the Minister, who smiles, and bows, and flatters the

* See Schuselka's “*Deutsche Fahrten*,” Vol. II. p. 63.

“brilliant youth” of Vienna, over whom the unfortunate Emperor is made to say he is so “proud to reign!”*—and then he tries to “get round” these young scapegraces, and wheedle them out of their wishes, diplomatically; but that will not do, and they go straight to their point, with a “Come-old-boy-no-nonsense” kind of way, that sends the diplomatic Baron to his protocols in a twinkling; and whilst he is letting all the protecting forces of sovereign authority slip, one after another, through his fingers, gives him marvellously the appearance of some luckless old gentleman, who is having his pocket absolutely picked by the importunities of a *coquin de neveu*!

The *Aula* governs Vienna, and M. de Pillersdorf is the chosen object of all its wickedness, for with some of his colleagues, the matter is not so easy to manage. All that those graceless *gamins* made the Minister of the Interior suffer between March and May, is not to be told; and if the consequences of all this had not been so disastrous, the aspect of Vienna, during these few first weeks, would simply have been exceedingly ludicrous. “*C’était une douce anarchie*,” say all those who speak to you of this period.

* In one of the Emperor’s proclamations at this time, M. de Pillersdorf put this sentiment into his Imperial master’s mouth.

But meanwhile they got accustomed to disorder, and, like their hero, Schuselka, "the revolutionary aspect of things revolutionized them." They were like the Cardinal de Richelieu's tame lion's whelp, who licked its master's hand till its rough tongue tore the skin ; at which, the Cardinal, well knowing what must happen if the animal once scented human gore, quietly took up a loaded pistol from off his table, and put his favourite out of the possibility of devouring him.

Alas ! Austria had no Cardinal de Richelieu, and the lion's whelp licked and licked, till the sanguinary madness seized it, and it mangled what it had so lately caressed.

When they thought themselves "put off" by the Ministers, these hopeful youths would betake themselves to the Emperor himself ; and though immediate access to him was more difficult, they would contrive that some member of the "States," or some personage who could gain access to the Imperial person, should serve as their intermediary ; and then all the delicate attempts of the Ministry, when it made any, at resistance, were vain, and the *Aula* remained victorious.

The sort of unlimited power which the population believed to reside in these self-constituted governors, is not to be described. One morning, a fisherman

addressed himself to them, to obtain a divorce from his wife!—and the individual who related this to me (and who had been himself the person addressed) added, “Not a day passed without some application equally ludicrous.”

But, however, the horizon soon darkened, and question after question sprang up, big with future evil. The National Assembly of Frankfort was constituted, or rather the *Vor Parlament* was so; and it was decided that Austria should depute members to it. Amongst others chosen, were Count Auersberg (known under his poetical name of Anastasius Grün), Baron Andryane, and Schuselka. Their very starting for the banks of the Mein was the occasion of a scene, that shows with what lightness all political duties, even of the highest order, were assumed at this period. They had taken it into their heads to carry with them to Frankfort the Imperial Insignia, and accordingly they applied in a body to Count Fiquelmont, to deliver to them the crown, sceptre, mantle, and orb. As might be expected, he refused, and, what is more, he gave way upon no point of his denial. Away they went, without their treasure, and very angry at the idea that they, the born representatives of Empire, should not have the opportunity of offering to the coronation city of old the ornaments of German royalty; which ornaments, said they,

belonged to Germany at large. However, hardly had they reached Frankfort, than their anger gave way to the feeling that they had escaped a great danger; and even Schuselka himself says: "What should we, with our Emperor's attire of the middle ages, have done in republican Frankfort? There is no saying what might have happened! If a red republican had chosen to adorn himself with the Royal Insignia, and in this attire elect himself Pot-Emperor (*Bier-Kaiser*) of the Republic, in no matter what tavern, no one could have hindered him from so doing. Besides," adds he, "there were other dangers: who knows what the *Kaiser-makers* of the *Paulskirche* might have done, if they had known the sacred emblems to be so near them?"

"There is no saying whether the great Gagern himself might not have been tempted to ascend the tribune, with crown and mantle on him, in order, by the sight, to awaken the slumbering ardour of the Imperialist party." However, "Luckily," as this gentleman observes, naïvely enough, they were obliged to go to Frankfort without the Insignia, and here began their complicated existence, in their most complicated capacity of Austrian deputies.

As Germans, do what they would, they were not, could not be, German enough; as Austrians, they were too Austrian by far. Petitions were addressed

by Poles, for the integrity and independence of Poland. Well, some of them vote that. Then the Magyars petition; then the Tchèques abuse them; then the Italians come down upon them with quires of "representations," and the Lord-knows-what, and the Austrian deputies remain Austrians *malgré tout*, and will not hear of any diminution of territory, or any separations under pretext of "incompatibility of temper," or nationality.

Meanwhile, things did not get better in Vienna. The *Aula* had obtained in the beginning, as every one knows, the permission to take arms from the Arsenal, in order, as the Rector of the Academy represented to the Archduke Lewis, to whom he knelt, "that the youth of Vienna might have the glory of defending the town against any attempt at disorder, and might watch and wake for the general good!"

Upon this pretence, the order was given, the students were armed, the citizens were so too, and the National Guard, the *Aula*, the *Comité de salut public*, and Heaven-knows-what variously-designated, ever-changing powers, took upon themselves the government of the *Kaiserstadt*. The great fault of all was weakness; the abandonment of authority by itself. It was wildly imagined that a population to whom liberty unlimited had been given, who had

obtained that liberty without a struggle, would still continue to obey, when obedience should once more be ventured to be required. The attempt to disarm the Academical Legion showed how far things had gone, and the barricades of May answered the vain attempt to govern now that it was too late.

But here, the aspect of things begins to change. As yet there was disorder, anarchy, but no violence; because, as I said before, the popular element had little or no share in whatever occurred. But now, the troops of insurrection began to assemble in Vienna, and, as in Berlin, strange faces were to be seen prowling about, and strange tongues were heard. Poles, Hungarians, Italians, and French, congregated in the streets of the Austrian capital, and the *condottieri* who have overrun Europe during the last two years, and whose chief lair was in Paris, poured down upon the doomed city, as they did shortly after upon Rome. The insufficient military force opposed to them could do nothing, the Emperor fled with all his family, and now the die was cast.

The illusion had vanished; dismay was on every countenance; no one thought now of reforms, or even if there had once been a necessity for them; revolt and insurrection were there, and every one trembled; resistance was over now;—it was too late;

there was henceforward no hope but in repression. Where was that to come from? In Italy, in Bohemia, in Hungary, everywhere the army was required to oppose outward rebellion; but every one, of every class, was unanimous in the wish to repel, and in the horror of aggression. No false sympathies were to be found anywhere for the perturbators; the doctrines of error had made no converts; all was healthy in the army—in the people; affection for the Imperial family increased with every hour; but terror ruled supreme over the inhabitants of every dwelling, and though the ardent desire for defence was there, the energy to accomplish it was gone.

The famous Diet was convoked, and a stranger Assembly never met to deliberate upon the affairs of a nation. All ranks and all opinions, all degrees of learning and ignorance were there, and every religious persuasion, from the Catholic Galician peasant to the Schismatic Greek Slavonian, from the Calvinist to the *Deutsch-Katholisch* disciple of Ronge, was represented. But one would think that the possibility of implanting political ardour into these nations was a hard task, for they could seldom be brought to give more than a very few hours a-day to the "despatch of business."

They rarely commenced their discussions before

ten or eleven o'clock, and so sure as the hand pointed to two, they began to clamour for the close. Afternoon sittings were attempted, but I fancy they were thought bad for digestion, for the President of the Committee of Constitution was forced to confine all such after-dinner labours to two *séances* per week.

On the 12th of August, the Emperor returned from Innsbruck to the capital he had left upon the verge of revolt, and now found ripe for civil war. All the elements of discord were let loose; the Diet was looked upon as more than suspicious, and at the religious ceremony of the 19th of August, at which the Court was present, and to which the members of the Diet had been invited, the two forces might be clearly seen face to face. The troops, as they passed, took no notice whatever of the Parliament, whilst the Academical Legion, on the contrary, after causing its colours to be lowered in sign of respectful homage before the democrats of the *Reichstag*, insulted the Imperial family by having the *Fuchslied** played as the Legion passed before the Emperor.

* The *Fuchslied* is a song, sung by the older students of a University at the reception of a new comrade, the last comer being called a *Fuchs* (fox). It was the Marseillaise of the Vienna insurrection.

It must be remarked, for the sake of justice, that of the students who constituted the Legion in the month of March, and who, beyond their absurd, mad pranks, and their doing and undoing of decrees, were guilty of no vast offence, it is generally affirmed scarcely any remained, their places having been taken by strangers, and men whom they declare they knew not.*

Then came the disturbances of the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of August, when the *prolétaires* of the Faubourgs were put down by the National Guard.

This is the first time that the populace, the so-called "people" is to be perceived on the side of insurrection. It was here as everywhere; the operatives, by the cessation of all luxury and all trade for the last five months, were reduced to comparative starvation, and nothing was then easier than to excite them to any act of rebellion. But the civic guard hesitated no more than the troops to proceed against them, and, indeed, often did so without the aid of the latter. There was no sickly sentiment, no talk of "brotherhood," but the burghers

* Amongst these were a considerable number of Rhinelanders, *Pan-Germanists* as they were termed, and who played a great part in all the revolutionary movements of these times.

of Vienna behaved staunchly when it came to the push.

Numberless attempts were made by the democratic party to overturn the Ministry, and the 13th of September sufficed to show where the plot would come from, and where the resistance lay. Count Latour, after the announcement that military forces would be given to support the National Guard against the malcontents who had now taken the *Aula* for their head-quarters, replied to Goldmark, who proposed the withdrawal of the troops (this was everywhere part of their tactics), that he would sooner lay down his office than consent to let a soldier be withdrawn. Gradually, all these events in Vienna became more and more mixed up with the Hungarian separatist pretensions.

On the 14th of September, Bach made a very remarkable speech, in which, detaching himself from the democratic party, he boldly said nothing was easier than to see what the plans of the revolutionists were, and who were the instigators of the movement.

On the 19th, came the Magyar deputation from the Diet in Pesth, to the Diet in Vienna, and at the bare announcement of it, all the anger of the Tchèque-Slavonians broke forth in the protestations

of Palacky against its admittance. This was followed by the two very remarkable speeches of the two ministers, Wessenberg and Bach, in which they laid before the House the negotiations that had already been commenced between the Imperial Government and the Hungarian Ministry, and the basis of which was to be the "equal rights of all races," which the Magyars refused to admit.

The proposal to receive the Hungarian deputation was rejected by a majority of 186 against 108, and the Magyars offended, made common cause with the ultra-democrats and republicans.

From this moment, all that followed might have been but too easily predicted. The object, of course, of the Hungarians was, that an insurrection in Vienna should hem the action of the troops against themselves, and open rebellion and civil war were decided upon amongst the Magyars, the Viennese demagogues, and the German republicans.

A week later, on the 28th of September, Count Lamberg was assassinated at Pesth, and a stain affixed to the Hungarian name, that nothing can ever efface.*

* On the 27th, the Diet at Pesth came to the resolution to treat Count Lamberg as "*unauthorized*" to treat with the Magyars, and "*to hang as a traitor any one who should pretend to execute false orders from the Emperor.*" This

On the 4th of October, the Government of Vienna declared Hungary to be subjected to martial law, and the Ban Jellacic to have entire and absolute command over the whole country, until such time as the insurrectionary movements should have ceased. But three days previously to this, the Ban's letter had been read in the Chamber, whereby he applied to the Minister of War for money, troops, and artillery. This letter, intercepted and published by the Magyars, was the first proof that the Government was acting with the Croats, against the Hungarians. The effect was immense; the ill-disposed portion of the House pretending to be very angry at not having been called upon by the Cabinet to discuss the affairs of Hungary.

On the 4th of October, the *Wiener Zeitung* had the following correspondence from Pesth: "At length the cause of the Magyars has a last hope in the good sense of the Viennese, who probably will not tolerate the so near approach of the Croats towards the capital. Therefore, in Heaven's name, a decision was, on the morning of the 28th, placarded at every street corner in Pesth, but *only in the Magyar language*, notwithstanding the 70,000 *German* inhabitants of the town; and it is to this, the Imperial Proclamation of the 4th of October alludes, when it says that: "Ludwig Kossuth and his party have taken *determinations, the publication of which has occasioned the murder of Count Lamberg.*"

well-conditioned revolution up yonder, and Hungary is saved !”

On the 6th, what was the *pretext* for the first excesses ? the prevention of the departure of a battalion of Grenadiers ordered to march against the Magyars ! What interest had any, save the Hungarians, to prevent their departure ? What likelihood was there that the population of Vienna, the most exclusively Austrian, the most notoriously *anti-Hungarian*, should attempt anything that might stand in the way of the victory of the Imperialists ? Why, even the leaders of the Opposition party in the Diet were anti-Hungarians, anti-Tchèques, anti-Italians ; and, whatever might be the radicalism of their opinions upon other points, any rebellion on the part of the States annexed to the Empire, sufficed to render them patriotic and Austrian.*

These Grenadiers had been for several days the object of unceasing seductions, on the part of the seditious, and all the efforts of the Democratic Club (*Demokratischer Verein*) had been directed against their fidelity. Alone, of *all* the Austrian army, this battalion was false to its oath of allegiance ; but it

* See again Schuselka upon the way in which, as a Deputy (and an Opposition one) at Frankfort, he resisted the demands of Tchèques, Italians and Magyars. Vol. II. of the *Deutsche Fahrten*.

must also be remarked that, later, these same Grenadiers immortalized themselves, and bought back the stain of falsehood with their blood.*

It would take volumes to enter into the details of what was the march of events, in the commencement of the Vienna revolution of October; but no one can study it either in books, in the works written upon it even by the Radicals, or upon the spot, in the simplest matter-of-fact statements, without seeing the two following facts stare him in the face :†

The revolt of the month of October, in Vienna, broke out upon a pretext which interested the Hungarians *alone*. The first victim of that revolt was the Minister, whose *duty* it was to insist upon the measure offensive to the Hungarians. "Latour alone,"

* It was Radetzky's proclamation "to the Garrison of Vienna" which first excited the enthusiasm of the army, and which so humiliated this faithless battalion, that in Italy it plunged to a man into the most frightful dangers, and proved its remorse by its desperation.

† Eye- and ear-witnesses without end there are, of all ranks, who all repeat the same thing : that on the morning of the 6th of October, just before the fight upon the Tabor Bridge, Hungarian emissaries were occupied *openly* in haranguing the crowd, exclaiming in every tone of remonstrance, entreaty, and menace : "Prevent the Grenadiers from starting ! The Magyars are at the gates of the town ! They are flushed with victory—they have beaten Jellacic—the Grenadiers will be cut to pieces !"

says the *democratical* Schuselka, "did his duty uncompromisingly, *as a soldier should do!*"

And for the performance of that duty, he died.

The circumstances of his most infamous assassination are both too horrible and too well known, for me to repeat them here; but I found, in Vienna, no one of any class who admitted the possibility of a doubt as to *who* instigated the murder: nay, more—they add, that it was no easy task to obtain the crime; and that, once the order to "cease the fire," wrested from Latour by the mistaken benevolence of the Emperor, no demonstration more was made against the Minister, even by the lowest and worst; and the storm seemed lulled.

"The space round the hotel of the War-Ministry was empty," said to me, one day, a shopkeeper, who lived upon this very spot (and his statement was corroborated by all those I ever questioned on the subject), "and for hours you might see the leaders of the insurrection* busy at the corners of streets,

* This will be easily understood by those who have been enabled to study an *émeute*. In Paris, during the three days of February, you might see these *meneurs* (easily distinguished by their dress) collecting groups together, and then driving them to their work. Each new attempt at insurrection might be foretold by the presence in the streets of these individuals, recognized directly. Upon the days preceding the 26th of

drawing together small bands of half-drunken men, and driving them towards Count Latour's residence ; but it would not do, and for hours this game went on, until, at last, by dint of money, and the most hellish perseverance, the plan succeeded, and the crowd thickened, and began to yell, and excite itself, without knowing what it did, or what precise influence it obeyed. When once this happened," added my informant, " the rest was not to be wondered at."

I was relating this to an English gentleman, attached to our legation in Vienna, who was a witness of the whole from the apartment of Count Latour himself, and who assured me the statement was perfectly correct, *de point en point*. He himself, on leaving the fated Minister, warned him of the danger, and exhorted him to fly.

I will not repeat any accusation against those who have expiated their fearful crimes by the death, which alone *can* be an expiation of such crimes ; but in Vienna, the men of all classes, of the highest and the lowest, of *all* opinions, even those suspected of republicanism, have one universal, unvarying conviction upon the subject of Latour's abominable murder ; and as they speak, the very pavement on which April, 15th of May, and 23rd of June, they might be seen busily at work, " making groups" in all the streets.

they tread seems to echo the words of execration and contempt they reserve for names which, in some other countries, have been saluted with pity, if not with sentiments more misplaced still.

I give no opinion—I merely state a fact.

And, as a punishment for all the bloodshed they deliberately occasioned, for all the atrocities they committed, there are people to be found, who, in the way of revolutions, “never felt a wound,” and who speak with horror of Windischgrätz, on account of his *very few*, thousandfold justified, *unavoidable* severities. Blum, *taken arms in hand*, a common rebel, who had thereby lost his privilege as a deputy of the Frankfort Diet,* and whose harangues in the *Aula* were of the most unequivocally sanguinary kind; Becker, a man who daily printed articles, wherein he openly advocated the necessity of the

* A Deputy to the Frankfort Assembly told me Blum felt he wanted *le baptême du sang*, for that he had talked himself out in Frankfort, and began to be ill-treated by all parties. The Ultras pushed him on, and he went off to Vienna with Fröbel, and after his infamous speech in the *Aula*, repaired, gun on shoulder, to the barricades, where he was taken. Fröbel, who was far more dangerous even than Blum, was allowed to escape, because a work he had written contained one passage which, artfully shown to Prince Windischgrätz without the rest, seemed an extenuation of his conduct.

guillotine;* Yellinek, a journalist more frenzied still than he; and Messenhauser, who to the last hour made signals from the top of the *Stephan's Thurm* to the Hungarians, whom he believed to be approaching! These are the objects of commiseration.

That Robert Blum should have died courageously—what merit was there in that? The greatest criminals do so: witness the woman Manning, the other day. But Blum had lifted his hand against society, and, by exciting others to do the same, had contributed to cause wholesale murders; and this man was to be spared? If so, do away with the punishment of death altogether; but so long as a gallows exists, whereon assassins are hung, do not hold society at large cheaper than a libertine, who falls by his paramour's hand.

I shall never be able to understand this tolerance every now and then so suddenly shown towards the guilty individual, and this indifference to the

* This man had a *liaison* with a certain Baroness Perrin, who actually petitioned the Vienna Municipality to be allowed to open a "*Club des Femmes*," and suggested the propriety of establishing a guillotine on every open place or square in Vienna! The document exists in the Municipality. This rival of Théroigne de Méricourt used to go riding about on horseback, attired after the fashion of Madame Struve.

defence of society. It is, to my mind, particularly misplaced, too, in a country which, from its position, and from a thousand other reasons, is never called upon to show this tolerance in its own cause; but which, from the fortress of its own security, may safely comment upon the tribulations and perils of its neighbours, and harbour the instruments of evil to others, without the slightest chance of evil accruing to itself.

It is a proud privilege of England to be free from revolutionary contagion; but it might be more generous—I will say more, it might be more manly—to help in warding off from others the dangers from which we know we are ourselves secure.

After three weeks passed under the rule of the men who could look upon the murder of Latour as the necessary commencement of their authority, the joy may be imagined with which the news was received of the advance towards Vienna of Jellacic and Windischgrätz.

To judge of the enthusiasm of all ranks, you must speak with the Croats and the red-mantled Sereschaners,* who followed their Ban through the *Rothen-Thurm Strasse* into the once gay and now

* The *Sereschaners* are frontier troops upon the Turco-Croatian frontier. Amongst other peculiarities, they must take the first arms they bear from the Turks.

devastated Vienna. From Baden,* whither all who could do so had flown, to the *Stephan's Thurm*, the progress of the faithful Croats round their heroic chief was a triumph. Wherever they camped, they were at all hours the objects of universal attention from men and women of all ranks; and it was not rare to see the fairest, noblest of Austria's daughters holding intercourse, by means of little gifts, with these rude, simple men, whose language they often did not understand. As to the Ban, it was not enthusiasm—that is far too cold a term—it was frenzied adoration that followed his every step; and I doubt whether his own Croats, deeply, devotedly as they love Jellacic, could ever have more ardently expressed their admiration and their love for him, than did the rescued, liberated Viennese.

On the 1st of November, it was not alone Vienna, nor even Austria, that was saved; it was the cause of civilization in Europe. The taking of Vienna by Jellacic and Windischgrätz set the seal to Radetzky's victories in Italy;† and, to show what was

* A fashionable watering-place close to Vienna.

† The proof of the importance of Radetzky's Italian campaign lay in the discouragement with which the revolutionists were seized, upon the news of his successes. When the entrance into Milan of the Austrians was known in Paris, you would have thought the republicans had heard their death-

the effect, I will quote the words of a revolutionist, to whose statements I have already deemed it advisable to have recourse :

“The victories of the Croats, and the utter defeat of democracy in the Imperial city,” says this narrator,* “began to clear the horizon of *Sans Souci*. From this moment the dynasty of the Hohenzollern house felt itself secure ; and Wrangel determined to do in Berlin, as Windischgrätz and Jellacic in Vienna. In the refusal of the King to listen to the address of the National Assembly, was visible returning consciousness of power, and the negation of the revolution was achieved.”

On All Saints' Day, Vienna was delivered from the barbarians. On the 8th of November, Count Brandenburg accepted the orders of the King of Prussia to form a new cabinet ; and on the 10th, Wrangel, as we know, swept clean the Augean stable of the Berlin *Schauspielhaus*. But all had been rendered possible by Curtatone and Custozza, and the source and origin of all Austria's future

knell. And perhaps so they had ! Custozza may have been to revolutionary rule what Leipsic was to the Empire “*le premier coup de cloche*.”

* Jäkel, from whom I have already quoted many passages upon Hecker in Baden. *Vide* Vol. I. Chap. III.

greatness, that which made this greatness possible, and fathered the younger glories of Jellacic and his brothers in victory, was the parent-glory of Radetzky.*

To him, the noble veteran, the well-nigh nonagenarian "hero of a hundred fights," is due the victory of duty over disobedience, of fidelity over rebellion, of right over revolution.

Charles Albert and Kossuth are but different expressions of the same principle, in different degrees and under different circumstances; but the *idea* of revolt is everywhere the same; and Vienna, Berlin, Palermo, Rome, are but minor manifestations, emanating from the one vast centre—the throne, whereon the principle of revolt sits, crowned—from France. But of this later.

Austria was saved by Radetzky and Jellacic; and this was so evident, that that one famous line of Grillparzer's,† addressed from the midst of the hor-

* A better proof of this cannot be adduced than the effect produced in Berlin by Radetzky's proclamations, and the demonstrations made in his honour by the Prussian officers.

† This "Ode to Radetzky" was an act of signal courage, and the publication of it by Grillparzer, at a time when it was very dangerous to speak the truth, obtained for the poet the decoration of the Leopold Order from the Emperor, an exceedingly rare distinction.

rible anarchy of the *Kaiserstadt*, to the grey-headed conqueror in Milan,

“In deinem Lager ist Oesterreich!”

was, and has been ever since, in the mouths of the whole Austrian population.

I have been in many towns where insurrection has raged and reigned, but in none have I seen the deep, unanimous, universal horror of it, and its felon-chieftains, so energetically, so unvaryingly expressed, as in Vienna. You would think there was now between the Viennese and their rulers, a closer and more firmly-knit bond than ever.

One day as I walked down the *Graben*, I perceived a crowd coming in the opposite direction, and I caught the sound of military music. In a few moments, a battalion of grenadiers came marching by, and at their head the wind undid the folds of a banner, upon whose gloriously-soiled silk the death-struggle had scarcely left any portion of the double eagle entire. Firmly, proudly they marched, like men who had deserved well of their country; and, as they went by, every head was uncovered, and the cheers that met them were “not loud, but deep,” and came, as you could plainly see, from the very bottom of the people’s hearts.

"They were at Somma Campagna," said an old man, close to me.

"I wonder how they left Vater Radetzky," said a woman, "and when he'll come back here?"

"How their flag is torn!" said a third.

"What fine fellows they are!" said a fourth.

"And what a fine lot more of them there may have been once!" said a fifth.

Whilst I was looking at them, I thought involuntarily of what the Ban had said to me some days before, speaking of a review which had taken place:

"Well, after all, the sound of trumpets and cannons is to me the music most inspiring—*c'est autre chose que le dernier opéra.*"

And I understood the feeling.

The grenadiers marched down the *Graben*; the band played Haydn's national air of "*Gott erhalt den Kaiser.*"

Looking on, like myself, and with uncovered head, I met a young man, whom I had once seen in London, and whose opinions had then much savoured of republican ardour.

"That is *our* 'God save the King,'" said he, when the troops had passed; and, as he replaced his hat: "In March, 1848, I was in the Academic Legion—I can afford to avow it now; but, believe

me, Madame, when, in November, 1849, I heard that air played for the first time, after all that the poor Emperor Ferdinand had suffered, after what we had all suffered, I felt the tears pour down my cheeks like rain, nor do I think there was a dry eye in the whole crowd around."

CHAPTER VIII.

ABDICATION AND ACCESSION.

ALL the traditions of "paternal Government" had come down entire from Francis to his son Ferdinand, whose innate goodness of heart, whose benevolence, that not even ingratitude could exhaust, had won for him the name of *der Gütige* (the kind-hearted).

The Emperor Franz was a very remarkable Prince, although he may, in many instances, have been mistaken in his policy. Like many other sovereigns, that which he did from the best motives, was what caused the greatest harm to the state. For instance, no greater mistake was ever committed than that of refunding the creditors of the nation (after the bank-

ruptcy); but it was done from an over-wrought desire that the Austrian name should be free from even a fancied stain. It seemed to him more *honest*, and all other considerations vanished before this one. The wish, on the other hand, to increase the well-being of the lower orders, induced the Emperor to derive the resources of the state from constant loans, instead of obtaining them from the more natural source of taxation. He thereby established the most barren system of financial economy that can well be conceived, and rendered the task of governing, in a financial point of view, a singularly onerous one to his successor.

In no country were the lower orders so little taxed as in the Austrian dominions, and in no country could they have better borne to be more so; but this was one of the points upon which the Emperor would bear no contradiction. He cared comparatively little for the upper classes,* his great object being, that the lower ones should have nothing to complain of.

We have seen what were the fruits of this system,

* One day an old General came to the Emperor Franz, accompanied by two young boys. "Who are those young fellows?" asked the monarch. "My sons," was the reply. "What have you brought them here for?" "That your Majesty may take care of them?" "What?" "There they

and how the way was paved by the Emperor Franz himself for the very discontent he sought to avoid, and which he never suspected could have come from the quarter where it amassed strength every day.

When the cry for reform had once been raised, when the first concessions had been granted, when the minister who for years had been used to screen him, and upon whose firmness, upon whose integrity he could implicitly rely, was gone, and when the Emperor was left *alone*, it must be admitted that few sovereigns have ever been placed in a position of such complicated difficulty as that in which Ferdinand *der Gütige* was placed on the 13th of March, 1848. No power of earthly reasoning could have persuaded him that the people of Vienna were altered; he was right as far as regarded the *people*, the lower orders only, and he could not bring himself

are, Sire." "Well, what do you expect me to do with them?" "Bring them up, Sire." "Bring them up!" echoed the Emperor. "Yes, Sire!" "*Ei bewahre!*" expostulated the Sovereign. "I cannot take charge of your sons!" "There they are, Sire," persisted the obstinate old servant; "I can't bring them up; I had not a farthing when I entered your Majesty's service, and have only my pay now. Your Majesty must take care of my children; I was a peasant's son." "A peasant's son!" murmured the Emperor. "*So!*" and he did take charge of the children. I have the story from a comrade of the General in question.

to imagine that, by kindness alone, things could not be brought round. And to this Sovereign, in whom goodness of heart was the all-absorbing feeling, was given as a support, M. de Pillersdorf!

Of the sufferings of the guileless, simple-minded Ferdinand, when the conviction was forced upon him, that the loyalty of his once so faithful subjects had been tampered with, and that there were those whose only object was to turn their child-like love for him into gall, no words can give an adequate idea; it was the destruction of an illusion in which he had grown up, and which was so strongly rooted in him, that the faith in it, from time to time, re-appeared, outliving all; and he would talk of his *Wieners* with an affection and a confidence nothing could suffice to destroy.

It was doubly criminal in the Ministry not to uphold the authority of the Crown, as they perfectly well knew this disposition on the part of the Emperor, to grant whatever should appear to be asked of him by his people; and they, the Ministers, instead of sacrificing themselves, as they were bound to do, to the sacredness of their trust, laid Royalty bare to every attack, and indulged at the expense of the dignity of the Throne, their own lamentable weakness and desire for popularity.

Everything was wrested and wrung from Fer-

dinand that should have been maintained to him at all and every cost. In Austria, the convocation of the Parliament upon the bases of an electoral law that would have been dangerous even in the country best prepared for such an institution; in Hungary, the ever-to-be-deplored consent to measures fraught with inevitable mischief to all parties. And these concessions, advised with the most culpable blindness to their consequences, once obtained from the Chief of the State, nothing was done either to palliate the evil that was certain to accrue from them, or to enable encroachment (that the shortest-sighted might have predicted) to be encountered by force.

That Ministers should have been found in the month of June (after the May movements had shown the progress of the evil), who, like Wessenberg and Doblhoff, could admit of the convocation of the Parliament elsewhere than where the Sovereign himself resided, is a circumstance which alone indicates their utter unfitness for the positions they held. Instead of firmly asserting the necessity of calling together the Parliament there, where its deliberations might be *free*; instead of refusing peremptorily to admit of the establishment of a Constitutional Legislative Assembly anywhere but in the immediate neighbourhood of the Imperial residence, the Ministry sanctioned the existence of

this parliamentary body in Vienna,—where literally the only Government was that, self-constituted since the last three weeks, of the *Aula*, the National Guard, and the so-called Committee of Public Safety (a Revolutionary Government, in short) ;—in Vienna,—whence the Sovereign had fled, and whose chief and most revolutionary pretension was to be the *seat of Government, whether the Monarch resided within its walls or not*. By this act, insurrection was, so to say, sanctioned in Vienna.

It must be avowed that, whatever misfortunes occurred subsequently, the bases of them *all* are to be found in the culpable weakness of the advisers of the Crown, and in the unwarrantable concessions which were allowed to be wrung from the Sovereign.

But the greatest and worst of all were those extorted from the Emperor in the Hungarian affairs. The agreement to the demands of the Diet of Pressburg in the month of March, the consent thereby to the existence of an independent, responsible Hungarian Ministry, and to the exercise of sovereign power by the unresponsible Palatine, in the absence of the Monarch himself; here were the sources of all the miseries of a later period.

In the month of July, 1848, there were, in

Austria, two distinct and different parliamentary powers—one in Vienna, one in Pesth—both labouring to attain their own individual ends, each inimical to the other, but united nevertheless in equal distrust of the Crown, and equal desire to see the Sovereign authority diminished for their own especial profit. In neither town did the Chief of the State himself reside. Whilst in the midst of the Alps of the Tyrol, Kaiser Ferdinand *der Gütige* tried to forget the ingratitude of some of his subjects, he was, in Pesth, represented by his cousin the Archduke Stephen, and in Vienna by his uncle, the Archduke John; the latter—to complicate matters somewhat further still—being elected already to the post of Protector and Regent of the entire German Empire.

Whilst, on the one hand, the concessions of the Emperor Ferdinand to the Hungarians were indissolubly bound up with the express condition that the union of the kingdoms should remain entire (which it ceased to do, necessarily, so soon as they warred for absolute independence, and, by the non-execution of *their* part of the contract, released the Sovereign from what was binding upon *him*), the acts of his representative, the Archduke Palatine, tended, unconsciously, to favour whatever should

place the Hungarian Ministry in the position best calculated to elude their part of the treaty.

His opening speech to the Hungarian Diet, the work of the Magyar Ministers, went to sanction every separatist tendency of the Magyar politicians, and it is difficult whilst censuring the manifest bad faith, of which this document is an unanswerable proof, not to censure equally the utter political incapacity, which could permit an Austrian Archduke to pronounce a discourse wherein not one word is said of the union of the two Crowns, of the rights established by the Pragmatic Sanction, and of the bond between the two Monarchies (*Monarchieverband*), which was the *condition sine quâ non* of the Emperor's concessions.*

However, that things could not go on as they were, became very soon evident, and the necessity for the employment of positive force against the insurrection in Hungary became as undeniable as it

* See the opening speech to the Diet of the Archduke Palatine, on the 2nd of July, 1848. It is a curious document, and in conjunction with Article III, § 2 of the contract between Ferdinand and the Hungarian Diet, will help to show many a proceeding in its right light. It must also be remembered that the Palatine *first* committed the grievous fault of sanctioning the emission of the Hungarian Paper money.

had been in Italy against the foreign enemy, Sardinia.

But, for more than one reason, the Emperor Ferdinand could not be the Sovereign in whose name a war against Hungary should be carried on. In the first place, to support this struggle a strong hand was required, and the conviction, on the part of the insurgents themselves, that the resistance to their rebellion came really from the Sovereign;* and, in the next, Ferdinand had been, during his father's life-time, crowned King of Hungary, and therefore, notwithstanding all that, which, on the part of the Hungarians not only justified but imperiously commanded his taking arms against them, he did not conceive himself authorized, as King of Hungary, to take those steps, which were now positively indispensable for the Emperor of Austria.

The first thought of abdication came, it is said, from the Empress Marianne, who, in the month of November, assembled around her, in Olmütz, the chief political notabilities of the Empire, and consulted them upon this great resolution. The next

* With the abdication of Ferdinand, crowned King of Hungary, vanished the possibility of pretending, as did Kossuth, during the early period of the insurrection, that he and his adherents were fighting *for* the Sovereign *who was not free!*

heir was the Emperor's only brother, the Archduke Franz Karl. But it was thought that some of the obstacles which lay in the present Sovereign's path, would also lie in that of his natural successor.

The branch on which Austria's new destinies were to bloom forth must be the greenest, freshest possible! That was the idea of every one; the opinion of the Empress, the advice of the Ban, but, above all, the conviction of the Archduchess Sophie.

Of the four persons whose right it was to wear one of the greatest crowns in Europe, not one thought, in renouncing that right, of anything save *a duty* to the country—a means of better saving and serving her.

That the Emperor Ferdinand and the Empress Marianne should, after all that had passed, not see so very great a sacrifice in laying down the Imperial dignity, this, particularly when the simplicity of the tastes and the true piety of both is known, may be understood with little difficulty. But, to be born with all the qualities that best befit a throne, to possess all the talents which give greatness to dominion, to feel the consciousness of superiority, which makes the right to rule, and justifies ambition;

to be, to feel all this, and yet resign the only means of manifesting it to the world, to give up when the moment for its assumption has arrived, the position nobly to fill which a whole life has been employed; to forego immortal fame, and renounce the honours of posterity without a sigh—this is really to be great beyond ordinary greatness—and this is what the Archduchess Sophie did.

Not only is this highly-gifted Princess worthy to fill the throne of Maria Theresa, but she has herself the consciousness of her own worth; and when she abdicated the Austrian throne, she *knew* that she renounced more than the mere right to be styled Empress; yet, from a deep sense of *duty*, she did so without a sigh.

So far the Archduchess. The mother did more.

She gave her first-born in the very hottest hour of danger, led him forth with her own hand to the yawning gulph, wherein, Curtius-like, he sprang. Her son! her *eldest* boy, over whom but nineteen summers had passed, and whose every boyish joy was, from this hour, to be exchanged for the arduous performance of man's hardest, sternest duties.

I confess I have never yet been able to look upon this noblest of European mothers, and upon her gallant son, without the deepest emotion. There

is something inexpressibly solemn around the aspect of both, when you think of what both have dared for the sake of duty.

"*Mein Kaiser !*" The Archduchess has a way of saying that word ; a tone in which the overflowings of maternal love are restrained by the respect of the subject for the Sovereign, that goes to the very inmost heart of those who listen to it.

And he himself ? Since the hour when the dread honours fell upon him, those who surround him can tell but of one weakness. It was when it was announced to him that he was Emperor of Austria.

He staggered under the glorious weight, and sinking back upon a sofa :

"My youth is over !" sighed he, (*Meine Jugend ist hin !*) and he covered his face with his hands.

It was a noble cry for a boy of nineteen, for it told of duties accepted, and of devotion to an arduous task.

To be Master, in the fresh flush of boyhood, of one of the greatest Empires of the world, and to think first of the sacrifices duty imposes in such a position, not of the splendour that position confers, is the unfailing mark of a nature worthy to reign.

On the 2nd of December, 1848, the garrison of Olmütz was aroused at early dawn, and bidden to the *Place d'armes*, where some military ceremony, for it was not specified what purpose, was to take place. Some said, it was merely a review, in honour of Prince Windischgrätz and the Ban, who had arrived in the night; but, whatever it might be, some secret presentiment drove nearly the whole population of Olmütz to the spot where the troops were ordered to assemble. A regiment of infantry, a battalion of grenadiers, a cavalry division, and several battalions of artillery, were ranged in line of battle. The officers, in their full-dress uniforms, with their plumed hats, and stars and crosses on their breasts, were assembled; carriages, full of ladies, were crowding by, no one knew why, unless it might be to see the Ban.

The crowd was unquiet, anxious, it scarce knew wherefore; and the ignorance and vague curiosity of all found vent in a thousand questions. It was half-past eight, and the rays of the morning sun began to illuminate the blue brightness of the brilliant winter sky.

Then began those strange prophetic murmurs, for whose existence no one alive can assign a reasonable cause, but which so often divine the truth. But none would give a loud current to thoughts

which seemed to every one almost an offence. Suddenly, the Archduke Ferdinand d'Este, well made to be the "bringer of glad tidings," dashed forward on his horse, and calling around him all the staff officers present, announced to them the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand, and of his brother the Archduke Franz Karl, in favour of the Archduke Franz Josef, the Emperor's nephew.

The regeneration, the new-youthful age of Austria, was complete. It was a great, an incalculably great measure; but the first impression was one of sadness. The first spontaneous words of the whole crowd, turn to which side you might, were words of sympathy, of affection, of regret for Ferdinand. You would have thought that suddenly his people had been struck with remorse for all he had suffered—he, so good, so gentle—he, in whose simple heart had never dwelt a thought that was not for their welfare.

"*Der armer, guter Ferdinand!*"

Those were the first sounds that ran along the crowd.

At the end of half an hour, however, a general movement announced the arrival of the new monarch, and, followed by his brothers and cousins, attended by the heroes of the late events, by Windischgrätz, Jellacic, and Schlik, attired in the simple colonel's

uniform, in which he was familiar to all around him, the young sovereign of regenerated Austria bounded forward, full twenty paces in advance of his suite, upon a splendid charger, whose ardour seemed destined but to furnish further proof of its rider's graceful skill. *Franz Josef der Erste*!—the “Flower of Hapsburg,” as he has been called; the successor to the throne of Rudolph and Maximilian—Emperor—*Cæsar*—and nineteen!

Oh! what a shout of welcome greeted him!—and on his glowing, fevered cheek, and in his yet tearfully beaming eye, what promise shone, what energy of hope!

As soon as the troops had passed before him, stunning echo with their deafening cries,* the Archduchess Sophie, in an open carriage, with her youngest son, drove upon the ground, to witness the reception of him of whom she is so justly proud; but, strong as she is, it was too much even for her, and she could only answer the greeting of the crowd by the motion of one hand, whilst the other held a handkerchief constantly pressed to her eyes.

Whatever prejudices might have existed in the

* The Austrian troops had received upon this occasion the permission to mingle their voices with those of the people. They are otherwise forbidden by military discipline to take part in any popular demonstration.

minds of the people against the Archduchess Sophie, ample justice was done to her now ; and the Emperor himself was scarcely more enthusiastically received than was the illustrious mother, who, their instinct told them, had sacrificed every dream of ambition for his sake and theirs.

The news soon spread that the late Emperor Ferdinand had determined to leave Olmütz for Prague at twelve o'clock that day, in order that, upon the path of his successor, there might remain no trace of what had been.

Immediately the troops repaired to the imperial residence, the palace of the Archbishop, and from thence to the railway terminus, about three-quarters of a mile beyond the fortress, ranged themselves *en espalier*. The entire crowd followed. Not a soul in Olmütz was, at that hour, to be seen anywhere but there where their old master was to bid adieu to his people.

At half-past twelve arrived the ex-Emperor, with the Empress and all the members of the Imperial family, amongst whom the youthful monarch was the first to be pointed out. But here, no hurrah greeted him, no sound or sign of joy burst forth at his approach ; and the people, in their real affection for his predecessor, found the delicacy of feeling which forbade them to welcome any other *here*.

He, who had so well merited the name of "the kind-hearted," advanced now amongst the crowd, which he traversed on foot, till he reached the railway carriage. His face was bathed in tears, and all he could do was to exchange fond, mute greetings with the multitude that pressed lovingly upon him.

The first to part from him was Franz Josef, who craved his blessing, and whom the ex-Emperor embraced with effusion. Next came the still beautiful and universally-honoured Empress, Marianne of Sardinia, whose emotion at taking leave of the Archduchess Sophie was so great, that it was thought necessary to separate her, by gentle force, from her sister-in-law. The meek and saintly creature! no one suspected *her* of regretting the splendour of the Crown. Independently of the misfortunes she had shared dutifully with her lord, the war of Italy, in which the attacks against Austria came from the nearest, dearest of her race, had been a last cup of bitterness, which had made this pious Princess turn for consolation to the intimate society of a very few, or to the meditations of solitude.

Ferdinand *der Gütige* was literally carried into the railway carriage by the crowd, and, even after the train was set in motion, he continued to send endless greetings to those to whom he seemed unable

to express sufficiently his forgiveness and fatherly love.

Of those who witnessed the welcome given to one Sovereign and the farewell tribute paid to another, I do not think there is any one likely ever to forget the emotion he felt upon that occasion; and those who happened to be in Olmütz on the 2nd of December, 1848, are more astonished than it would be easy to describe, when they hear in other countries that Ferdinand *der Gütige* was an object of indifference to the Austrians.

The next morning Franz Josef, for the first time, received the superior officers of the garrison, and those who, like the Ban, might be for the moment in Olmütz. The scene has been related to me by five of the persons present, and not one of them differs in their description of it. Naturally enough, it was supposed by all that the young Emperor would be somewhat embarrassed, that he would show some signs of emotion, or perhaps of a very natural confusion. But no; all emotion had vanished, all embarrassment was at an end; and the youthful Sovereign of twenty-four hours was as composed and as familiar with the necessities of his high station, as though he had sat ten years upon the throne.

Franz Josef was alone, unattended by any one of his family, as he entered the apartment where those

he had bidden to his presence were assembled. He addressed to them a very short, evidently unstudied, discourse, as firm in its sense as in the tone in which it was delivered, and the purport of which was, that to the army Austria owed her security at the present hour, that upon the army he counted with implicit faith, and that, should the occasion require it, he should be ready at all hours to put himself at the head of the troops. After this, addressed to all, he advanced, and in his conversation with each separate individual, gave some personal proof of his remembrance or of his affability.

With the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand ceases all connection between Austria and the past ; with the accession of Franz Josef to the Imperial Crown opens for her an era so entirely new, that history, I think, offers few examples of anything to which this regeneration, this *Verjüngung*, as it is called, of Austria can be compared.

CHAPTER IX.

FRANZ JOSEF AND AUSTRIA.

WHEN the young Emperor came to the throne, his first proclamation, dated the 2nd of December, the very day of his accession, contained these words : “ Upon the basis of real liberty, upon the foundation of the equal rights of all the nations of our Empire, and the equality of all citizens before the law, as also upon the right of the representatives of the people to be associated in the work of government, upon these bases, upon these foundations, must the State be built, and our fatherland rise up in all its ancient glory, but with renewed and younger strength, a strong edifice against the tempests of the age, a vast home for all the various races which a brotherly bond has united for centuries past under the sceptre of our ancestors.”

In those few words are to be found all the ideas which produce difficulty of governing in Austria. But first of all comes the question of "Equal Rights" (*Gleichberechtigung*) of "all nations." There is the source of the whole, and out of that flows the endless discussion which is now dividing the politicians and the populations of Austria: centralization or *decentralization*. This *internal* question is split into almost as many lesser differences as the *external* one of the General German Confederation, the *Deutsche Bund*. Books without end, pamphlets, brochures, petitions, reclamations, representations, every recognized form has been resorted to in which, upon this subject, to spread dissentient opinions over the country.

The Ministers, under the presidency of Prince Schwarzenberg, hold to the centralizing system with inflexible tenacity, and seem to become but more enamoured of it the greater the opposition they encounter in the execution of their plan. Even M. de Thun, who was a renowned champion of the Tcheques, and one of the great defenders of national rights, seems to have renounced his early tendencies, and to have become a no less determined *centralisateur*, than Prince Schwarzenberg or M. Bach.

That every act of the Ministry tends to compress

Austria, with its heterogeneous component parts, more and more into the form adopted since the Revolution of '89 for homogeneous France, cannot be denied; whether the experiment will succeed, whether the thing be possible, and if possible, advantageous; these are I think questions not easy to decide, and the solution of which may be fraught with some danger yet to come.

The system of centralisation has *not* succeeded in France, and, as I have observed, it is a system born immediately of the Revolution. To adopt this system at the very moment when it is most necessary to oppose the growth of the revolutionary spirit everywhere, is perhaps scarcely wise, especially in countries where that revolutionary spirit is anti-popular, and where the surest means of resisting and vanquishing it altogether lie in the force of historical and national traditions. In France even, the serious thought of the positive necessity of *decentralising* before anything stable can be erected, is in the contemplation of almost every reflecting man; and it is somewhat strange that, the very moment in which France condemns the experiment fifty years have proved to be an unsafe one, should be the moment chosen by her imitators for the attempt to copy.

“Les plus dangereuses de toutes les révolutions sont celles qui viennent d'en haut,” is a phrase often repeated, and the truth of which has been but too well proved by the late history of France. In Austria such a revolution is the only one to be feared, but its consequences may be fatal, and the so-called liberalism and constitutionalism of the aristocratical ministers of Franz Josef may, in the end, produce effects which all the rhapsodies of all the radicals upon the globe would fail in calling forth.

The monarchical principle is, in all these countries, bound up inseparably with their history, with their national traditions; and if one is attempted to be effaced, the integrity of the other may suffer in the end. It is a curious fact, that in Austria the so-called “Liberals” belong to the generation preceding our own, and are to be found in the men of middle age; whereas the historical and traditional ideas (what are commonly looked upon as belonging to times gone by) are represented by the young* and the active of the present day. The Liberalism of the *doctrinaires* (for such they essentially are) in

* I do not speak of the republican and revolutionist denizens of certain Universities, but of the great majority of the youth

Austria, at the present hour, is perfectly sincere, based upon immutable conviction, and as thoroughly unpopular, as, on account of its honesty, it is respectable. It is, after all, too, but another form for the ideas which have governed Austria for the last forty years; and between the all-pervading individualism of the Emperor Francis, and the all-regulating centralism of Prince Schwarzenberg, *il n'y a que le nom de changé*. The state takes the place of the sovereign—that is all; but the *oneness* (permit me the German word) of the central power, presses to the full as much, if not even more, upon the distinct and distant parts of the country, as it did in the time of Prince Metternich and his Imperial master; and it is much if Government, as in the time of the Emperor Francis, does not again sink to the level of administration.

Instead of trying to solve Bossuet's problem of "unity in variety," the present governors of Austria have, like their French prototypes, become worshippers of uniformity. Instead of the development of a great principle, they have preferred attaching themselves to what is but the manifestation of a portion—of one side, as it were, of that principle; and of all classes. The former are in too small a proportion, at present, to be worthy of being taken into consideration.

I am afraid that later this will be found to have been a serious mistake.

I have said, in a previous chapter, that no greater error exists than that of attributing to M. de Metternich the system of the Emperor Francis. There is one as great: it is, that which consists in imagining the present Prime Minister of Austria to have any similarity of policy with the late Arch-Chancellor. Nothing can be more distinct than the principles of the two.

In the question of nationality, for instance, M. de Metternich is by far the more liberal of the two; but his innate conviction went to the development only of two races, the Austrian and Magyar, counting the Slavonian element as comparatively unimportant.

This the event has shown to be an error, just as the opposed theory of those who would count only the Austrian and Slavonian races, to the exclusion of the rest, would probably be one almost as great. But Prince Schwarzenberg's policy tends to count but one—the Austrian or Germanic element, to which he would subject and sacrifice the rest. That, in the end, and by the process of time in succeeding ages, the Germanization of the more eastern populations *may* take place, is possible; but the time is not yet come for it; and, as Joseph II. was obliged to

give up his Teutonism, in regard to the Hungarians, so, I suspect, much harm may come, if the present rulers of Austria do not considerably modify their system of Germanic supremacy over the Slavonic tribes.

Another thing, too, must be taken into consideration; namely, that, at the present moment, Austria owes an unquestionable debt of gratitude to these races, without whose concurrence, without whose inflexible fidelity, she could not have sustained the attacks that came upon her simultaneously from all quarters.

In February, 1848, before the Paris Revolution, the Croats, independently of the Hungarian Government, to whom they were then subjected, sent voluntarily upwards of 20,000 men to Italy, to aid Radetzky in defending the Austrian Crown against aggression. Early in the Spring of the same year, George Stratimirowitch (of whom more anon) was deputed by the Bishop of Agram to the Pressburger Diet, to claim "equal rights" for the Servians and Slavonians, as for the Magyars. Kossuth laughed at the demand, and said no such pretension could be tolerated.

"We shall resist," replied Stratimirowitch.

"*Then the gallows must decide!*" rejoined the future Dictator.

"Better say the sword," retorted Stratimirowitch; and, on his return to Carlowitz, to the sword he had recourse; and, named General of the Servian forces, from then until the following October, he maintained the frontier against the Magyars, and defeated, more than once, the Hungarian troops, under the orders of Meszaros and Kish.

The resistance of the Croats and Servians, under Jellacic, and their determination to become direct subjects of Austria, and separate themselves from Hungary, whose tyranny had grown insupportable, rendered the ultimate success of the Magyar insurrection a total impossibility, however, for a time, it might contrive to harass the Imperial army and the Government; seven millions of Slavonians opposed to between three and four millions of Magyars,* could leave the latter no hope of success in the end; and, strong in the allegiance of these faithful populations, the Empire was enabled to ward off the worst efforts of rebellion. Besides this, when revolt had broken out in the very centre of the land, in Vienna, who was it, who, with instinctive loyalty, flew to the rescue? Who, but Jellacic, who, leaving victory with folded wings, upon the field of Pácoszd, hurried

* The estimate contained in Schaffarik's "Ethnographical Map," the best and most exact at present existing.

back to free the house of Hapsburg from its enemies.

There was a time, when I have seen and heard in the salons of Vienna, so much in praise of the Croats *only*, such enthusiasm, having the Ban *alone* for its object, that I have said:

“But did none other help? did Windischgrätz do nothing? were the Austrian soldiers idle?” And the truth is that there was, in the expression of the Croato-mania, a momentary exaggeration; but now the exaggeration threatens to be that of oblivion, and the nearest danger seems to be lest the Austrian Government should, in turn, commit toward the Slavonic population precisely the same fault for which the latter rose up against the Hungarians. I am perfectly well aware that the manner of the offence will be a very different one, and that nothing will gall them, or remind them of the unwarrantable arrogance of the Magyar; but the *Gleichberechtigung*, promised by Franz Josef, the “equal rights of all nations,” are as absent from one system as from the other.

No country so imperatively demands Central-Government, combined with local administration, as Austria; no country offers such facilities for the execution of this plan. Meanwhile, since December

1849, institution after institution has been established by the Ministry; decree after decree issued; locality after locality disappointed; race after race aggrieved, and Centralization in its most absolute, Germanism in its most exclusive sense, appears to be the principles which actuate Prince Schwarzenberg.

But now that I have stated a few of the disadvantages to which this system must necessarily be exposed and the almost universal dissatisfaction with which it is met, I should be wrong if I did not pay the fullest tribute to the sincerity of those who persist in it against every obstacle.

There exist few men ruled themselves, and ruling others, by a more sovereign will than Prince Felix Schwarzenberg. From his *conviction* no power on earth will suffice to turn him, and, in his firmness in carrying through what he believes to be right, there is a something even his antagonists admire and loudly praise.

The characteristic of this family of Schwarzenberg is force of volition; and that extraordinary self-possession, that calm, inexorable will, that in his military capacity makes Prince Felix look death in the face with the marble taciturnity of Charles XII., and forces all those around him to *obey*, has, acting

upon a different nature, rendered his brother, the Cardinal, a saint, whose austerity is only to be equalled by his zeal.

Whether one may approve of the policy of the present Prime Minister of Austria or not, it is impossible to deny either his remarkable talents, or his profoundly sincere conviction. Whatever he and his colleagues of the present Emperor's ministry may do, let it be successful or not, is done because they believe it to be their duty; and none better than they have a right to preface the first result of their labours with the proud and noble words which stand affixed to the Report of the Council, upon the opening act of the Constitution :

“Your Majesty's Ministers, deeply penetrated by the greatness and responsibility of their task, have resolutely accepted that task. Supported by the consciousness of their upright intentions; relying upon the support of all true friends of their great country; counting upon posterity, and the impartial judgment of history; firmly confiding in the protection of Heaven, which has evidently and surely guided, through the storms of the age, the noble House of Austria; your Majesty's ministers have steadfastly and straightly followed the way pointed out to them, by which the establishment of the new institutions, gua-

ranted by the Constitution, is to be furthered; nor have they allowed anything to deter them from their purpose, but have gone on, with their eyes fixed upon the great object they are pledged to obtain." *

What the Emperor's own individual opinion may be upon the great question of the day, in the country he is called upon to govern, it would not only be difficult to say, but it would be no less difficult for him to form this opinion at his age, and without having lived among the various nations which are united under his sway. The Emperor has every confidence in his present ministers, and is determined to govern as a constitutional sovereign, in the fullest extent of the term.

Though Franz Josef is now but nineteen, there is in him already much of what indicates future greatness. He is studious to a fault, (and I mean literally what I say,) for he studies and works too much for his age. His education, due to his admirable mother, the Archduchess Sophie, has fitted him for the duties of a monarch in our age, and in a free country. The young Emperor is singularly well informed, and speaks, in the utmost degree of perfection, not only

* See the Official Report presented to the Emperor by the Council of Ministers, on the subject of the Electoral Laws for the Provincial States, 29th of December, 1849.

the principal European languages, but also the different tongues of his own different subjects, Hungarian, Bohemian, &c. &c.

He views, as I said in my last chapter, his high and august position in a most serious light; and that which strikes every one who approaches Franz Josef, is his air of deep meditative reflection. He said rightly, his youth *is* over; and upon his pale cheek and brow, and in his bright, earnest eye, there are evidences of ceaseless, anxious thought. He is modest to a rare degree in a Prince; and unites, with remarkable dignity, a cordiality that wins all hearts; but this is manifested principally to his military *entourage*. Franz Josef is, as his illustrious mother said of him upon his accession, *ein echter Soldat*,* and the love of the army for him is beyond expression.

When the Emperor Ferdinand, on the occasion of the October rebellion, left Schönbrunn for Olmütz, the young Archduke Franz Josef accompanied his Imperial uncle on horseback, with the escort awarded

* For several days after her son's accession to the throne, the Archduchess Sophie in her walks in and about Olmütz, would accost the officers she might happen to meet, and say to them with all a mother's solicitude: "I commit your new Emperor to your care. I commend him to you; for believe me, he is a genuine soldier."

to him ; and endless are the tales told by those present of the expedition, and of the way in which the young Prince, by his off-hand manner, and his soldier-like frankness, won to him all his followers.

In Radetzky's Italian campaign, it was the same. Franz Josef was the pride and delight of the glorious veteran's camp, and not a cannon was fired from Somma Campagna to Milan, but its stern music touched an echoing chord in the warrior heart of the Imperial youth ; for the Archduchess is right, and Franz Josef is "a true soldier."

There is (I have, I think, already remarked it) a slight feeling of disappointment, on the part of the Viennese *bourgeoisie*, at the persistance of the Emperor in always appearing in uniform, and at what they call his exclusive preference for everything military ; but it is very slight, and the many traits they know of his goodness of heart, his submission to his duty, and his brilliant courage, drive from their minds all that savours of less than deep devotion to their young ruler.

The following circumstance, which occurred but a few months after his accession to the throne, would not only have sufficed to attach every heart in Austria to Franz Josef, but shows also to what a remarkable degree he possesses one of the most essential of all qualities in a sovereign—the conviction of his own

necessity, and of the obligations which his high station imposes on him.

The cholera was raging in Vienna, and the deaths were in frightful number. The Emperor, attended by his aide-de-camp Count Grünne, went to visit one of the hospitals, where the disease had made most havoc. Before entering the principal ward, he desired Count Grünne to leave him. The Count refused; the Emperor insisted, giving the Count's position, as father of a family, as a reason for his not being allowed to expose himself to so great a danger. Count Grünne still resisted, objecting that the Emperor's life was far more precious than his own; to which Franz Josef answered these remarkable words: "It is my duty to come here, and Providence will watch over me, because it is my duty. We are both fathers; but your children are elsewhere—mine are here; and it is right that I should be with them!"

The royal qualities of the Emperor are undeniable. Besides the consciousness of the sacredness of his mission, as chief and "father" of a great nation, he has the unswerving honesty of purpose, and undeviating uprightness, that have distinguished all his race: he is *just* as a Hapsburg,* and firm as the later descendants of the line were *not* always.

* Nothing can better exemplify the justice of the Emperor Francis than his answer concerning the Protestants. "You tell me things so contradictory of them," said he to those who advocated hard measures towards them, "that if *one* part of the statement be true, the other *can* not be so; therefore I shall continue to treat them as if I had heard nothing at all against them."

"*Il a bien du caractère,*" said of him, one day, a General, who ought to know him well.

He has also a "*mémoire de Prince,*" to a most extraordinary degree; and never is placed in accidental contact with any officer, whom he does not leave marvelling at his intimate knowledge of all concerning him and the troops with which he may have to do.

We were one evening at the theatre, in a box opposite to that occupied by the Emperor and the Archduchess Sophie. Behind me was a very dear old friend of mine, a superior officer, who had just come from Pressburg, where he held a command. He could not take his eyes from his young Sovereign: "*mein einziger Kaiser!*"* as he kept on calling him, with an accent of pride and exultation that was perfectly delightful to hear, and which prevented me from hearing anything else.

"I shall have the honour of dining with his Majesty to-morrow," said he; "and I know beforehand that there is not a circumstance concerning the troops under my command upon which I shall not be questioned, and what is more, upon which I shall not find him better informed than I am myself."

* "*My darling Emperor!*" is the best equivalent, though not the strict translation.

The young Emperor is in person tall, slight, and exceedingly well made, dignified and graceful in all his movements. But the most remarkable feature of his countenance is the eye; dark, deep set, and bright, it has an expression which speaks volumes and tells unmistakably of a nature destined for great things.

The daring courage of Franz Josef would alone be sufficient to secure for him the enthusiasm of the army, and there is not a private soldier who does not repeat to you the answer given to Haynau by the young monarch, when upon one occasion ordered peremptorily back out of harm's too immediate way:

“If *that* is the duty of an Emperor, I would fifty times rather be a general!”

But the most brilliant *fait d'armes* of Franz Josef was at the taking of Raab, and it is worthy to be recounted in full, for it was for that he received from the Emperor of Russia the Order of St. George (fourth class)* which is almost the only order he habitually wears.

* The St. George's Order, like that of Maria Theresa, can only be given for some act of signal courage. The last, or fifth class is reserved for private soldiers. The fourth class can be obtained by any officer, whatever his birth may be, provided the act of courage be undeniable. After the Hungarian campaign, the Emperor of Russia sent to each Colonel a Cross

It was on the 23rd of April, 1849, that the Austrian troops evacuated Pesth, leaving a garrison at Buda.* General Schlik's corps brought up the rear, and was the last to pass the iron bridge, whilst the corps commanded by Jellacic took up its position on the bridge of boats. After some skirmishes and one rather serious engagement between Acs and Comorn, Schlik forced the Hungarian General who at the head of twelve squadrons of cavalry had attacked him, to regain Comorn; and after this last attempt on the part of the Hungarians, the retreat of the

of the fifth class, to be given to the bravest man of his regiment. A Colonel told me, that he had in his regiment a private, whose time of service was up, but who had done such deeds of bravery, that his was the decided right to the decoration. Upon hearing this, the man instantaneously re-entered the service, saying he felt he was the *honour-bearer* of the regiment, and would never leave his post. It was conferred upon him, with great solemnity, at a grand parade. The Cross so given is the property of the regiment, and when the individual wearing it becomes either invalid or leaves the service, it passes to the next bravest. The man in question had risked his life to save that of a wounded officer, and had so adroitly and daringly resisted the attacks of several Hungarian hussars, that in the end, impressed themselves with admiration for his efforts, they retreated and let him accomplish his glorious work.

* I have these details of the taking of Raab, from one of the Generals employed upon the occasion.

army was accomplished as far as Pressburg, where the Emperor joined them on the 11th of May. The attack upon Raab was fixed for the 28th of June; and on the 26th the Emperor arrived at Altenbourg, where he joined General Schlik's *corps d'armée*. On the 27th the *corps de réserve* turned the position of Raab, and the cavalry received orders to follow the same movement upon the Raba-Patona road, towards Szabathegy, but was prevented from so doing by the rupture of a vast number of canal bridges, in a country full of marshes and swamps. Haynau's head-quarters were at Leiden, near which spot was bivouacked the division of Paniutine. The Emperor repaired to Leiden.

At half past ten o'clock, on the morning of the 28th, the first *corps d'armée* advanced towards Abda. Simultaneously, Baron Raischach received orders to lead an attack upon Raab from the side of the lesser Schütt, whilst a small column, led on by Prince Francis Liechtenstein, was to make another attack upon the town from the Szigeth side.

The Magyars received their enemies with a well-fed fire from their batteries, but a detachment of Tyrolese chasseurs, skilfully hidden on the borders of the river and backed by a battery of twelve-pounders, did such efficacious work, that the Austrians were soon enabled to cross the river, partly swimming,

partly aided by a bridge only half destroyed, and which was speedily restored. The junction was now possible between the corps headed by General Wohlgemuth and the first *corps d'armée* commanded by Schlik. Wohlgemuth, Benedek, and the Russian General Berg, now asked their orders of General Schlik, (Haynau was still at Leiden).

"Gentlemen, we must take Raab," was the answer. It was objected that the enemy's position was a strong one, that their redoubts were formidable, that the columns destined to turn the position had been prevented from doing so, with various other reasons for delay.

"It's a bitter pill; better swallow it to-day than to-morrow." That was Schlik's reply.

But to appreciate the words, you should see the man. I do not think that since the days of Götz von Berlichingen, or the Wittelsbacher Othos, or any of the most celebrated heroes of the Middle Ages, there ever was a more perfect soldier, a more magnificent *homme de guerre*, as the French call it, than Schlik. Nearly six feet in height, and portly in proportion, erect, and carrying easily the weight both of glory and of years, his very first appearance gives you an idea of the poetry of war. Schlik is chivalry personified; and when you have once seen him, you can easily comprehend his perfect indifference as to

whether any "bitter pill" in bullet shape were swallowed at one moment or another.

Scarcely however had the order been given, and hardly had the troops crossed the river, when the cry of "Long live the Emperor!" suddenly announced the arrival of Franz Josef. He had left Haynau's camp to come and see what was doing. The General-in-Chief, thinking it would not be possible to take Raab that day, tried to persuade the Emperor to stay where he was; but the young monarch had heard the firing of cannon, and could not resist the sound.

At the moment of the Emperor's arrival, General Schlik had had seven batteries brought up in a line, with which, continuing to advance, he attacked the enemy. The fire was a tremendous one, and the Austrian artillery, excited by the presence of the Sovereign, outdid itself, and in some cases they carried daring so far as to venture within four or five hundred yards of the Hungarian redoubts.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, the fire ceased, the enemy was in full flight, and the outworks of the fortifications were carried. During the whole time, the Emperor was in the thick of the fire; but now, hearing in advance the fire of the columns headed by Liechtenstein and Raischach, the commanding General saw that the moment had come to storm the fortress; and, as he gave the order to march, he

approached the Emperor to announce to him, that in half an hour Raab would be in his possession.

“Bravo, Schlik!” exclaimed Franz Josef, joyfully. “Bravo! I am the more delighted, that some others had told me it was impossible.”

But at the head of this battalion, with the men who first were to mount the breach, the Emperor declared he would enter.

“Sire,” observed General Schlik, “it is the first, and may be the last time that I have to forbid your Majesty anything; but if you will absolutely enter Raab, let it at least be with the third battalion, and by my side.”

The Emperor yielded; but I have heard General Schlik himself say, that the determination of Franz Josef to enter a town, where, ten minutes before, a republic had been talked of, whence the tri-colour flags and cockades had not yet had time to disappear, and where the echo of the cannon was not yet silenced, was one of the circumstances of his life in which he had been the nearest to a comprehension of what fear was.

The outer-works were crossed, and the long street of the faubourg was passed in safety. But here, the passage into the inner town was impracticable; for the two bridges were burnt, and more than half destroyed. Seeing, as he thought, the absolute im-

possibility of the Emperor's exposing himself to further danger, General Schlik took leave of His Majesty, and proceeded to give orders for the reconstruction of the bridges, so as to permit the communication with the inner town, and also for the pursuit of the enemy.

But Schlik had forgotten Franz Josef's youthful ardour. No sooner had he left him, than the Emperor dismounted from his horse, and determined to risk, on foot, the passage of one of the broken bridges. It was, to use Schlik's own expression, "a rope-dancer's task," to cross these ruins, upon a few unsteady planks, hastily thrown down; but nothing could stay the Emperor, and he would be the first to enter Raab. Followed by Count Grünne and M. de Kellner, by Count Gyulay, Minister of War, and by Prince Felix Schwarzenberg,* Franz Josef, regardless of every warning, entered Raab, without troops to protect him, and wholly without defence against the so recently enraged population. As he entered by one side, by another arrived, sabre in hand, Liechtenstein and Raischach, at the head of their victorious columns. Before them, alone on foot in the midst of the conquered city, stood Franz Josef, with his little knot of faithful followers. The enthusiasm of the soldiers, as may be conceived, knew no bounds; but such was the effect of the young sovereign's

* Prince Schwarzenberg had a family right to enter Raab after this fashion. The taking of Raab by his ancestor Adolph, Count Schwarzenberg, in the year 1598, is one of the most famous events of Austrian military history, and was commemorated by the Emperor, Rudolph II., by a medal struck for the occasion.

courage upon all around, that with the hurrahs of his own troops, mingled the *Eljen!* of the Hungarians, wrung from them by involuntary admiration.

The taking of Raab was one of the most brilliant circumstances of the whole campaign, and the entire credit of it is due to General Schlik. Notwithstanding every representation to the contrary, he persisted in his plan, and took Raab, in spite of all who surrounded him. His reward was the Commander's Cross of Maria Theresa; and later, the young Emperor spontaneously desired that a regiment should bear the gallant General's name.*

* The absolute certainty that *no* favour can obtain for the first noble of the land the decoration of Maria Theresa, without his having merited it by some well-attested act of extraordinary valour, gives to this Order an importance unequalled by any other. The statutes are of excessive severity, and the conditions requisite for obtaining even the *Croix de Chevalier* are hard and complicated to the last degree. Not only must the act of valour be a very rare one, but it must be an act whereby the cause for which the army is engaged shall have benefitted; it must be well authenticated, and it must be proved that the person committing it did so from his own spontaneous suggestion. The proofs required are endless. There must be an attestation signed by *witnesses* of the act, and amongst them, not only superior officers, but two non-commissioned officers or privates. Then the Chapter has to decide upon *all* the different points: upon the act itself and on the validity of the proofs attesting it;

One little circumstance of the taking of Raab is too characteristic of the kind of enthusiasm which animates the Austrian troops, for me to pass it over in silence. When the Emperor arrived in the thick of the storming of the town, the troops that were the hottest engaged in action, greeted him, by one common inspiration, with the National Hymn; and, mingled with the roll of the drums, the clang of the trumpets, the deep baying of the guns, and all the monster din of strife, rose up from a thousand voices, the cry of fidelity, the prayer, the blessing, the "*Gott erhalt den Kaiser!*"

This has been beautifully described (and will, I am aware, be most imperfectly rendered in my translation) by Zedlitz, in the lines entitled "*In Raab,*" where, after depicting the manner in which Franz Josef was foremost, wherever danger threatened most, he says:

"Then the troops—their chief beholding
On that fearful battle-plain,
O'er his head the death-smoke folding,
At his feet the mangled slain—

upon its utility, and upon the facts proving that it was the fruit of spontaneous inspiration. When the Chapter has pointed out the persons worthy to obtain the decoration of either first or second class (the difficulty of the former being really *extreme*) the Sovereign confers the Order.

Shout—of all save him regardless—
Austria's old Imperial song :
'Oh ! Great God, the Emperor bless !
May his days be bright and long !'

“Even whilst the prayer pronouncing,
Still'd in death was many a tongue,
Clos'd the lips where, life-renouncing,
Yet the loyal accents hung.
Thus the *Kaiser* entered proudly
Into Raab's rebellious walls ;
Whilst around were echoing loudly,
Hymns of love and foemen's balls !”

CHAPTER X.

PRAGUE AND THE TCHÈQUES—WINDISCHGRÄTZ.

It is difficult for a foreigner in Prague to think, at first, of anything save Waldstein and the Thirty Years' War. The whole of this wonderful man's life was so wonderful, his plans so gigantic and so original, the services rendered by him so immense, that one is almost inclined to regard his falling off from his allegiance less as an act of rebellion, than as the indomitable yearning of a great spirit toward greatness. The native element of Waldstein was rule—command over his fellow-men, just as it was Napoleon's; and I have met but too few people who render to themselves a just account of the Duke of Friedland's greatness. To him, a comparatively obscure Bohemian nobleman, of exceedingly ancient

race and considerable fortune, but not otherwise distinguished, Austria owes her first step towards supremacy, towards that preponderance, which later caused the idea of empire, long before it was so in words, to be in *fact* embodied in the House of Hapsburg.

Until Waldstein enters upon the scene, the Emperor has no army serving exclusively under his orders, but he is dependant upon the Elector of Bavaria, and upon the combined forces of the German Catholic League; and Tilly, to whom Ferdinand owes so much, is a Bavarian. Austria may resist, may repress, but she cannot conquer; she is dependant, and acts only in the name of the Empire; she does not stand alone.

But Waldstein comes, and offers to take charge, between himself and his friends, of the maintenance of an independent army, provided the Emperor will authorize him to extend its numbers to fifty thousand men! The plan was called chimerical; but the permission was granted, and unlimited powers accorded to its inventor; and in a very few months, twenty thousand men were assembled, at the head of which force Waldstein crossed the Austrian frontier. Soon he reappeared with thirty thousand in Lower Saxony; and so the army grew and grew, till its numbers were far above a hundred thousand men. And now the Emperor had an army of his own, an army that

could defy the best; and Austria was no longer forced to accede to all the desires of the Elector of Bavaria.

Reigning Princes even now flocked round the Duke of Friedland's banner, and brought regiments to swell the force to which the Emperor gave only his name. The restless Condottier, Mansfeldt, and his romantic companion, Christian of Brunswick, were both defeated. Waldstein pursued Mansfeldt into Hungary, where, though he could not prevent his junction with the Transylvanian, Bethlen Gabor, his presence so impressed the latter, that a peace was concluded with the Emperor, and the eternal wanderer, Mansfeldt, was sent once more upon the "war-path," and told to address himself to the Venetian Republic. On his road thither he died, and his grave is in Dalmatia, the land whose love of war and of adventure defies to the last the inroads of the spirit of modern times.

Step by step uprose the Austrian name towards supremacy, and the eagle of Hapsburg spread its pinions as though to overshadow all around it and beneath; and that was Waldstein's plan. The greatness, the preponderance of Austria over the rest; the almost omnipotence of the Emperor, the *Cæsar*, the successor of Charlemagne. All the great minds of Germany have been pre-occupied by this idea, at different periods of history; but the giant who is to

realize this thought of ages is not yet there. Waldstein's plan was too great for his master's conception, and those who hated and feared had but too well comprehended him.

Ferdinand II. sighed for the nomination of his son, the King of Hungary, as his successor ; and he, who would have bent all Germany to his throne's foot, was sacrificed !

Then came rebellion ; anger, rage, the lawless overflowings of an ambition, whose lawful vent was hemmed ; disloyalty, contempt of right ; and the dark death by traitor's hand, making punisher and punished equal.

It must have been a strange and stirring day, that day when at Regensburg, Friedland came unbidden to the Diet held by his worst enemies.

Just two hundred years later, another Emperor—a Ferdinand, too, like his ancestor—was surrounded by the foes of his best servant ; but from the walls of Innsbruck, Jellacic, who would not be a Waldstein, came triumphant.

What might have been Friedland's end, if he too had vanquished his enemies ? Who shall say ? But resentment at ingratitude, and the unquenchable thirst for power, made of him a rebel ; and in the splendour wherewith he decked disgrace were born the first thoughts of treason.

Treason—it is such an ugly word to link to such

a fame ! Heaven be praised, that he was treacherously murdered ! for I cannot help admiring Waldstein, and would not have him altogether isolated in his guilt.

Here in Prague, beneath the shadow of the Hradschin, where later the last crowned descendant of Saint Lewis relinquished life, was laid the scene of the Duke of Friedland's protestation by magnificence, against those who had attempted to undo him. More than a king's splendour surrounded him in disgrace. Six archways led into the palace court, to gain which space, a hundred dwellings had been pulled down ; gentlemen of the noblest race struggled for the honour of serving him, and there were chamberlains of the Imperial household who sent back the golden key to the sovereign, in order to accept a similar office from the Duke of Friedland. Sixty pages were attached to him ; in his ante-chambers watched constantly fifty men of his body guard ; his head steward was a personage of the highest rank, and at his table covers for a hundred guests were daily laid. A hundred carriages, drawn each by four or six horses, followed him, with fifty more for the saddle, whenever he undertook a journey. Six barons and six knights were ever in attendance on his person, in order that no wish should remain one second unfulfilled ; and around this vast centre of human

beings, this court full of courtiers, this camp full of armed men, twelve bodies of patrols were perpetually employed in preserving silence! Silence! the stillness of the grave, unbroken by any sign of outward life; that was what Waldstein needed, in order that he might *think*!

Well, do what one will, I do not believe it possible not to be wholly engrossed in Prague by the memory of this extraordinary man. And of all this, what remains? The name, the palace, and his horse; a stuffed animal, who, two hundred years ago, bore to battle the silent chief—the man who rarely spoke, and never smiled.

Whether the bugle-call found that charger as mute, as glory found his master? There must have been some reason for this one particular steed being chosen out of all others for the honours of immortality; I dare say, he never neighed.

The Tchèques, from time immemorial, hold to the nationality of their now Germanized aristocracy; and they tell you, that none of those who seem the farthest opposed to all such tendencies, are anything save “German-speaking Slavonians.” Even before the battle of the Weissenberg, where the Palatine Frederick V. lost his crown, it had been a fashion to change the old national names into titles more Teutonic; and under the Emperor Charles IV. and his

son, Wenzel, the examples of these transformations are perpetual. The famous Witkowsky family styled itself Rosenberg; that of Dipolditz, Riesenburg; and amongst the Tchèques, the race of Waldstein was called Ransko.

One of the oldest of Bohemian houses is the house of Schlik.* It preserved, latest of all, a right it had before most others, that of coinage; and there exist monies coined by this family down to quite modern times; nay, more, the generic name, current throughout all Germany, of the *Thaler*, comes from this family and their possessions. Their silver mines of the *Joachim's Thal*, or Valley of Joachim, gave forth such abundant produce, that their coins became remarkable for their weight, and the quantity of pure metal they contained, and were called *Joachim's Thaler*, or "produce of the Valley of Joachim;" whence later, the abbreviated word *Thaler*.

Prague may be looked upon as the point, whence, in the eventful year 1848, first broke forth the cry of nationality, and the clamour for "national rights." The feeling existed every where, and had been growing in Croatia, and amongst the various tribes in Hungary, for the last fifteen or twenty years; but

* In the war of the Spanish Succession an ancestor of General Schlik's was as distinguished as has been his descendant in the Hungarian campaign.

the first form given to it was in Prague. At first, the opposition of the Tchèques could not be otherwise than welcome to the Austrian Government, for its avowed object was resistance to the Assembly of Frankfort; and the *Slaven Congress*, convoked by Count Joseph Mathias Thun, for the 31st of May, was a protestation against the Parliament, which, on the 31st of March, had been called together by the self-constituted Heidelberger *Fifty-two*.

“The *populations* of Europe,” (an unlucky word,) says Count Thun, in his proclamation to his “Slavonic brothers,” “are beginning to comprehend each other, and to unite. The Germans have, for their work of unity, called a Parliament in Frankfort, whereof one principal object is, that Austria shall give up to German sway so much of its possessions as are necessary to constitute German unity. This would not only destroy the unity of Austria, but would annihilate also the union of the Slavonic races, whose national independence would be threatened. The time is come, in which we Slavonians must understand one another, and unite in our resolves.”

And then follows the Convocation, “in the ancient famous Slavonic city of Prague,” of the Congress; which Congress was not to be composed of Austro-Slavonians only, but of Slavonians of all races, “who should,” as the document expressed it, “be artily welcomed guests.”

But now, if the Tchèques, as opposed to the Teutonists, might be excellent auxiliaries, they were likely, in certain other respects, to be but troublesome customers. Poles came with them, and even Russians, Slowacks, and South Slavonians ; and then some very wise spirits dreamed of Pan-Slavism, and got very much frightened ; and, between Pan-Slavism and Pan-Germanism, did not exactly know what to do.

But, as usual, the one principal gainer by all these divisions was democracy ; and whilst Tchèques and Poles were disputing about their individual rights to preponderance, demagogical envy and hate of sovereign power stepped in between them, and found means to unite them in the bonds of common rebellion against a common enemy.

They began by protesting of their allegiance to the Imperial House, of their determination to uphold the "integrity and supremacy of the Austrian State intact, with all their means." They formally disclaimed all tendencies of any kind "towards Separatism, Panslavism, Russism, and whatever other word calumny might invent," and they ended by open revolt, neither more nor less than the Magyars.

Now, here comes precisely a very great question, touching the system of centralization adopted by Prince Schwarzenberg, and supported by one of the men, Count Leo Thun (cousin to the President of the Slavonic

Congress), who was farthest advanced in all the plans of the Tchèques, at the time I am alluding to.*

It will naturally enough be argued, that where revolt can so easily grow out of the slightest degree of encouragement given to national tendencies, it would be absolute folly not to have recourse to the only system which can with justice put an end to all new essays of insurrection ; namely, submission to the one central power, equality of obedience being substituted to equality of rights, and justice to all being thereby secured.

In the first place, this is not justice, for all have not sinned ; and, in the next place, I do not believe it is possible, without having recourse simply to a system of compression, which, if anything can create revolution (in the present acceptation of the word, namely, persistent and organized hate of and

* Count Thun, though apparently he agrees with his colleagues in the general system of centralization, contrives in his own immediate department of Public Instruction, not to deviate from the principles of the *equal rights*, and, for instance, in the schools, he uniformly places instructors belonging to the same nation as those they are destined to instruct. So, in the department of public worship, also ; and whilst under the Hungarian sway the Slavonic races had Bishops who could not understand them, they are now secure of being governed by spiritual pastors of their own race and tongue.

resistance to authority) in the countries I speak of, this will do it. The elements of discord, which could occasion harm during the general confusion of the year 1848, have no longer the power of doing so, now that things are established on a more regular basis; and it is scarcely wise, perhaps, to render permanent, measures that could at best have been fitted for exceptional cases, and to manifest a persistent fear of what has ceased to exist.*

As I said before, the historical traditions of the great majority of all the populations subjected to the Austrian sceptre bind them to the throne of the Hapsburgs; and it is a dangerous experiment to put, in opposition to the latter, their national pretensions, which are more newly awakened, and to which they are just now ardently attached. What they ask for is, after all, not very considerable, and amounts only to what our English counties enjoy; namely, free and independent local administration; and, to quote the expressions of one of the most impartial works I have read upon this subject, "The

* Perhaps the greatest loss of all to Austria has been Count Francis Stadion. I have seen manuscript plans of his for the municipal organization of certain provinces, which are admirable, and might have obviated many a difficulty. His administration in Galicia and Triest speaks for itself. These Stadions have been for centuries a race of Ulysses.

desires of the infinitely greater majority of the populations tend to nothing farther than to the administrative independence of their province (Kronland), and to the very natural privilege of being master in their own house." *

Things are very much altered since 1848, and it would be much safer now to give certain national liberties than to withhold them. Not that I think any fresh attempt at insurrection is anywhere to be feared in Austria; I am quite persuaded of the contrary. The people are everywhere prepared to stand by the sovereign, and undertake most loyally, in conjunction with him and the ministers he has chosen, the experiment of a totally new form of government; but the excess of centralization hurts and vexes them; it is everywhere unpopular, and out of discontent, however patient and forbearing, may eventually grow that which may compromise the future, if not the present. But to return to the insurrection of Prague, in the spring of '48.

That race, which being deprived, as one may say, both politically and geographically (since its territory

* "Centralization and Decentralization," a *brochure* just published in Vienna, and which has made a great sensation. Its principles are in two words these: "That government should come from the Central Power, and administration from the Provincial Diets of each separate *Kronland*."

belongs to another nation), of a country of its own, takes so largely, from its looseness from all link or chain, the privilege of corrupting other countries—the Poles,* were busy at Prague, as they were everywhere else ; and whilst some amongst them were developing the very uncommon theory in their mouths, that all division with their conquering neighbours was unnational, and that the first necessity was to make up the old standing quarrel with Russia, others were making plans for the forcible separation of Galicia from Austria. But more even than the

* I do not mean to defend the act, unwarrantable in itself, of the two Empresses and the great Frederick, as far as regards the partition of Poland, but I would advise any one who may not yet be sufficiently convinced of the complete political incapacity (I will use no harsher term) of the Poles, to read M. de Saint Priest's clever essay "Sur le Partage de la Pologne" in his "*Mélanges Diplomatiques*." Part of his family are related to what is highest in Poland, and his account might be perfectly relied upon, even if facts did not corroborate every point. When the Polish deputation pursued M. de Lamartine almost into his drawing-room at the Foreign Office, to request that he would make war upon the Czar! he, in his answer to them said: "On sait que la race Polonaise est la plus anarchique de l'Europe, ne faites pas dire qu'elle est la plus ingrate." It is one of the best things he said during the whole Revolution, and is consigned nowhere exactly, save in the memories of those who were standing behind him at the time.

Poles, their faithful allies, the democrats and revolutionists were called in, and soon the heroes of the *Slavia* and the *Swornost*, and all the Assemblies, Congresses, and Unions, established for the purpose of counterbalancing the *Paulskirche*, degenerated into the most approved hotbeds of sedition against the sovereign authority.

The *Swornost*, which was in fact nothing more than a Tchèque-Slavonian imitation of the Viennese *Aula*, a club of armed students, whose pretension was to form a kind of National Guard, grew daily more unruly, and its members (composed of workmen as well as students), were now to be seen stalking and strutting through the streets of Prague, dressed in the costumes of the Middle Ages, and having in their ranks a certain ale-house keeper, named Faster, who used to adorn himself at the sittings of the *Swornost* with a royal mantle and a sceptre, meant to imitate the mantle of King Premislaus and the sceptre of Libussa. The populations of the Podskaler Faubourg and those of the Karolinenthal (the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau of Prague), began now to give more than their sympathies to that party, which from having been simply national, had grown to be anarchical almost without knowing why, and an open struggle was inevitable.

The confusion meanwhile in the upper ranks of the Nationalists was quite absurd. The Tchèques had, in consequence of the various events that had latterly occurred in Vienna, thought proper to institute a Provisional Government in Prague, which was chiefly, however, composed of Germans, whose moderation soon offended the ultra-Tchèques. The latter began to talk of an "independent Bohemia, separate from Austria, and governed by a national dynasty," and they discovered no less than five persons who might pretend to that honour. M. de Boucquoy was reported to have spent all his fortune for this object; and Baron Vilany, it was assured, had promised his wife she should be Queen before the autumn! Meanwhile Palaczky was said to be working with the students for a Slavonian Republic, and Prince Czartorisky was believed, with all his family, to be at the bottom of a plot for restoring the kingdom of Poland to its integrity.

Thus matters went on till the end of May, the Tchèques and the Slavonians nourishing some wild secret hope that the Emperor would decide upon transforming Austria into a complete Slavonic Empire, when on the 28th of the month the Emperor, in Innsbruck, consents to a Constituent Assembly in Vienna, accepts what is called a popular Ministry, refuses admittance to a Bohemian deputation (we must remember that early in the month, the report had prevailed in Vienna that Palaczky was to be

made Minister of Public Instruction), and disapproves the creation of the Provisional Government in Prague.

Now came the manifest disunion between the Government and the so-called "people;" and it might easily be seen that the employment of force would be soon inevitable.

Opposed to all these now evident revolutionary tendencies, stood on the side of authority, Prince Windischgrätz, to whom supreme command over the town of Prague, and over Bohemia in general, was given on the 6th of June.

Perhaps in all Germany there is no name more hateful to the demagogues than that of Windischgrätz. That he should be unpopular, I can understand; he has absolutely nothing that can by any possibility win popularity, and is as cold, distant, and polite as a perfectly well-bred, highly-polished gentleman can be. You might as well talk of the Duc de Saint Simon or Lord Chesterfield being "popular," as Prince Windischgrätz. But that so very honourable, kind, and conscientious, so very urbane, and essentially pious a man, should be so much more bitterly detested than any other officer of the army, by those to whom he may be opposed, is inexplicable to me; and the only cause one can discover for it is the accusation made against him of being too proud of his birth, or what we should call, in other words, his being too much of a gentleman.

The most absurd and ridiculous fables are invented upon this subject, and repeated and believed by those who ought to know better. Countless are the people in Vienna who really believe that Prince Windischgrätz actually said, "In my opinion, no man exists who is not at least a Baron." And I fancy they deduce from that, the utter indifference to all untitled human life, and the conviction that Prince Windischgrätz would order wholesale slaughters, without hesitation, so long as no scion of nobility were included amongst the victims.

I hope I need not deny this monstrous piece of vulgar foolishness, put into the mouth of one of the most perfect gentlemen of his age; but that matters not; the Prince is believed to have said this, and it is thought quite in his character to have done so; and I believe, at any time the rabble of Austria would rather hear of the whole corps of superior officers, generals, field-m Marshals, and all, being sent against it, than run the risk of seeing the mild, pallid face of Prince Windischgrätz.

In Prague, he struck the first successful blow against insurrection; and to his firmness, and to the complete victory gained by it over the revolutionary element, is due the first awakening of hope or confidence in the breasts of the surprised and terrified—defenders I cannot call them, for they nowhere defended any thing, but—partizans of order. All that was in other places systematically attempted later

by the timid and the culpable, so soon as the victory of order over anarchy seemed probable, was attempted upon Prince Windischgrätz also, but without any success. He was applied to for the withdrawal of the troops, but he steadfastly refused to listen to any such proposition, and left no doubt, either before or during the struggle, of what would be his manner of proceeding.

For two days, the experiment was tried of yielding, and placing, in lieu of Prince Windischgrätz, a more popular commander, Count Mensdorf; but the storm raged so violently immediately after, that no means could be imagined to save the town and its luckless inhabitants, who petitioned for it ceaselessly, but the prompt re-instatement of the Prince in his command.*

“Elsewhere, revolt has had the upper hand; here, we have vanquished it,” is Prince Windischgrätz generally reported to have said to some officers who

* The hate of the Germans in Prague, or, as it was not inaptly styled the *Dutchdevourdom* (*Deutschfresserthum*), went so far, that an assembly of between five and six hundred women, signed a manifesto, by which they declared they would keep no maid-servant who should be found out to have a German grenadier for her lover! This was after the defeat of the insurgents by Windischgrätz, in the first days of August. But on the 16th of the month, General Clam (himself of old Bohemian race) came through Prague, at the head of the troops who were returning victorious from Italy, and the sight of these quite extinguished the last sparks of revolt.

came from Vienna. I will not answer for the words ; but, whether he said them or not, they were true ; and for that victory over revolution in Bohemia, he obtained later the highest command in a wider field, where he was far from obtaining the same successful results.

But one circumstance, during the Prague riots, will alone entitle Prince Windischgrätz to undying renown—his conduct on the evening of the 12th of June. Marie-Eléonore, Princess of Schwarzenberg, sister to the Prime Minister and the Cardinal, niece to that unfortunate Princess Schwarzenberg, who, in 1812, was burnt to death in Paris, whilst endeavouring to save her child,—his wife, the mother of his six children, one a girl not yet fifteen,—was murdered in her bed-chamber, shot dead by a too well-aimed bullet, which struck her in the middle of the forehead. The words of her husband, upon this occasion, should be blazoned in letters of gold, for the admiration of succeeding centuries :

“ Now,” said he, in tones of heart-broken anguish, “ the greatest moderation will be necessary, or I shall be supposed to act from feelings of revenge !”

This is the ruling apprehension of Prince Windischgrätz—to be thought capable of revenging himself.

I could tell you, reader, of a highly-placed statesman and diplomatist, who, during the siege of Vienna, used to go often to Schönbrunn, to confer with the

Commander-in-Chief; and who, upon one occasion, when he had represented that, for the sake of the town, the operations ought to be conducted as rapidly as possible, saw this man, who is represented as so proud and heartless, weep, whilst confessing to him that the accomplishment of duty was almost too difficult. "For," said he, "I feel that severity is absolutely required from me, and I am tortured by the thought that what I do may be imputed to vengeance."

There may be, whilst speaking of Prince Windischgrätz, grave errors to register, and cruel mistakes to record; but not his worst enemy can deny that he is that which each succeeding day shows to be rarer in our age—an upright, loyal, Christian gentleman.

His worst political faults have come from his exalted idea of what a man gently born should be, and from the impossibility he found in believing others capable of what he well knew he was incapable himself.

CHAPTER XII.

HUNGARY—A SKETCH OF CHARACTER.

IF ever two nations were unlike each other in every respect, in manners, customs, opinions, habits, feelings, those two nations are the Austrian and Hungarian. I have said the former have many remarkable points of resemblance with the English, but for the latter I can find no parallel upon earth save the Irish. A Magyar and an Irishman are twin brothers. Both believe they sprang direct from Brahma's eyebrow, whilst in the firm conviction of both, the other wretched grovellers of the globe are at best but the produce of his great toe, and both draw (with one only exception) the same virtues and the same faults from their Asiatic cradle.* I have

* See in the notes to Moore's "Fire Worshippers," the authorities quoted by him for believing that the Irish are of Gheber descent.

said with *one* exception. The Magyar race, unlike the Hibernian, is essentially, lamentably irreligious ; or rather, there yet lingers about them, in this respect, a strange something, almost impossible to describe ; a kind of unconscious, undefined idolatry ; a "reminiscence," as Plato terms it, of a former state, when their deities were perhaps Ahriman and Ormuzd.*

It would require volumes, which I have no right to inflict upon you, my dear reader, to enter into all the various theories upon the origin of the Magyars, and the precise date of their immigration into the Pannonian lands ; but it seems pretty well established, that they belong to that vast Tartaric family of the north-eastern portion of the globe, to which, even at the present hour, they bear such strong marks of resemblance.† Physiologically speaking, their relationship to these Oriental races stares you in the face, and between a genuine Magyar, an Affghan, and the

* Any one who has followed the Hungarian Press during the late events, will recal the frequent appeals to the "God of the Hungarians," the "Magyar God," as to something apart and particular to themselves ; and any one who has seen a Hungarian at all excited upon any national question can bear witness to the constant invocations to the *Magyar Isten* as to some tutelary spirit.

† By far the most remarkable work that has appeared upon the origin of the Magyars is the posthumous one that has just

wild follower of the Circassian Schamil, it is evident that there has existed, at some time or other, a very close and intimate connection. Many of his Oriental qualities the Magyar has preserved, but he has lost, by his contact with European civilization, the deep seriousness of the East, and is almost as full of inconsistency, and as incapable of severe intellectual application as a Pole. Some very learned men have even opined that there was gipsy blood in these strange, enigmatical Magyars, who resist so invincibly the efforts of modern cultivation. It is certain that they have points of contact with these wanderers of Egypt, with these restless children of the sun.* They are as given to horse and cattle "lifting" as a Tartar or a Highland Catteran; and, indeed, at the same time that their resemblance with the Irish on almost every point strikes you, you cannot avoid recognizing

been published of Endlicher's, entitled: "*Rerum Hungaricum Monumenta Arpadiana.*" It is of most extraordinary interest and research.

* The Gipsies have a mind, too, to have some part in the "equal rights" promised to "all nations," and the following passage from the *Allgemeine Zeitung* is a proof. On the 3rd of May, of this year, its Vienna correspondent writes: "The Gipsies of Hungary, who are in number about 120,000, are petitioning also for 'equal national rights.' A deputation of *Zigeuners* has assembled in the frontier village of Neudörfel, and means to come here to present the petition in person to the Emperor!"

in some respects a likeness to the Scotch. They differ from the former, as I have said, in the fact of their being naturally irreligious ; they differ from the latter in their utter want of thriftiness.

But in the persistence of the aristocracy in their attachment to feudal institutions, in the exceedingly imperfect comprehension of the words *mine* and *thine*, manifested by the large majority of the Magyar population, and in the uneradicable propensity of all, upon all occasions, to take "the law into their own hands," there lies an undeniable trait of resemblance with our Highland "chiefs" and their clans as they existed even down to the middle of the last century. The wide dissemination of the aristocratical element over the whole surface of the population, is decidedly more Scotch than Irish ; for in the latter country the *people*, properly so called, are infinitely more numerous, whilst in the former it is difficult almost to find the man who is not a *laird*. But on the other hand the social habits, and customs of [the Magyar *noblesse* have almost all the characteristics of the corresponding class in Ireland. This word *noblesse* is one of wide signification in Hungary ; and one may with great truth say of this strange nation, that "*qui n'est point noble, n'est rien.*"

The official statistical reports, towards the commencement of the present century, give the following

proportion of noblemen to the remaining mass of the population in the different Austrian States :

	One noble to every
Moravia and Silesia	855
Bohemia	828
Dalmatia	568
Carinthia and Krain	365
Country above the Enns, } or Upper Austria }	353
Styria	353
Lombardy	342
Venice	260
Coast land	239
Tyrol	222
Galicia	68
Transylvania	23
Hungary	20

From the official returns since this period, and from the statistical data furnished by the years 1820-36 (imperfect and inexact, it is true, in a country where feudal obstinacy has resisted every attempt at enforcing the law, but still approaching the truth), it is more than probable that the proportion would now be increased by nearly two-thirds; and that, instead of one noble to every twenty, it would now be nearer the mark to award, in Hungary, one noble to every fourteen ordinary mortals. Now, when you consider what the noble is in Hungary,

this becomes a very serious matter. He alone has political rights; you may, in fact, say that he alone is a citizen, in our sense of the word; all the rest are nothing. Not only he possesses all the positive rights—the rights of initiative, if I may so call them—but he alone enjoys the negative privileges, the privileges of resistance to all the just demands of others.

To him is awarded not alone unlimited power in his various attributions, but the recognized superiority over all control; and he is one of the few created beings to whom the law gives the positive privilege of doing wrong with impunity. A glance at Verböczy's famous work, the so-often invoked "*Tripartitum*,"* will suffice to show the monstrous rights and privileges secured to the Hungarian noble, above and against his fellow-countrymen. The list of the *libertates fundamentales* of the *Tripartitum*, is something half-shocking and half-absurd, when one thinks that these "*liberties*" were sought to be wielded, in all their pristine force, till within a year or two; and that the resolution to destroy them is, in fact, the only real ground of the revolt of the higher ranks against Austria.

The return to an absolute and obsolete system of petty feudalism, hemming every step of the political machine towards real progress: this is the disguised

* This is, in fact, the *Code Civil* of Hungary, the only thing of the kind they have hitherto had.

object even of the *Petition of the Twenty-four*,* which created such a sensation, some weeks ago, in Vienna ; and against these subversive tendencies, uneradicable, under whatever pretext they may be hidden, a certain degree of inflexibility in the Centralization-plan is indispensable. Still, even in Hungary, which, by its own deliberate act, has placed itself in the position of a conquered country, and therefore can henceforth only look upon every concession as a boon—even in Hungary, this system may be carried too far, and may lead to a new form of evil, instead of annihilating the old.

More in Hungary, than perhaps anywhere, exists the division, which renders all combination of strength for the achievement of a political end impossible ; and more there than anywhere are you likely to get at that particular kind of truth which, we are assured by Voltaire, results from the conversation of *deux coquins qui se disputent*. If you do not want to have your ears assailed by the most frightful oaths and hideous appellations language of any sort can invent, I would

* I do not mean to say that the twenty-four honourable, and for the most part moderate men, who signed the famous "Memoir" of the first days of April of this year, mean deliberately to demand a return to feudalism *as such*, but the spirit of feudalism actuates them almost involuntarily, and their demands, if granted *entirely*, would pave the way to fresh collisions, by re-introducing a state of things politically impossible in our age.

advise you not to mention the name of Kossuth,* before a member of what is termed the *Alt-Conservative* party, who may, for all that, have been himself up to the ears in rebellion, based upon another principle.

“Look at my cousin ——,” said to me, one day, in Vienna, a Magyar of the most *ultra* description, a man who himself disputes that the young Emperor has any right to govern him ;—“look at my cousin —— ; he ought to be hung !”

The reason of this condemnation was, that the “cousin” in question had been, though belonging essentially to the Conservative faction, forced and frightened into giving money for the cause headed by Kossuth.—*Cela ne dit rien*—for the Duke of Coburg-Kohary, who was, Heaven knows, no rebel, whether of one kind or the other, was obliged to contribute something like fifty or sixty thousand pounds towards the success of a rebellion he abhorred.

Now, that the love of the democratic party (if anything in the shape of democracy ever existed in Hungary, out of the wild phantasies and ravings of Kossuth’s mystical brain) was no greater towards its Conservative companions in insurrection than was their love to it, is shown us in every page that party has sent forth into publicity since the end of the war.

Schütte, a Magyaromane and a Radical, in his

* Pronounced *Koshoot*.

recently published work on Hungary, and Madame Pulszky, in her "*Tagebuch*," furnish us with sufficient information upon the esteem in which the *noblesse* (that is, as we have seen, the only legally-constituted body politic in Hungary) is held; and few pictures derive less colouring from fiction than those drawn by the wife of Kossuth's worthy colleague of the Magyar aristocracy.* But, then, what remains, this very *noblesse* being *all*? Why, what remains to the French Revolution, when you have done with the Girondins; and to every rebellion, when you have torn away the last plank which yet struggles with the flood, and momentarily prevents the senseless rush, the all-annihilating invasion of brute force.

That the two parties could not have lived together in peace for one hour, after they should have been victorious against Austria, is a perfectly undeniable fact; and when you follow the Hungarian insurrection from its beginning, and watch well some of the individuals who were most compromised in it, you are struck from the first by the native antagonism of the two elements, and by the manifest insincerity of each towards the other.

A great friend of ours, a Servian officer, then (for

* See in Madame Pulszky's "*Tagebuch einer Ungarischen Dame*," the description of the *gentleman* (!), who married all his peasants according to his own goodwill and pleasure; and to those who ventured to choose for themselves had very quietly twenty-five *coups de bâton* administered!

it was early in April, 1848, before the petition for separation) in the service of Hungary, found himself in the society of Madame Kossuth, in Pressburg. She was seated between the Countesses Karolyi and Batthyanyi, who, in obedience to political exigencies, were overwhelming the *bourgeoise* with attentions and flattery. As our friend came up to her, she with exultation exclaimed :

“ See how my Leyosch (the Hungarian name for Louis) has been received in Vienna,* *he might be Emperor of Austria if he chose !*”

Our friend, in narrating this little circumstance, added :

“ I looked at her to see whether reason had deserted her, the speech seemed to me so utterly insane ; but the rapid glance simultaneously exchanged between her two neighbours, the involuntary and almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders by which it was accompanied, spoke volumes, and even then revealed to me much of what must occur later. I foresaw from that moment the inevitability of disunion, and could not refrain from pitying

* In March, 1848, Kossuth, from the windows of the *Archduke Charles* (a principal hotel in Vienna) harangued the people, saying : “ Let us never forget that we owe all to the Emperor—all, all our liberties ! We must stand by him to the last. *He who would betray the Emperor would be simply infamous !*” Yet *betrayal* was already determined upon. “ Words, words, words !” as Hamlet says.

already the profound humiliation self-imposed upon the aristocratical Magyar Conservatives by community of insurrectional tendencies with those whom they despised."

And so it was. In the indestructible arrogance of the Magyar nobility, in the unconquerable tenacity of its aristocratical pretensions, lay the ground for the ultimate defeat of all Kossuth's schemes. This he very soon felt, and then he in turn was forced to seek a support out of his own immediate circle of home sympathies, and the mad attempt at declaring the Emperor to be no longer King, and Hungary to be transformed into a Republic, whilst it opened a gulf between him and the genuine Magyar party gave him up at the same time, however he might struggle against it, a victim to the ambitious and completely anarchical intrigues of the Revolutionists and the Poles, upon whom he was now dependent.

The only thing that can surprise one, is, how Kossuth, knowing as he must have done, the character of the Magyars, could for one moment have imagined that any democratical projects would ever count them as adherents. False or true, limited or unlimited, necessary or unnecessary, all liberalism, in whatever form it may be presented, is hateful in nature as in name, to a genuine Magyar.

But before I go farther, I must allude to a third party in Hungary, of whose existence too little has anywhere been said: I mean those amongst the

Hungarian aristocracy who, the instant they saw that the obtention of measures they believed to be for the country's good, might lead to sedition and revolt, withdrew altogether from the struggle, preferring to forego the gratification of any desire, rather than see it gratified at the expense of good faith and loyalty. The number of such good citizens was not, I am sorry to say, considerable, but if ever quality made up for quantity, it does so in this case, for the exceedingly small number of men who, in Hungary, have given proof of distinguished political capacity, have, without one exception, remained true to their allegiance, and not allowed the breath of treason to sully their fame. Such names as those of Szédenyi, Szèchen, Appony, Josika, Sommschütz, Széchényi, Déak, and a few others, may plead for many less stainless, and help somewhat to impute inferiority of moral to inferiority of intellectual worth, for few European countries can bring forward more remarkable political capacities than this small knot of men, whose chief leaders I have mentioned.*

Amongst the younger scions of the great Magyar

* Déak, for instance, of whose entrance into the present Ministry there was a report the other day, is, amongst the jurisconsults of Europe, one of the most distinguished. He and Széchényi were members of the first Batthyanyi Ministry, but retired from office the moment they saw the direction affairs were likely to take, and the supremacy acquired by Kossuth.

houses, there are also a portion who are less criminal than the rest, inasmuch as, though they actually participated in revolt, and even bore arms against their sovereign, they did so more from weakness than guilt; thus from a false feeling of delicacy, joining a cause they disapproved, because they did not think it honourable to desert in the hour of danger, those who, before it came to such extremities, might have believed themselves authorised in counting upon their support.

These two classes excepted (and they are, alas! infinitely small), the great majority of the Magyar noblesse may be regarded as having willfully aided and abetted rebellion, for its own purposes and ends, and having throughout had but one desire: the return to old feudal institutions, the defeat of all attempts at establishing a really liberal or enlightened system of policy; and the monopoly, in short, in its own hands, of the *misgovernment* of Hungary.

Oh! heavens! how it suffices, to judge of what this feudal mis-government has been, to visit the first Hungarian village, or even town (for Pesth and Pressburg themselves bear unmistakeable evidences of the evil). In both, palaces stand face to face with shops such as a village of *La Basse Bretagne* might delight in, and are approachable from streets such as nothing, save those of an Irish hamlet can give an idea of. Of the two, Pressburg is, in my mind, the more interesting now. Buda-Pesth, the sister cities,

emblems of the deep hate of sister-nations, represent the Past. Amidst the blackened ruins of Pesth, repression sits triumphant, but it is the triumph over what is really dead, over the rebellion which, in that armed form of desperate activity, cannot break out again. But what yet survives, and plans and plots, and dreams of opposition, and that kind of passive polite resistance, stronger than a stone wall, and against which cannon are of no avail—that, has its home in Pressburg. Pesth is the emblem of the violent, visionary, defeated, and impossible Kossuth—Pressburg represents the Magyar.

In Pressburg are the *sulkers*. It is the very Faubourg St. Germain of the Puszta,* with its fine houses, and their verandahs full of flowers, and its gay carnival, and its handsome, well-lighted, crimson-lined, comfortable theatre. Fancy a dozen miniature Versailles transported into one colossal Athlone or Donaghadee! You must see it to comprehend the contrast. Towns such as Szégédin, or Debréczin, places like Szolnok, will teach you nothing, for they are all of a piece. Baths of mud in winter, in summer deserts of dust, abodes of filth, disease, disorder, and barbarity always. Savage homes, to which, as to

* The *Puszta* are the wide-stretching, sandy wastes, all mud or dust, according to the season, where, in summer, some of the lower class of the population, in order not to be imprisoned in a house, actually burrow for themselves underground habitations! Half Hungary is composed of *Puszta*.

the lordly castles of the noble, there is no road, no way save that which cart-wheels and horses' hoofs may beat into an accidental track.

This is all nothing ; but in Pressburg you have the two : the Magyar and his live possession, his *thing* ; the *misera contribuens plebs** and the lordly seigneur. There, to the right and to the left, see those splendid palaces, those vast edifices, ornamented as in the time of Louis Quatorze, and over whose iron gates or high arched entrance doors, stand the carved quarterings of the noble owners, a mass of gold, blazing in heraldic splendour. There is the Palais-Zichy and the Palais-Grassalkowich, and the Palais Karolyi, and Heaven knows how many other palais ; and ever and anon, at their doors, you may behold brilliant equipages, drawn by four glossy-coated steeds ; or at nightfall you may see all their windows lighted up, and hear the sound of loud music from within. And when morning breaks, and the gay guests, gracefully sinking under elegant lassitude, drop one by one from the *fête*, if you glance at the vast open space before you, you would think that all the grey clouds the firmament ever reserved to wrap up our own native Albion in November, had suddenly fallen down upon the earth. The pavement is one vast, living, moving fog.

* The word by which in Verböczy's *Code Civil* the people in Hungary are designated. What a cause was that of the Magyars to excite the sympathies of the Radicals !

They are all grey, dappled grey, mottled grey, all alike, beasts and men. For this fog-vision is produced by swarms of herds and herdsmen; Slowacks, with their oxen, and ponies and pigs; and Slowacks and pigs, and ponies, and beeves, are all, all grey and misty, varying in tint, from whitey-brown to *gris-perle*, and there they lie, *pêle-mêle*, all together, a rolling mass, that tumbles about like a very sea; an ocean of indistinct forms, a shapeless, nebulous, unclean, living chaos.* There is the *misera contribuens plebs*! and in the Palais *n'importe quoi* is its master; and over all this rises the once magnificent and now ruined *Schlossberg*, the key, as its name expresses it, to Hungary; the citadel in whose walls Maria Theresa was greeted *King*! ruined it stands, as Magyar fidelity, emblematical of *the Past*, as Magyar attachment to feudalism.

When the Hungarian character is *known*, this sudden explosion of loyalty for the Empress-Queen, of which the Magyars of our days have boasted so much, acquires an infinitely diminished importance. The genuine Magyar cannot live without having his enthusiasm excited. To parody a famous speech made upon a famous poet and statesman of our day: "c'est une girouette qui tourne même quand il n'y a pas de vent," it might be said of the Hungarian, that he can boil up and froth over, without even the aid of any fire. The reason for this ebullition lies more in himself than in any outward cause; it is spon-

* The unclean white cloaks worn by the Slowack peasants, are precisely of the same tint as their cattle, and when all are spread promiscuously over a market place, they present exactly the appearance I have described.

taneous ebullition, and a bad motive will excite it quite as easily as a good one. Witness the wild enthusiasm with which the Hungarian populations were animated in the spring of last year for the retaking of Buda from Hentzi. The idea was a false one, a mistake, as all that followed plainly showed, even from their own *point de vue*; but that mattered little; the pretext for enthusiasm was there, and out it burst, heedless of everything else.

This readiness of enthusiasm, for no matter what cause, comes from the small distinction made by the Magyar generally between right and wrong. He is utterly devoid of what we call *fixed principle*, and his moral criterion is a totally different one from that generally recognized. He is essentially what is termed *godless*, and there is in him a sort of instinctive repulsion for the sublime truths of Christianity. They probably seem to him a hindrance to that absolute liberty to which he aspires, and the love of which he holds from his Tartaric ancestors. Above himself, *as Magyar*, he acknowledges nothing, and there is a proverb which says: "I'm a Magyar, and above me there is neither Kaiser nor God."

The genuine Hungarian (for those who are not of pure Magyar descent, are not reckoned in this class), knowing of no *law* above his pleasure, naturally enough knows not of the same moral and social restrictions to which other nations submit. His honour is not even the same as ours, and force being his *ultima*

ratio upon every occasion, he is rather inclined to place honour in the mere exhibition of what is called animal courage. Here he has no superior. The two great virtues of a Magyar are courage and hospitality; but two great faults grow out of them. The one leads them to the belief that any act may be committed, so long as you are prepared to be responsible for it with your life; and the other is the primary source of the lamentable disorder whereby so many fortunes in Hungary are swallowed up. Out of Ireland, "Castle Rack-rent" is to be found nowhere but amongst the Magyars; but the kindheartedness, the frank joviality, the eminent loveableness of the Hibernian is wanting.*

The Magyar is too arrogant, too perpetually preoccupied by his own fancied greatness to be loveable; and the one parent source of all true gentleness, religion, is too completely wanting for him to be genuinely kind. He is ostentatious, and throws money about in all directions, because it is proper a man of his rank should do so, and he keeps open house for all comers, and spends four or five times his income, because it would be unfitting his rank *to see to his affairs himself*. The Tartar is at the

* I do hope it is not necessary to say, more than I have already done, that I speak of the nation, or race, *generally*. I must add, however, that perhaps amongst the Magyars, the individual exceptions to the general rule of national imperfection, are more rare than in most other cases.

bottom of all his virtues and all his faults, and animates as much the Magnate as the vagrant Tchiksch,* though its manifestations may be different.

The Magyar nobleman is, however, not quite alone privileged in Hungary. The *race* conceives itself to be superior to all others, and the indigent Magyar of low degree thinks it more noble to turn robber than to work. Hence the admiration they have for all great criminals, and the numberless poems and songs consecrated to the glory of Schinderhannes, Schoubry, and similar personages. Here again is the perversion of vision, the difficulty of distinguishing between right and wrong. As the Spartans permitted stealing, if cleverly done and escaping detection, so the Magyars merely demand from a robber that he shall be a bold one; the rest is matter of comparatively small import.

The consequence of this imaginary distinction of race has naturally been the absolute subjection of the aborigines. At this present hour, in Hungary, the Slowack is to the Magyar what the Saxon swineherd was to the Norman knight. The opening scene of "Ivanhoe," Gurth before Boisguilbert, there you have the relative position as it really is. A portion of the Slavonic races subjected to their sway, was too warlike for even Magyar tyranny to subdue;

* The horseherd, who with his endless whip, *whips in* the wild straggling steeds of his employer's equine flocks.

and the ranks of the Hungarian regiments were swelled by Croatians and Serbs ; but the real serf, the instrument of labour, the almost universal drudge, was the miserable, untutored Slowack.

It may easily be conceived that a war, in which, under such circumstances, the oppressed rose against the oppressors, must have been a war of extermination, for, unless carrying off the victory and retaining the supremacy over enslaved races, the lordly Magyar must be reduced to the same condition as other men, to the insupportable degradation of labour in the inferior ranks, and, in the upper ones, to obedience to the same laws as other people.

The Magyar, as he existed before the wars of the last two years, was an anomaly in the midst of European civilization ; a *contre sens*, a curiosity if you will, but as foreign and as irreconcilable to all around him as would be the Emperor of China in Cheapside. What may be the fate of this strange race is, I think, very problematical. Whether they can be bent to our modern civilization, or whether their untameable natures will, after all, only reduce them, in the midst of our so-called polite policy, to the position of a Bengal tiger in the Jardin des Plantes, remains to be seen ; they fought with the desperate energy of men who are fighting a last fight for life or death : will they struggle on, or, like their ancestors, the Huns, who, a thousand years ago, were

defeated in wrestling against Germanism,* will it have been their *last* combat, their *Hunnenschlacht*, and will they become extinct? Who knows? Thus much is certain, that they are a race which resists civilization, which remains entire, and does not blend with newer elements.

To prove that I have in no one single point exaggerated in all that I have said upon the Magyars, I will only add that I have simply stated what I have seen, and that every one of my statements, as far as the national defects go, are confirmed by the majority of the writers on the Hungarian side of the question, and I will refer again to Schütte, the latest historian of the Hungarian rebellion—a Magyaromane, as I have said before, but who has painted the Hungarians, as far as mere character goes, truly.†

Meanwhile I will translate here, for the benefit of those who may fancy I am an anti-Hungarian, a popular song, called “The Hungarian Nobleman,” which, I think, says to the full as much, if not more than I have advanced, and which is in almost every peasant’s mouth from the Danube to the Theiss.‡

* In the famous battle of the Lechfeld, won by the Emperor Otho I. the great Otho.

† *Vide* Schütte, Vol. I. p. 47, “On the Manners and Character of the Magyars.”

‡ Schütte has, I perceive, given it also in his work; I had it from a Hungarian, in Hungary, and its Magyar name is: “*En Magyar nemes ember vagyok.*”

I.

The blood-red sword of other days
Hangs idle on the mould'ring wall,
Devour'd by rust, its murd'rous rays
No more flash forth at honour's call.

In Hungary I'm a nobleman !

II.

Heedless of any toil I live,
My brow on study ne'er was bent ;
Best of all on sleep I thrive,
Work for base-born churls was meant.

In Hungary I'm a nobleman !

III.

Peasant ! see to yonder road.
Quick ! thy horses ! no more talk ;
They must bear mine honour'd load,
Men of *my* kind do not walk.

In Hungary I'm a nobleman !

IV.

Why at Learning's hard-clos'd door
For admittance should I fight ;
Learning's votaries are so poor !
I can neither read nor write !

In Hungary I'm a nobleman !

V.

But there is one science, too,
Where by none I need be beat,
The science of good men and true,
The knowing how to drink and eat !

In Hungary I'm a nobleman !

VI.

Lucky that no tiresome call
For rates or taxes ever frets
Me, for my fortune's small,
And tremendous are my debts !
In Hungary I'm a nobleman !

VII.

Struggle for the common weal ?
Suffer for the common woe ?
Bah ! some day the wounds will heal,
Nothing's lasting here below.
In Hungary I'm a nobleman !

VIII.

The feudal rights of feudal birth !
There's my creed. But when I die,
I shall, though useless on the earth,
Be borne by angels to the sky !
In Hungary I'm a nobleman !

VI.

Lucky that no income call
For rates or taxes ever falls
Me, for my fortune's small,
And therefore are my debts!
In Hungary I'm a nobleman!

VII.

Struggle for the common weal?
Suffer for the common weal?
Hail! some day the wounds will heal,
Nothing's lasting here below.
In Hungary I'm a nobleman!

CHAPTER XIII.

JELLACIC AND CROATIA.

I REALLY do find a considerable difficulty, reader, in not inflicting upon you that same "volume" I have promised you shall be spared. It is almost impossible to preserve you from it, and yet enter upon the subject of the late divisions of the Austro-Hungarian State; but *must* is an excellent specific against prolixity, so, as I *must* fulfil my promise, you shall escape, and positively not be tormented by any nomenclature of the countless tribes of Hungary, or by any too dry discussion upon the Pragmatic Sanction and its knotty points of "independence" and "inseparability." You shall have no dissertation upon the Wallachians or Roumans, who descend from

the Dacians, and upon the Ruthènes, the Rusines, the Szotacks, the Slovènes, the Szeklers, the Jazygers, the Cumaniers, the Heiducks, and all the endless divisions and differences which split the Hungarian population into almost as many distinct races as are contained in all the rest of Europe put together.*

This you shall be spared, *mais voilà tout*, and, having spoken of the Magyars, or conquering race, I must now speak of the Aborigines, the descendants of the ancient Pannonians and Illyrians, whom, instead of dividing into Croats, Slowacks, and Slavonians, it would be much more exact to style at once the Slavonic tribes. It is as belonging to the independent kingdom of Croatia, that the followers of the Ban resisted, the political supremacy of the Magyars, but it is, as children of one common parent race, of the immense Greco-Slavonic family that their nationality stands opposed to the nationality of the Tartar-Hun.

The name usually given to the antagonism of the South Slavonians against the Magyars, is Illyrism, as indicative of their ancestors, the Illyrians. It was,

* Hungarian is the name common to all the races who, territorially speaking, occupy the soil of Hungary; it is the political denomination. Up to very lately, a Slowack and a Magyar, a Saxon and a Szekler (in Transylvania) were equally Hungarians.

at first, a purely literary question, it widened into a national, and, the moment it ripened into a political one, the explosion took place.

In 1835, Vukotinowitch, Gayi and some others began, by their writings, to awaken the dormant national genius. The latter founded in Zagreb (Agram) a paper known under the name of the *Horvatzke Novine* (Croatian Journal), and in the following year he changed this name to that of *Illirske Narodne Novine* (National Illyrian Journal), his constant efforts tending always to the establishment of unity of language in all the districts of South Slavonia. That these first tendencies were decidedly Panslavistic there is no denying, and one of Gayi's very first articles in his newly-founded journal will amply suffice to prove it: "Europe," writes he in this article, "I would fain paint as a virgin holding in her hand a triangular lyre. In past ages the tones of this lyre yielded melody to every passing breeze; but suddenly from north and east, and west and south, there came unchained storms and tempests, and the lyre was violently unstrung, and its music ceased. This lyre is Illyria, and the torn chords are the lands where once its tones were familiar: Carinthia, Carniola, Istria, Styria, Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, Ragusa, Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, and Pannonia. What should we more ardently wish, now, when unity seems to be the universal dream of nations, than

that all these rent strings of Europe's lyre should once more unite in harmony? How can we attain this end, whilst each separate chord gives forth a different tone? Let us open the book of our country, and in it see how, in the antique Slavonian spirit, are noted down all the sweet sounds of our lyre. The treasured, priceless lyre of Illyria! who that can understand this symbol," says Gayi, at the end of his article, "can for one instant doubt of the absolute necessity of unity in language and literature for *all* Illyria?"

The cry spread rapidly, and was echoed from the shores of the Adriatic to the Balkan. Gayi spent every hour of his life in writing to further the national development of South Slavonia.

In 1844, Ivan Kukuljewitch translated Arndt's famous song: *Wo ist des Deutschen Vaterland?* substituting *Slavonian* for "German," and ending also with: "Wheresoe'er the Slavonic tongue is heard, from north to east, from west to south—there is the Slavonian's fatherland—so wide, so great is Slavia!"

From year to year the division widened between the two races. In 1840 the school-youth of Zagreb made bonfires in the open streets, of the Hungarian school-books and grammars, and the elder students threatened to turn the pianoforte player, Liszt, out of his own concert-room, if he played a Hungarian melody. The war-songs, for the rhyming of which these populations (especially the Croatian *Grenz-*

länders or borderers) are so famous, began to breathe of hate and vengeance against the Magyar, and there is one amongst these effusions in which the following lines gained universal popularity :

“ Let each Slavian, hero-born,
Swing his banner high in air,
Gird his dreaded sabre on,
And mount his horse, the foe is there !
Onward, brothers ! God will shield !
The Evil One is in the field !

“ See the Tartar, the fierce Hun !
How he dares to ring the knell
Of our nation ! Rise, each one !
Send him to his native h—— !
Onward, brothers ! God will shield !
The Evil One is in the field !

“ To the war-dance, from North and South,
Illyrians and Slovacks, come !
Ask music from the cannon’s mouth,
From bugle, clashing steel, and drum !
Onward, brothers ! God will shield !
The Evil One is in the field !”

In 1842, upon the occasion of the renewal of the *Comitat* of Zagreb,* the South Slavonian party gained the victory, though not without bloodshed, over the Magyar faction. But now the Austrian Government espoused openly the cause of the latter,

* The period at which the different functionaries of the county (or *Comitat*) are chosen.

and in 1844, by its decisions upon the language-supremacy question, gave the advantage to the Hungarians. The resolutions of the Hungarian Diet were sanctioned, and it was decreed that the Magyar tongue should be the official language in the department of the Hungarian Chancery in Vienna, in that of the Municipality of Pesth, and in all courts of law, making out of all South Slavonia, or Illyria, one only exception, however, in favour of Croatia. The rival races continued their disputes, and in the county of Zagreb more especially, the Slavonian party and the nobles of Touropol could seldom be together at any meeting without coming to blows.*

At the same time that this enmity grew hourly in intensity between the Slavonians and Magyars, the love of the latter to their German fellow-citizens did not increase one atom, and they contrived on all sides to render themselves obnoxious. Driven beyond its patience by the miserably ill-administered state of Hungary, the Austrian Government attempted, from time to time, to obviate the evil as far as in it lay. The *Gespanns* and *Vice-Gespanns* (somewhat answering to our lord-lieutenants and deputy-lieutenants of counties) attended, in nine cases out of ten, no more

* The county of Touropol is composed entirely of persons nobly born, enjoying certain privileges, and governed by a *Landgraf*. This is not an hereditary position, but one to which the appointment is made by Government. The Touro-polyers were mostly determined Magyaromanes.

to the business of their office than if that office had not existed. If absenteeism is an evil in Ireland, where, after all, the absentees do not carry administration away with them, it was trebly so here, where, the governing noble gone, no government at all was to be heard of. Whilst all the aristocratical born-regulators of Hungary were driving, riding, dancing, and flirting in Vienna, the country was left to the mismanagement of Heaven knows what hireling substitutes. (Fancy the positive Government, the executive administration, of Ireland left, as Irish private fortunes are, to the tutelary care of middlemen !)

There was no justice, could be none. Between threats and bribery everything could be arranged. Money given in certain quarters would hush up even murder ; and a good sound thrashing was usually found to put an effectual stop to any importunate reclamation.

Financially speaking, Hungary did not exist,* and the state in which the country was kept, prevented it from yielding in its interior even the advantages of

* Hungary rendered yearly about twelve or thirteen millions of florins to the State ; whereas, under the reformed system of equal taxation, it is capable of rendering between seventy and eighty millions. I am aware that the circumstance of the State having no administrative expenses to defray, somewhere about doubles the twelve or thirteen millions ; but still, what sum is that, when Bohemia, with its four millions of inhabitants renders, all outgoings paid, ten millions of florins ?

which it was susceptible. Communication was almost entirely cut off during the bad season between one place and another, and even in such towns as Pesth you may now see the marks where deep holes have, for months and months, been left unrepaired (positive wells in rainy times) in the middle of populous streets, and to avoid which, carts and carriages were forced to make vast circuits, when, perhaps had the pavement been practicable, they had not fifty yards to go. Yet in the face of this manifest mismanagement (in which no human power could induce them to operate any reform), the Magyar aristocracy was furious when the Emperor replaced the *Gespanns* and *Vice-Gespanns*, by administrators, as they were called.*

* Not only to occupy these posts it was required to be of noble birth, but the *Stuhl-Richter* (a sort of *Juge de Paix*) and his substitute were also obliged to fulfil the same condition. It must be taken into consideration, that amongst the genuine Magyar *noblesse* (that which *remained* in Hungary), education was a perfect superfluity; nay more, I could instance more than one Magnate, whose habitual home is the polished and elegant *Kaiserstadt*, Vienna, and who, though perhaps in the matter of *stable-learning* he may not have his equal in Europe, would be sorely put to it if required to write a note, all alone, and without help. This same Hungarian *noblesse* has a good right to be proud of its origin, for it has almost positive proof of being *noble de tout temps*. You can find but exceedingly rare cases of *annoblissement* in Hungary. The general want of what we understand by *patronymic* names is one proof of the antiquity of their race; all are almost derived from an indi-

Consequently the Magyars, when their abuses of government, and the excess of their arrogance had completely detached from them all the populations

vidual or baptismal name ; as, Sandor (pronounce *Schandor*), which is Alexander, and with the word *Nagy* prefixed, *Great Alexander* ; Pálffy, descended *from* Paul (the termination *y* signifying *descended or sprang from*), Karol-yi descended from Karl, and so on. The brutality, however, of these illustrious Magyars (I repeat it, I except those who have profited by European civilization, and those exceptions may be counted) was no inheritance of their *gentle* blood. You will hardly find an Austrian anywhere, for instance, who will venture to lend twenty pounds to a Hungarian *gentleman*, unless, indeed, he means to *give* it to him ; for, if asked to return the money, the ordinary answer used, nine times out of ten, to be *the cane*, or in very extreme cases, even *the pistol* ! The following little anecdote will give some notion of the state in which Magyar *mis-government* kept Hungary :

A banker, one of the richest and most considerable, whose name I could give, was walking, some two or three years since, in the streets of Szegedin, whither he had gone upon business. “Halloa !” cries out all of a sudden the *Stuhl-Richter*, who happens to meet him. “How dare you smoke a cigar here ? It is not allowed,” (not “allowed !” whilst the Magyars indulge, almost as though they were Turks, in the *tchibouque* !) “Beg pardon,” says politely the banker, throwing away the cigar, “I could not imagine it was forbidden.” “I’ll show you how to smoke cigars in Hungarian towns and villages, *Schwab* !” retorts furiously the Magyar ; and thereupon he has the peaceable man of money carried off, and, *sans autre forme de procès*, causes him to receive twenty-five *coups de baton* ! “*Schwab* !” (German) that is a sufficient crime !

upon their south-western and south-eastern frontiers, had secured for themselves, to balance this defection, no adequate support in the sympathies of their neighbours to the north or to the west. They hated the Germans as the Germans hated them, and when one stone of the political edifice was touched, it was difficult that any portion of the edifice should remain standing.

At the famous Croato-Slavonian Provincial Diet, convoked on the 18th of October, 1847, it was easy to see the turn matters must take, and the separation of the three united kingdoms of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia from Hungary, might have been safely predicted.

As delegates to the Hungarian Diet were named : to the *Magnaten Tafel*, Hermann Buzan ; to the *Deputirten Tafel*, Joseph Punjik, from Slavonia, and Metellus Ojégovitch, from Croatia. Their chief instructions regarded the defence of the municipal rights and statutes of the " three kingdoms," as they are styled ; the resistance against every attempt to separate these kingdoms from each other ; the obtention of certain electoral privileges for citizens *not* nobly born ; the maintenance of the right of the Crown to appoint to administrative functions ; but above all, the protection of the national Slavonian tongue against the encroachments of the Magyar dialect, and the establishment of that tongue (Slavonian) for the

transaction of all internal local transactions, whilst the Latin should continue to be the official language.

At the same time, and as a proof of their own willingness to concede, where concession could not trench upon national rights, the Slavonian delegates proposed at the Hungarian Diet, held upon Hungarian ground, to speak the Hungarian tongue.

They went to Pressburg, and, after coming to the unanimous decision of electing the Archduke Stephen as Palatine, and accomplishing the ever to be deplored circumstance of his nomination, the discussion commenced which was to lead in the end to civil war. All parties were represented in Pressburg; on the side of the *Alt*-Conservatives there was Sommschütz, on that of the Moderates, Count Szechenyi, and Kossuth represented the Radical faction.

The Slavonians were defeated, and the ultra-Magyar and Radical party (united together then) bore off the victory. Ojégovitch, who had distinguished himself considerably during the whole course of the debates, predicted to the Hungarians what must inevitably happen, if they persisted in their arrogant oppression of the Slavonian nationalities.

The new Hungarian system, however, was not without some supporters in Croatia; and where gold could be advantageously employed, it was largely expended to bribe adherence. In some parts of the country, in Kreuz and Warasdin, for instance, the

Magyars met invariably with complete discomfiture ; but in the county of Zagreb itself they were not without hangers-on amongst the upper classes. Came at length, in the winter of '48, the famous Pressburger Diet, so big with future ill, and the chances of civil war grew stronger every day. The weakness and political incapacity (to suppose no other cause—but if ever weakness were guilty, if ever incapacity were a crime, they were so here) of the Palatine allowed sedition to hope, and to surround itself with the means of disputing success. The Magyars, by their emissaries and their proclamations, openly supported the outbreak in Italy, and fraternized with the insurgents, by refusing to the Emperor troops and war supplies.

The Pragmatic Sanction was trampled under foot, and the Magyars, with their tri-color, red-white-green flag, tore themselves, in fact, apart from the Austrian throne, and after having refused all concurrence in supporting the charges of the national debt, formed a Ministry of their own, and, from the ruined edifice—time and worm-eaten—of their own independent, ancient, feudal, and impossible constitution, looked down upon the rest of the world, full of satisfaction with themselves.

They condescended to certain demonstrations of sympathy for Unitarian Germany—(Germany, the very country of the Schwab, who was the eternal object of their proverbial contempt!)—and some Unitarian

Germans were found credulous enough to believe in these demonstrations. Meanwhile, against the Slavonian races every species of tyranny was exercised in the name of "liberty;" and for the same great "cause," Transylvania (or, as the document of annexation officially terms it, "the country hitherto called Transylvania") was induced to commit suicide, in order that Hungary might profit by its spoils.* But in the Slavonian race, these Hungarian schemes met with an unconquerable obstacle; and here the sentiment of nationality bid defiance to every attempt at encroachment.

The nation itself was grateful to its Sovereign; and, to prove its gratitude, sent spontaneously 36,000 men to help Radetzky against the Piedmontese. Not only did the loyal and faithful nation of its own accord do this, but you should know the manner of the deed; the outburst of enthusiasm which accompanied the departure of so many husbands, brothers, and

* Scarcely had Transylvania signed away her independence, than a *special* Governor or "Royal Commissary," was appointed over this province, in the person of Baron Nicolas Vayi, a Magyar nobleman. The pretext given was: "the distance from the Central Government in Pesth," and the Commissary was authorized to establish an *extraordinary* Executive Power, "that should be strong enough to put down all seditious attempts," (namely, national tendencies). The punishment of hanging was announced as coming within the Commissary's attributions, and Martial Law was declared!

sons, from their native homes, for the service of their master; the cries of devotion to the throne, mingled with the tearful farewell to parting friends. This it was which showed how these lands might be relied on. But this was one of the acts which showed that, between the Croats and Magyars, things could not go on any longer, even nominally, as they were.

The events of the month of March gave an impetus to the manifestation of every latent thought, and the "three kingdoms" now sent a deputation to the Emperor Ferdinand to petition for an immediate and direct union to the Austrian Crown, a separation from the Hungarians, and the nomination of Jellicic as Ban.

Jellicic!—oh! how the sound of that name calls upon one imperatively to stop, and tell only of him!—but I must go a very little further before speaking of the man who embodies the whole of this period in South Slavonia: (more, oh! far more even than that—*mais allons!*)

The break with Hungary was inevitable, and Austria's salvation lay now with the Slavonian nations, already maddened by Magyar misrule against Magyar dominion, and ready, as they had spontaneously shown, to stand by the Imperial House to the last.

Between these two rival races, Austria is placed—if you consider the mere question of *force*, setting

aside that of honour and duty—in comparative dependence; and there are statesmen who have said that she can enjoy no safety but in their constant opposition. This is somewhat exaggerated, for Austria's home and native strength lies more in her south-western possessions, in the stalwart peasantry of the Archduchy itself, in the glorious sons of her glorious Alps, whose faith is based on granite, like their homes, and she may defy many a shock whilst these remain true; but it is certain that there is also an element of strength, with which she may one day defy the world; this is no other than the Slavonian element.*

The Slavonian, unlike the Saxon in England, the Gaul in France, or the Goth in Spain, has remained entire, in the face of conquest, unadulterated by foreign influence—and I use the word expressly, for I know of few things *purser* than this race. They are as simple as the Magyar is corrupt, as submissive to a recognized authority as he is impatient of control, but above all, as religious as he is naturally impious. The contrast between the two nations strikes you at every step. They have some of the same faults, but springing from different causes

* The "three united kingdoms," (Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia), though representing but the *thirty-fifth* portion of the Austrian Empire, furnish the *third* portion of the Austrian infantry, and are capable of furnishing double the number still.

and manifested in different forms. Both are barbarous.

When we, in our civilized saloons, hear the name of a Croat, the learned amongst us think of the strange untutored beings revealed to us by Schiller, in "Wallenstein's Camp;" but by far the greater portion have vague ideas of a savage, who cuts off heads, eats sucking babes alive, or roasts them, as the case may be, and who follows the Austrian army about as a kind of executioner-general. I hope (thanks principally to railroads and electric telegraphs) we are approaching a time when it may be possible to overturn a few antique prejudices, and tell some few truths upon various subjects. Don't be alarmed, reader, or angry; I am quite aware that time is not *yet come*, and that for the present, old prejudices must be *ménagés*, gently dealt with, like old friends; that is why I am really half afraid to tell you how very, *very* much mistaken you are in your sweeping opinions upon these much-abused Croats. I repeat it: the Slavonians and Magyars are both barbarous, but the former is primitively so, whilst the latter *is barbarous but not primitive*; rely upon it, the difference, as regards the consequences, is a material one. The Croat may commit an act of cruelty, but it is almost always out of obedience to an order; whereas the Magyar takes his law from himself alone.

There is, in the Slavonian, with all his indomitable

energy, the desire of submission to a power placed above him, an ardent wish to devote himself, a thirst for glory won by sacrifice. Hence the religious tendencies uneradicable in the various branches of the Greco-Slavonian race, and which, through all time, have awarded to them the almost exclusive heritage of certain attributes of divine worship.* Hence too the absolute, the almost feminine devotion of these rude men to their commanders. This is one of the reasons why they need not be feared. I know that there exists a school of statesmen, in and out of Austria, who imagine that the influence of these nations, because numerically outbalancing the rest, must be ponderated. It is an error in which no one who knows the Slavonic race will share: it is a race which must be trusted, and which never need be feared, until the flood of succeeding ages shall have effaced its characteristic features, and left it flat, colourless, and corrupt as other hard-worn nations.

There is strength and youth in the Slavonians, and they are generous, like all things young and strong. They have preserved through centuries (for they are far older in date than we are) this moral youth, and are beginning to put forth

* To this day the name of Slavonia is identified with that of sacred music, and the Gregorian chants of the Catholic Church have been clearly proved to come from the Greeks, through the Slavonic nations, down to us.

leaves now that our blossoms are dropping off. There is every reason why they should co-exist with the German element which there is not for this co-existence between the Teuton and Magyar. The latter is a barrier, an obstacle to civilization, and civilization will, in the end, and must, pass over it; it is a manifest "let" and "hindrance," and will, in the end, disappear. Very curious scientific researches have been based upon the fact that, in Hungary, the conquering race, unlike what has happened in every other country of the globe, instead of increasing so as to spread over and overwhelm the conquered country, has always remained in inferiority of numbers to the subjected populations; as though, being destined to end, it were not to multiply.

I have known some estimable, charming, and intelligent individual Magyars, and to those virtues which may be possessed by the race I am quite ready to do homage, but *as a race*, and unless they can be modified by civilization, they are, I repeat it, an anomaly, and the term used to characterise them by a very great *savant*, seems to me the most exact: "*c'est un peuple-borne.*" Now the case is widely different with the Germans and Slavonians. That both descend from the same parent source, of that there seems to be small doubt; nay more, that the latter are anterior to the former appears to be pretty well recognized; but that is no reason for the supremacy of one over the other.

In this case the parent is younger than the offspring, and whilst her Teutonic sons have exhausted the resources of cultivation, *Slava Mater*, as some of her votaries style her, sees them lying all untried before her. But Teutonia and Slavia are equally fruitful, and there is no reason why they should not mingle; they are equally strong, and there is no reason why one should overrule the other. They have gifts to exchange as precious one as the other, and what the German element can offer in intellectual worth, the other can retribute in moral energy. Not that the Slavonian wants intelligence; on the contrary, he has what, if the word were not too often profaned, one would call Genius. He has, like all primitive races, the quality of intuition developed to an almost marvellous degree; he is essentially a creator, a "finder," as Condillac expresses it, therefore by nature a poet and musician. He guesses and divines, as women and children do; and such is the force and pristine purity of instinct in this race, that I have known instances where, at almost first sight, the moral defects of individuals have been denounced, which defects have not been discovered *generally* to exist until after a considerable period of time.

But the Slavonian race has, to an eminent degree, what M. de Châteaubriand looks upon as the surest proof of an elevated nature: the capacity of sadness. A certain degree of melancholy is almost habitual to them; but it is not the melancholy of discouragement.

ment. No, they are grave, as one who begins life, and knows that struggles lie before.

Why is it that all ending races are so futile? Almost all, from the most antique times, from Assyria to the Lower Empire, from Rome to the Romans of our days, have gone down, become extinct, as it were, amidst the lights and perfumes of a fête, and had the dirge of their vanishing sung by "love-ripe lips with wine bedewed." Our old world echoes with the hollow laugh of these great condemned, to whom recklessness seems awarded as in mercy; and so perhaps it is. Frivolity may be their refuge, and giddiness be given to hide from them the close—the end!

Certain it is, that all commencing nations are grave; and this gravity, in the Slavonian races, is but a further proof of their primitiveness. They are enthusiastic, too, but their enthusiasm is of another sort than that of the Magyars, and it would be no easy matter to excite it in a wrong or disloyal cause. The instinct I have spoken of, this intuition of the truth, guards them against that which is ungenerous; but from their Greek forefathers they hold that ready vibration to the touch of the sublime, which characterizes nobly-strung souls. Witness the effect produced upon them by the recital of a great, or heroic, or generous deed: see a Slavonian population at the hour of prayer, and listen to the tones of the voices which spontaneously join the organ. Mark how, to

give vent to the enthusiasm swelling within them, they pour themselves forth in poetry or in music, seeking, as it were, an immediate form for their impressions.

Whilst the cannon had scarce done its hoarse chaunt of victory on the field of Kanissa, before the echoes of the strife had died away, before the smoke had had time to roll off, an officer on the staff of the Ban caught the sound of a Guzla close to his tent, and listening, he heard the deeds of the battle that was scarcely over, transformed into verse, and sung! *Helden Lieder!* hero-songs—yes, those are what you should hear, to judge of the Slavonic genius.

Some few weeks after the young Emperor had ascended the throne, the Seressâners, who had followed the Ban to Vienna,* before leaving the town, mounted a *garde d'honneur* at the *Burg*. The following morning the young monarch passed them in review, and at last requested they would sing for him some of their native airs. They did so, and so charmed was Franz Josef, that again and again he asked for another and still another of the wild strains.

* These are, as I have said, *gardes-frontière*. Their service is chiefly against the Turks. They are a *corps d'élite*, of which every frontier regiment has one, and they never were *mobilisés* before the autumn of 1848, when the Ban brought a hundred of them with him to Vienna. The name is pronounced *Sereshâner*.

“What name do they give their songs?” asked the Emperor.

“*Helden Lieder*,” replied the officer who headed the little troop.

“Where can they be procured?”

The officer smiled.

“Nowhere, Sire,” answered he; “they are not written down, but are mere improvisations engraved upon the singer’s memory.”

And well it becomes them to sing hero-songs, those wild Seressâners, for they have hero-aspects.

My dear, unknown reader, you with whom I have retraced a journey of such deep enjoyment, how I wish I could show you one of these Slavonian warriors! Fancy to yourself Saladin, as, in Scott’s magic tale, he first appears to Kenneth of Scotland, in the desert. There, with some little difference of dress, you have a Seressâner. There is a something half Albanian in some portions of the costume; in the leggings and full trousers, fastened at the knee; and in the heavily gold-embroidered, crimson jacket. But that which gives their decided character, their extraordinary originality, to these sons of war, is the cloak. Over these giant frames hangs a mantle of scarlet cloth, fastened tightly at the throat; below this, on the breast, depends the clasp of the jacket, a large silver egg, made so as to open and serve as a cup. In the loose girdle are to be seen the richly-mounted pistols and glittering kandjar—Turkish

arms mostly—for every Seressâner is held, by old tradition, to win his first weapon from the Turk. The mantle has a cape, cut somewhat in the shape of a bat's wings; but which, joined together by hooks and eyes, forms a sharp-pointed hood, somewhat resembling those of the Venetian *Marinari*, but higher and more peaked. Over the crimson cap, confined by a gold band upon the brow, falling with a gold tassel on the shoulder, rises this red hood, overshadowing such a face as the genius united of Murillo and Vandyck would not be too much to paint. The nobleness of the contours is only matched by the peculiar beauty of the countenance, in which force and gentleness co-exist in a most remarkable degree.

The brilliant rays of the long dark eye repose beneath a thick fringe of sable lashes; but you see that, if awakened, they must flash forth in fire; the brow, the mouth, the nose, all are essentially noble features; and over all is spread a skin of such clear olive-brown, that you are inclined to think you have some Bedouin before you.

I have drawn for you, reader, the portrait of an acquaintance of our own; one whom the Ban calls "*un de mes plus braves*;" but the description of one will answer for the whole race: they are all alike, more or less, and I have not exaggerated in any point.

I know of few things more picturesque or more

original than these red-mantled warriors, with their pointed hoods and their Eastern faces. You should hear the people in Vienna describe a Seressâner patrol. At nightfall, these giant-guardians used to go forth, stalking, by groups of ten or twelve, along the hedge-rows of the glacis; noiseless as flying owls, and scaring all thought of misdemeanour from the spot where their gaunt shadows fell. Wrapped in their crimson cloaks, they prowled about with that strange step they have in common with the ostrich and the stork; and no sooner had any unlucky wight allowed himself the slightest infraction against military law, than he felt upon him the iron gripe of the inevitable Seressâner, and beheld beside him in the moonlight, the towering form whose footfall had been unheard. They were unavoidable as destiny.

I wish, too, you could have heard one of them speak to me of the Ban! His brilliant eye took an expression no words can render—and his deep voice melted as he said: “The Ban! at one word of his, at one sign only, two hundred thousand men will scour the land, and the wives and children left behind us will take arms too.”*

* This is so true, that when, in the autumn of 1848, Jellacic ordered a *levée en masse*, to make head against the Magyar pretensions of sovereignty, the *volontaires* crowded round him everywhere. “Go with God, and be heroes!” that is the traditional farewell of the borderers to the out-marching troops, but this time the inspiring cry was uttered only by old men, women and children, for all who could bear arms were under the banner of their beloved chief, and as they marched

At my question as to whether any other Ban had ever enjoyed the same power :

“No,” said the Seressâner, “there never was such a one !* The Hand of Providence is upon him, and wherever he goes, in the hail-storm of bullets and balls, where he is ever foremost, there is no ball for him. He never was wounded—never will be, for over him the Almighty watches !”

I cannot forget the way in which the words were said. There was a solemn earnestness, a deep reverence, joined to the confidence of woman in divine protection being extended over what she loves, that was inexpressibly touching.

The name of Jellacic is a talisman wherever beats a Slavonian heart, and I remember still the effect it produced on a Croatian whom we met on the vessel sailing to Venice from Trieste. The morning was remarkably cold and damp, even for February. I had gone upon deck, expecting sunrise, but no sun appeared, and I stood eagerly gazing at the misty atmosphere, trying to look through it, and guess, if not behold, the approach to Venice. Near me stood an Austrian officer ; and on the lower deck

away, they proudly exclaimed : “To our wives and to *our boys* we leave the defence of the frontiers !”

* The only Ban with whom, for his valorous deeds, Jellacic might be compared, is the famous Zrinyi, the heroic Ban of Croatia, who lived in the commencement of the sixteenth century, and who has been the theme of “poet’s song” ever since.

paced to and fro a very young ensign of some seventeen or eighteen years, screened from the penetrating damps of the dawn by a Seressâner's mantle.

The Austrian and I fell into conversation, and at the third or fourth word :

“ Capital things, those cloaks of the Seressâner's, against the cold,” said I, pointing to the crimson mantle on the lower deck

“ How did the *gnädige Frau* know the name ?” rejoined he, smiling with eager curiosity.

“ I know the Ban,” answered I, “ how should I fail in knowing what a *Seressâner* mantle is ?”

How his countenance brightened !

“ The *gnädige Frau* knows the Ban,” said he, as though I, from the mere fact, were become something venerable in his eyes—and, instantaneously dashing off, he snatched the cloak from the shoulders of the unfortunate boy-officer, and holding it over mine : “ Will the *gnädige Frau* deign to wear it till we land ?” said he ; “ the air is piercing cold ; I had lent it to him, yonder, but he does not need it—it is my own mantle from my own country—it has seen the whole of the Italian campaign, and I should be so happy if” I answered him of course by accepting, for I saw it really would give him pleasure that I should do so.

We took the same gondola with him and his small subaltern, and when we separated at the flood-beaten steps of the *Piazzetta*, he respectfully kissed

my hand, and as our gondolieri were preparing to push off to take us down the Canal Grande, he turned round, and waving his cap, exclaimed exultingly, as he looked at me :

“ Long life to our hero, to our glorious Ban !”

And “ glorious” he is in every sense of the term ; worthy of eternal glory, of undying historic fame.

“ Austria is full of heroes just now,” said to me in Munich, the fair and interesting Countess T——, herself an Austrian, “ but before all, above all, try to see Jellacic, for rely upon it, he is what is most perfectly unlike any other being of our times !” and she was right ; Jellacic is unlike every one, and stands alone in the mild splendour of his proud fame. He is well formed to be the poetic idol of a poetic race ; well formed to be surrounded by them with tender and superstitious reverence.

Think of him at the battle of Pacoszd, and see whether such untaught spirits may not well believe he holds a charmed life.

It was in the month of September, 1848 ; the foe was before him. The Ban, from the chaussée, where his staff was assembled round him, gave the order to turn the enemy’s left flank—it was misunderstood, and his troops rushed straight on into the very densest destruction dealt around by the cannon of the Maygars. A fearful cry rent the air : “ We are betrayed !”—*Betrayed !* and Jellacic was by ! There was no time for reflection ; deeds must

forestall thought. The Ban snatched the standard from its bearer, and waving it on high dashed on, crying: "Who is there will follow me?"—*All* followed him; and as, flag in hand, he spurred his headlong course direct upon the enemy's batteries, a thousand "*Zivios*"* literally made the welkin ring. Death reaped a giant harvest, and the Croats were laid low like ripe wheat; but the Ban, ever foremost there where danger raged the hottest, remained unscathed, untouched. The victory was gained; and the soldiers whose maimed bodies over-filled the field-hospitals echoed, as they resigned their limbs to the surgeon's knife, the cry which had led them on to glory: "*Zivio Ban!*" it was a talisman, a watch-word against pain. Some shouted it in triumph, some murmured it in death, but the same words came from every loving heart: *Zivio Ban!*

I defy any one, unless he be of stone, and inaccessible to all ennobling emotion to approach Jellacic unmoved. There is something about him that inspires you with involuntary respect. You reverence while you admire him. The one expression which dominates all others in the fine countenance of the Ban is goodness; a goodness, a kindness, which draws you irresistibly towards him, and makes you instan-

* The Croatian *Vivat*. Pronounced *Jivio* (the *j* soft, as in French). No one who has not heard this cry burst from a thousand Slavonian voices and hearts, knows what real honest popular enthusiasm can be.

taneously feel you would trust your life in his hands. On the broad bare brow sits intelligence, sovereign like; round the gently smiling lips hangs that peculiar cast of melancholy which is so essentially Slavonian, but in the eye beams forth a brightness of intellect and magnanimity which at once reveals all the treasures of the soul within.

I am strongly tempted to believe that the troubles of the last two years in Europe have produced but *one man*, and that he is Jellacic. He is a living denial of all the falseness, all the baseness, all the corruption of our times. He is an embodied protestation against disloyalty, and whilst, in every country, every unworthy passion has been let loose, whilst everywhere men *thirsted* (let no one say they *aspired!*) for pomp, for power, for even viler gains, Jellacic has been perhaps the only one, who, from the peculiarity of his position has practised *renouncement*. To play the part of Waldstein *successfully*, nay, almost without obstacle, lay before him, and, as I said, *he would not be a Waldstein*; Friedland's fame was too small, and Jellacic disdained it; Friedland's honour had a stain, and that of Jellacic must be immaculate. Duty-worship, the enthusiasm for the *right*, these are the incentives to every action of the Ban.

I would not be misunderstood in what I say. This devotion to duty, this heroic enthusiasm, every man in Austria shares in it, from the Emperor downwards—

but *none* have had at a given moment *the fate of the Empire in their hands* as had the Ban, the salvation of Austria dependent on their truth. And that is why events have made of him what many another might also have been had his position been the same. The inequality lies only in the circumstances which, in the autumn of '48, put the decision of the whole contest into the hands of the Slavonic nations, who were led on and represented by Jellacic. His power over them was *absolute*.

After the battle of Pacoszd (or Velencze) the Ban was abandoned in Hungary, without arms, without ammunition, without money, without *news*. Did an Empire of Austria still exist? None could answer. Then came to him one of those sudden inspirations which *are genius*, and Jellacic turned back, and hurried on to Vienna.

"If Austria still existed," says he himself when he tells the tale, "my duty was by her, to protect, to save, to secure her integrity; but if all had been lost, another cause was mine: Croatia, the Slavonian nations against the tyranny of the Magyar."

Well the Hungarians knew that their bane was Jellacic, and with the true instinct of self-preservation which never deceives, they made him the object of their first attack. First, they sought to prevent his being nominated Ban; next, they sought to stigmatize him as a traitor in his sovereign's eyes; and both times Batthyanyi was the instrument

chosen. I have now lying before me the letter of a friend of Jellacic, a Magnate of Hungary, but of foreign birth, a man of most distinguished intellectual and political capacity, but whose attachment for the Ban has, as he himself expresses it, the character of a "tender veneration."

This letter treats of the nomination of Jellacic as Ban,* and contains the following passage, which I extract entire :

"It was in the winter of 1847 : the Palatine Archduke Stephen came to Zagreb (Agram) to make acquaintance with the party of the Magyaromanes, and increase its numbers if possible. The subversive tendencies of the Hungarians were already but too clear. Desirous not to be associated with those whose sentiments I could not but disapprove, I sought to avoid the official reception, but as a Magnate, I was honoured with an invitation to spend the evening in the society of the Prince. I went. Whilst talking with the Archduke upon the East and upon Greece, I could not prevent my eyes from constantly wandering toward an officer of the suite ; a Colonel of a frontier regiment, whose name I did not know. It was out of my power to resist the spell—for spell it was, wherewith he held me bound, and I was positively

* *Ban* is derived from the Slavonic word *Pan*, signifying *Lord* or *Seigneur*. The Ban of Croatia was the third Baron of Hungary, the Palatine being the first, and the Judge Supreme (*Ober-Landesrichter*) the second.

uneasy until I had learnt his name, and could make his personal acquaintance. It was Jellacic. We did not meet for months, but when we met we were friends instinctively. It was at a ball given at Zagreb by the students of the University. The talk ran upon the want of a Ban, a post which had not been filled for two years. 'I do not understand,' said I, suddenly, 'why the Government hesitates so long. The Ban! why he is here—it is Jellacic!' Great applause followed these words, which had escaped me, I really at this moment hardly know how or why. At supper, I was seated beside Jellacic, when suddenly, one of the guests rising, drank his health, thus: 'To our future Ban!' Here was the echo of my idea. Six weeks later, broke out the disturbances of the month of March. A national assembly was called together at Zagreb—a kind of convention; a spontaneous amalgamation of all classes. I was of it. A petition was framed, asking from the Emperor various concessions, and, amongst others, a Ban, of whom there was, as yet, no question. Several names were proposed to the choice of the crowd, but with indifferent success. I rose, and spoke but one word: 'Jellacic!' The whole mass thrilled as it were, and responded like one man: the name was repeated with thunders of enthusiasm, and loud *Zivios* burst forth on all sides. Named member of the deputation sent to Vienna, I learnt, on arriving in the capital, that Jellacic was already Ban of

Croatia, and that he had been named to that dignity at the very moment when we had, according to the ancient tradition of the country, proclaimed him so spontaneously at Zagreb! It was Baron Kulmer, minister at that moment, who had had the salutary idea of proposing Jellacic to the Emperor's choice. If he (Kulmer) had not literally flown, as he did, from Pressburg to Vienna, at early dawn, it would have been too late. But a few hours after arrived the Palatine with Kossuth and his hangers-on, and had the thing not been done, the Emperor would have been overruled, Casimir Batthyanyi named Ban, and—the monarchy lost!”

Later, it was also a Batthyanyi (Louis Batthyanyi) who during a momentary absence of the Empress, wrested from the Emperor Ferdinand the fatal signature, whereby the Ban was deposed from his high rank, and declared a traitor to the country he was labouring to save.

And how did Jellacic learn the tidings of what had been attempted against him?

He was returning from that memorable visit to Innsbruck, of which the details have become too European for me to repeat them here. He had, in the solemn audience whereat the entire Court and *corps diplomatique* assisted,* defended his country with

* The great object of the Hungarians was to prevent Jellacic from seeing the Emperor without one of their party being present. To this *surveillance* of course the Ban would not

such eloquence, with such heartfelt warmth, that tears stood in the very eyes of those who loved him least, and, rich in his sovereign's favour, and in the esteem of all around,* he undertook, victorious, to retrace his steps towards Croatia. His way did not lead him through one village, however small, that he was not received in triumph by the inhabitants, for the name of Jellacic was familiar even to the simple children of the Alps. But at a small town called Lienz, there awaited him a blow such as he could never have suspected. Taking up accidentally a number of the *Wiener Zeitung*, he read in its columns the news of his own disgrace and deposition !†

consent. The Archduke Franz Karl and his noble wife, the Archduchess Sophie at once received him with open arms, and the Archduke John (then at Innsbruck) entreated Jellacic to find some means of arranging the difference, so that he might see the Emperor. "Let there then be a solemn public audience," said the Ban, with sudden inspiration, "and *all* the Court be present." So it was, and the eloquence of Jellacic overcame everything.

* Prince Paul Esterhazy, who had refused the Ban to be admitted to the Emperor's presence, paid, after the public audience was over, a visit to Jellacic ; as he left him, he said to those whom he encountered in the waiting-rooms : "What a man ! I must go to Pesth myself, and things *must* change !"

† Not a word was said upon this subject, or hinted at Innsbruck, for the signature given to Batthyanyi was a conditional one ; and the deposition of Jellacic, treating him as a traitor and a rebel, was only to be published *in case* he was found

That it was now null and void, *that* he knew; that its execution was not dreamt of, that was certain; but the thought that had prompted it, *that* could not be destroyed; a thought of distrust, a suspicion had been conceived against him; and there were those who had dared to couple the pure, spotless fame of Jellacic with the word treason! The heart of Jellacic must be known, to appreciate the sharpness of the wound dealt upon it in that hour.

In those words lie much: "Jellacic must be known." Yes! a certain number of pages will tell you what Jellacic has *done*; but no volumes can tell you what he *is*. It looks like exaggeration, it seems impossible, but it is true nevertheless, that, of all those who have followed Jellacic from the commencement of his career, *there is not one who in him can point out to you a fault.*

Some say, "He is too good, too kind;" but it is the only remark; and as, in his case, this goodness cannot be translated into weakness, as no one ever dreamt of accusing him of want of energy, it is simply a further affirmation of amiability.

Never was a nation more personified in an individual, than is the Slavonic race in Jellacic. Brave to the wildest daring, he is tender as a woman, and has *after* his explanations in Innsbruck (whither the Emperor had bidden him) to have acted in disobedience to the Government.

all the thousand heart-delicacies of those whose early years have been watched over by woman's love.* Determined, and inflexible in his determination when he feels it to be right, he is ready to listen to every contrary advice; prompt as lightning in resolve, he is patient with others to excess; severe beyond measure for himself, he is tolerant of every foreign imperfection; he is gentle and humane as another Sydney, and of elegant tastes, like him; gay, witty as a courtier of the time of Louis XV.,† meditation renders him grave even to sadness; true to such a degree, that you may say, without metaphor, that he is truth incarnate, there is in him a native penetration

* Jellacic, during his first early youth, until he entered the Institution of the *Theresianum*, in Vienna, was educated by his mother, by all accounts a most distinguished person.

† It would be endless to recount all the social charms and advantages of the Ban, and all his thousand *traits d'esprit* and witty compositions; perhaps the most famous piece of satirical and convivial poetry extant in Austria is his famous "*Garnisons Lied*," which has become proverbial throughout the army. As a proof of his gentle nature, you should hear those who were around him at the time tell the history of a spy, who was taken and convicted (during the siege of Vienna), and by one accord condemned to death. The Ban, when he saw he was alone of his opinion, gave way, and said reluctantly, "He must be shot." Then, passing his hand once or twice over his forehead, he at length, delighted at his own invention, said: "Such a rascal is not worthy to die a soldier's death, it is a disgrace to honest powder and balls. Let him go—a miserable wretch!" and so he was "Let go!"

(the Slavonic instinct) that instantaneously detects falsehood in others, whilst, however, his generosity forbids him to believe that which his reason avers: here, perhaps, is the only explanation of the phrase, "He is too good."

But if I do not take care, dear reader, upon the subject of the Ban, the threatened "volume" really will come upon you, *malgré moi*; I will, therefore, end with the words of one who knows him well:—"Chivalrous in genius, heart and deed, obeying only immutable conviction; familiar with whatever is sublime; uniting every quality most rarely found together, there is, in Joseph Jellacic, besides his extraordinary and various intellectual capacities, a purity of feeling, a readiness of devotion, *a beauty of soul*, before which all who know him must bow down. In this disordered age, where every antique principle of honour and loyalty has been denied by miserable theorists, and the faintly resistant form of right been laid prostrate, in some places, by the mud-stained weapons of organized anarchy, let us turn gratefully to the man who has boldly revived the ideas of duty and obedience to lawful authority—the Bayard of Austria! so has he been called, and such he is. Glory be his reward, the true and loyal knight, who, in our age of prose, seems a fair line of poetry; and who, against the selfishness, the meanness, and the folly of our age, has protested by wisdom, devotion, and self-sacrifice."

Yes, glory be his reward, indeed ! Glory, and the enthusiastic affection of all who know him ! I never could look upon Austria's Bayard without a feeling of sadness, and without saying to myself, with a sigh, " Who will be the Jellacic of France ?"

CHAPTER XIII.

SERVIA—STRATIMIROWITCH AND KNITCHANIN.

OF all the Slavonic nations, the first to rise in arms against Hungary, and repel tyranny by force, was Servia. This country, the most eastern of the South Slavonian territory, is divided between Austria and Turkey; the former owning the Dukedom, the latter holding, as tributary to it, the independent Principality of Servia. The river Save marks the separation between the two. To the south-west, the Dukedom extends as far as Slavonia; to the north-east, it reaches as far as Transylvania; forming, as it were, a chain from the borders of the Danube to the foot of the Carpathian mountains, and constituting the principal opposition to any encroachment from the Turkish side.

The number of the Servian population is somewhere about the following:—In Syrmia, 190,000 ;

in the Bâtchka, 100,000 ; in the Czaikist battalions, 26,000 ; in the Banat, 200,000 ; in Dalmatia, 222,000 ; in Slavonia, 405,000 ; in Croatia, 425,000. Besides this, there are spread over Hungary, in the districts of Ofen and Arad, some 60,000, making, in all, upwards of a million and a half. Out of these, it is generally counted that about 900,000 belong to the Greek persuasion, and 700,000 to the Catholic Church.

That these populations are as civilized as might be desired, I am far from wishing to affirm ; on the contrary, they are amongst the most barbarous of the Slavonic races ; but they possess, in common with all the latter, an attachment to their national traditions, a loyal fidelity nothing can shake for the House of Austria, a native instinct for all that is great, generous, or heroic, and an extremely strong veneration for religion. If these populations, moreover, (be they Servians, Croatians, or what not,) are not more advanced in civilization, whose fault is it but that of the Magyars, who have governed them for the last two hundred years ? Upon whom does it cast shame, that the benefits of education have been so little spread amongst these nations, and that the system of public instruction has, in common with every other

branch of administration, been so totally and entirely neglected? These Servians are wild, untutored, barbarous; but I repeat what I said before of the South Slavonians generally, they are primitive, which the Magyar is not; and they have, in their wildness and want of education, principles and fixed instinctive notions of right and wrong far more approaching those of our civilized world than any to which the latter can lay claim.

The Servians have historical recollections to which they are powerfully attached; they have even more, they have evidences of a literary past, sufficiently remarkable to render their present state doubly shameful to their rulers. You may find so early as in the twelfth century monuments of Servian literature; and in the thirteenth, Stefan, first *crowned* King of the Servians, occupies a prominent place. This sovereign, and his brother, the Archbishop, canonized under the name of Saint Sabbas, Dometian a Benedictine monk, and Archbishop Daniel enriched the Servian archives in the twelfth century with several excellent biographical, historical, and legal works. Under Duschân *the Powerful*, first *Emperor* of the Servians (who reigned from 1336 to 1396), the progress of civilization was considerable, and this is amply proved by a work written by himself, ostensibly a collection of laws (1349), but which contains much precious information upon the moral and intel-

lectual development of the country over which he reigned.* After the destruction of the Empire of Servia at the close of the fourteenth century, the progress of civilization in these lands was hemmed and in the end ceased. In 1493 George Crnojewitsch, and in 1519 Botschidar Vukowitsch, however, printed in Venice, in Belgrade, and in various other towns, theological works, which enjoy a well-recognized reputation. The last Despot† of the Servians, the celebrated George Brankowitch, has left between the years 1645 and 1711 (the period of his reign), a History of Servia from the earliest ages up to the times of the Emperor Leopold I. which lies still in the manuscript, but the value of which is nevertheless well known.

The last century even (between 1772 and 1811) produced a writer of considerable renown, Dosithey Obradowitch, whose voluminous literary labours might be remarked in any nation. This author was one of the first who tried to introduce and perfect the national Servian tongue in literature. From the

* None of these works have yet been printed, but extracts from them, translated, fully suffice to show their value. To print all the works of really first-rate merit which are accumulated at Ragusa and written in the Slavonic tongue, would require years and immense sums of money, but would, in the end, quite justify both time and expense.

† The *Despot* was the Greek name for a ruler, and is preserved in these countries.

earliest period there are *two* languages in Servia; the literary or Slavonic (*Alt-Slavisch*), and the popular Servian.

In our days (from 1818 to 1841), Wuk Stefanowitch Karadschitch, in his manifold productions, has laid bare to the eyes of his own countrymen, as well as to those of the learned in Europe generally, the treasures of a complete *terra incognita*. This prolific writer still continues his labours, and if a few more patriotic spirits follow the example he has set with such remarkable talent, it is to be hoped that, at no distant period, the moral and intellectual state of Servia may be quite different. As all those, however, who are trying to benefit their country, feel that *education* is the one thing necessary, and that it is the children who must in this case form the future *men*, the literary activity in Servia is chiefly directed towards the composition of books of instruction, and treatises upon science, amongst which are some really worthy of remark.

I have made this little digression first, to show what *were* a portion of that people whose nationality the Maygars sought to subject to their own, and next, to prove that if they are in our day uncivilized it is not attributable to any national incapacity or distaste for cultivation; but simply to the deplorable system of mis-government organized and held to with such tenacity by the Magyars all over Hungary, and the territories thereunto annexed.

I am aware that a principal complaint made by the Hungarians is, against the *manner* in which the *Raizes** and the Servians broke loose in the commencement of the year 1848;† but in the first place, I repeat, it is *their* fault alone if these wild borderers are not more civilized, and in the next the *provocation* came in the very beginning from the Magyars. The irritation caused by the attempt at establishing the supremacy of the latter was general as we have seen, in all the Slavonic lands; but particular causes were furnished by the tyrannical injustice and arrogant demeanour of the Hungarians, for the ever-growing hate and impatience of the Servians. In the affair of Kikinda,‡ for instance, on the 24th of April, the entire provocation, and the *first aggression*, came from the side of the Magyars. But from this

* The *Raizes* are, in fact, the inhabitants of the principality of Rascie, which principality has now ceased to exist.

† See in the Appendix at the end of this volume, the letter addressed by the Patriarch Rajachitch on the 1st of August, 1848, to General Hrabowsky. This document is a proof of what the provocations of the Hungarians were.

‡ In Kikinda the authorities had taken from the inhabitants several acres of ground, and had given them arbitrarily to Magyar officials. The quarrel was an old one, and in March, 1848, the people manifested symptoms of a strong desire to re-seize their rights. Upon this ground, although they had as yet offered no violence, the cavalry was ordered out, and on Easter Monday, the crowd was brutally attacked, which of course it resented *then*, in a very conceivable way.

hour the quarrel became more and more irreconcilable, and the Servians ended by violently rising against the Hungarians.

On the 13th of May met the National Assembly at Karlowitz, and under the presidential authority of the Patriarch Archbishop of Karlowitz, Joseph Rajachitch, and of the Vaywode,* Stefan Schuplikatch, was pronounced the separation from Hungary of the districts of the Baranya, the Bâtchka, and the Banat, and their adjunction to the three united kingdoms of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia. It was decided that the above-named districts, with the Czaikist battalion†, the two regiments of the frontier Banat and the Duchy of Syrmia should form one body-politic under the name of the "Servian Vojevodina," and that every sacrifice should be made for the cause of the Imperial house of Hapsburg-Lorraine, to whose representatives, as their lawful sovereigns, they swore an eternal (and never yet failing) fidelity.

Hrabowsky, at this period, commanded in Peterwardein, and it is averred that he, at the close of the Assembly I have alluded to, proposed to the Servians

* *Vaywode* corresponds to the word *Duke*, and means the political head of the nation.

† The Tchaikist battalion is a district, the population of which is organized like a battalion. The name comes from the word *Tchaique*, signifying the small vessels which compose the flotilla of the Danube in these regions, and whose crews are denominated *Tchaikists*.

to give them arms for the civic guard, and even to send cannon to Karlowitz, *in order that they might be able to defend themselves in case the Hungarian Ministry should attack them.* But at the end of a week all was changed, Hrabowsky's promises set at nought, and he himself charged to be the instrument of a diametrically opposed system of policy.

The Patriarch, at the head of a deputation, was on his road to Innsbruck, to bear to the Emperor the announcement of the spontaneous annexation of Servia as an immediate possession of the Imperial Throne, and its separation from Hungary, and notwithstanding certain offensive demonstrations of the Magyar Minister, the Committee of Karlowitz thought itself so secure from all inimical proceeding on the part of Hrabowsky, that it did not even seek to guard the town on the side of Peterwardein, but left the men upon the posts in that direction with *uncharged arms.* On the 9th of June, Hrabowsky suddenly declared to a deputation from Karlowitz, that he "knew of no Servian nation in Hungary"—which words, however, he retracted on the following day.

This retractation once more set any fears the Committee might have to sleep; but from these political slumbers they were awoken by the cannon of Peterwardein, which, without further preface, began on the 12th of June (Whit Monday) to pour its deadly thunders upon the unsuspecting city. In the night, Hrabowsky had caused two batteries to be

advanced towards Karlowitz, and, I repeat, without one word of warning, he prepared to batter down the town and set it in flames ! After a three hours' cannonade, he was, however, repelled. But now, both Greek and Catholic Servians, were excited to a pitch of almost frenzied rage against the Magyars, for not only is Karlowitz, in the eyes of the Greco-Servians a holy city, a sort of Rome, but the entire population began to compare the attack at Kikinda, on Easter Monday, with this lawless and treacherous outbreak on the second day of Whitsuntide ; and the choice of its two most solemn holy days for such excesses, was interpreted by the whole nation into an intentional and deliberate insult to religion on the side of the impious Magyars. The excesses committed by Hrabowsky's troops, and above all, by the soldiers of the *Don Miguel* regiment, were beyond recital. Perfectly helpless, innocent, unarmed inhabitants, were maimed and murdered in the most barbarous fashion, whilst their houses were wantonly set on fire ; women were the objects of the worst and most brutal mishandling, and there were instances of individuals being forcibly flung into the flames.

So much has been said by the Magyars themselves of their "generosity" and "magnanimity," and such bitter complaints have been made by them of the "cruelty" of their adversaries, that it may be as well to tell some few truths upon this subject, and show matters as they really were.

Excesses, I am ready to admit, were (as they are in every war of this kind) committed on both sides ; but the Servians even—wild, ill-disciplined, and little controlled by civilization, as they are thought to be—have no act of barbarity to lay to their charge equal to those committed by the Magyars. The Servians have burnt villages, as for instance, Saint Mihály, Uzdin, Debeljatcha, Temerin, but they were places where they entered forcibly, fighting their way through to the very last, and whatever excess was committed, happened in the heat of the combat itself ; whereas many are the spots devastated by the Magyars where no resistance was offered. Neusina, Kanak, Tarasch, Vrathev Gayi, Zlatica, were burnt down without a hand having been raised, or a weapon used against them. Neusatz Salaschen they burnt to the ground for no reason or object, save plunder and the thirst of destruction only. The town of Neusatz was under the protection of Hrabowsky when this happened.*

* The way in which the Wallachians (Roumâns) of Transylvania were treated, is also no proof of generosity or humanity. In Szamos Ujvar three hundred Roumâns were sentenced to death in one day, and in one day a hundred and fifty of them were shot. At every discharge the Magyars cried to their victims : “ *Cantati, decepta—te Romane !* ” It is affirmed that out of the 2,400 Roumân villages of Transylvania, there is not one where at least ten or twelve of the inhabitants have not been executed by the Magyars, carrying thus the number of

I shall not easily forget the account given to me of this circumstance, by Stratimirowitch himself (who commanded the Servians upon this occasion).

“At four o'clock in the morning,” said he, “I walked to a spot where stood my father's house, and I looked long at it, for much of my life's short happiness had been witnessed by those walls—at twelve, that same day, they were a heap of smoking ruins.”

But there is one distinguishing characteristic of the Magyar mode of warfare, which must not be passed over in silence: I mean the outrages practised against the monuments of religion, the almost diabolical profanation of places consecrated to divine worship. This cannot be made a reproach to *any* other nation engaged in this fearful war, and the following details upon the taking of Verbash and Kovilj, which I had from an eye-witness (and which have never been called in question), represent very accurately what was too often the conduct of the Magyars in such cases:

In the spring of 1849, Prince Windischgrätz decided upon dispensing with the services of the auxiliary Servian troops under the orders of General Knitchanin. The Hungarians, led on by General Perczel, were making considerable way in the Bâtchka and the Banat, and Knitchanin felt some steps must be taken to stop their devastating pro—their victims amongst the Roumâns alone, to between 35 and 40,000.

gress. At Verbash, where they entered without any resistance, they murdered the Servian children, together with their teachers in the schools. Kovilj, a large and flourishing village, peculiarly venerable to the Servians, on account of a Basilian monastery, the church of which is renowned for the performance of miracles, they completely destroyed, allowing no one to escape. The only individuals saved, were those who had had time to fly into Syrmia for refuge. No resistance was offered here either.

The soldiers of the Honved* battalions now turned all their rage against the venerated walls of the monastery. They tore open the tombs of the monks, taking out the bodies, and employing them to poison the wells; they broke and battered down the monument of General Mihailovitch, and burnt the body.—Thus far I can recount, but of the disgusting and horrible profanations of the church itself—the sanctuary, the altar, all that is purest, holiest, most sacred—I cannot speak, and to a woman's pen the revelation of the details of these crimes is forbidden by their very monstrosity itself.

Perczel obtained from all nations—Slavonic and German—the name of the “Hyæna of Kovilj,” by which name he is now universally known, and the echo of his misdeeds was so loud, that even the

* *Honved* means literally defender of the land; they were the battalions created for the defence of the country by the Diet.

Magyar Government found itself forced to disclaim such a servant, and the command of the troops was withdrawn from him.

At the head of this early and almost spontaneous resistance of Servia, against the Magyars, was a young man then barely five-and-twenty : George Stratimirowitch. Educated at the engineers' academy of Vienna, he had left the army, and having married a young girl to whom he was passionately attached, was living upon his own independent fortune in the Bâtchka.

By common consent, at the Convocation of the National Assembly of Karlowitz, Stratimirowitch was placed at its head, and in addition to this purely civil and political position, that of Commander-in-Chief of the Servian forces was awarded to him, so soon as it was foreseen armed opposition had become inevitable.

From the 9th of June to the 8th of October, 1848 (when he resigned his powers to the Vaywode of Servia, General Schuplikatch), he was at the head of the military operations against the Magyars, and more than once, by his intelligence and his courage, bound victory to the Imperial cause.

At Karlowitz this young chieftain repelled Hrabowsky, and forced him back upon Peterwardein, and from the Tchaikist district, beyond the Theiss ; thus securing to the Emperor's troops the occupation of Titel, which was of extreme importance,

as it served to cover the Slavonian territory from invasion.*

It must be remembered that Stratimirowitch was without any resources for a campaign, without ammunition, cannon or arms, without anything which is indispensable to the organization of an army—not only unsupported by any authority, but at each instant crossed in his plans by the official agents of the Hungarian ministry, who of course (I speak of the period immediately preceding the outbreak) had no desire to aid his endeavours. By his own individual activity and energy alone, did he arm, equip, and organize several thousand men; put in a state fit for use the cannon of the Tchaikists; contrive to obtain ammunition partly from the principality of Servia, partly from the Turks themselves, and sometimes from the stores of Titel and Mitrowitz; drill the

* The culpable incapacity of the Archduke Palatine can hardly be better shown than by the following anecdote. In the early period of the movement, Stratimirowitch had an interview with his Imperial Highness, at Pressburg, in which he earnestly entreated him to take advantage of the Serbo-Slavonian element, in order to stem the tide of the approaching Magyar revolution. As Stratimirowitch (who barely succeeded in making him comprehend what he meant) was leaving him, the Archduke remarked to one of his suite: "I scarce know whether that young man is in his senses."

The Archduke Stephan is universally recognized as *un homme de beaucoup d'esprit!*

Tchaikists into serving as land artillerymen,* and, in short, in the space of a very few months, form a little army of soldiers capable of resisting the Hungarians, and coming in aid to the Emperor's cause, which they most faithfully served.

The maintenance of Karlowitz to the Servians, and consequently to the Austrian Crown, was of immense importance, inasmuch as it helped to blockade Peterwardein, and to prevent the enemy from making any incursion into Syrmia, besides which, it served as a political centre of government, as a point of reunion for the Patriarch and the executive power, represented by the National Committee.

By the taking of Feldva and Szent-Tamasch in July, 1848, and the immediate placing them in a state of efficient fortification, a signal service was rendered; and among the most brilliant circumstances of this campaign, were the battle of Szent-Tamasch, on the 19th of August, where the troops, under the young General's command, were victorious over forces ten times their superiors in number, and the storming, on the 13th of September, the positions of Temerin Jarek and Szirek, whereby eight thousand of the Magyar troops were completely routed.

In the spring of 1849, every one, even Knitchanin, despaired of preserving the important posi-

* It must be remembered that their service as artillerymen had been hitherto confined to the Danube flotilla.

tion of Titel; Stratimirowitch alone persisted in counting upon success, and by his determination obtained it, rallying those who were dreaming of flight into Syrmia, shaming some, exciting others, offering to all his own personal example, and at length succeeding in occupying Moschorin and Vilovas, both important positions; and, by the severest discipline, maintaining order amongst the half-discouraged troops, and completely frustrating any attempt of the Magyars to introduce seditious tendencies into the army under his command.

At St. Ivan, the conduct of Stratimirowitch was doubly honourable, both to his capacities as a General, and his bravery as a soldier; for, by an unexpected night attack upon Perczel's corps, having, in a desperate engagement, worsted the Magyars at the end of several hours, he saved his own troops, when the light of the dawn had shown Perczel how inferior they were in number to his own, by a false retreat, in which he drew the enemy into a marshy defile, and after another combat, forced them again to retreat upon Peterwardein.

Of the two men, who illustrated themselves above all others in the war of Servia, against the Magyars, Stratimirowitch represents the modern and Western, Knitchanin the Oriental element, both of which are so closely mixed up in the civilization or un-civilization of these warlike countries.

Stephan Knitchanin is a genuine son of these bor-

der-lands, with all the gravity of an Eastern,* and all the active ardour of a race boasting of such forefathers as Czerny-George.† Without the advantages of education, and the aid of learning (he knows none but his native language), Knitchanin finds, in the surprising lucidity of his natural intellect, and in his sure judgment, a compensation for all deficiencies, and very seldom commits the slightest error; without having followed any regular course of military studies, he distinguished himself as a commanding General so as to merit and obtain the Order of Maria Theresa. His courage and determination are extraordinary, and over the most undisciplined hordes he exercises an influence that at once reduces them to obedience. In August, 1848, serving under the orders of Strati-mirowitch, he took, with 2000 men, the position of Tomashevatz, which it was necessary to occupy in order to protect from invasion the frontier line of the Banat, and maintained it during four months (his forces increased only to 4000 men) against all the

* Knitchanin, it should be remarked, is a native of the principality of Servia, and consequently not an Austrian subject.

† This word *Czerny* (pr. *Tcherny*) or *Kara*, in Turkish, means not only *black* but *unfortunate*. Hence the word *Montenegro* (*Tchernagora*) signifying the *Miserable Mount*, in allusion to what its inhabitants had to suffer for their independence. There is something very poetical in this transferment of the word, expressive of the most sombre hue, from the positive to the figurative sense. The Irish have pretty much the same reading of the word *dark*.

efforts of the Magyars, sustaining attack after attack, and at length defeating an enemy three times stronger than himself (in December, 1848), and forcing two Magyar battalions into the River Temesh. He it was who won the battle of Pantschova, where, on the 2nd of January, 1849, he routed Kish and all his troops,* causing General Meyerhofer, in his bulletin to the Minister of War, to say, that, "under Providence, it was to Knitchanin only that the victory was due."

But perhaps his greatest feat was at the battle of Moschorin, in July, where, in the Tchaikist district, he forced back the Hungarians, who had come triumphant from Hegyès, and at this period saved the Tchaikist province, as Stratimirowitch had saved it in April.

You cannot look upon the calm, grave countenance of the taciturn Knitchanin, without feeling that you have before you a man, half of whose life has been passed within hearing of the word *Kief*,† whilst, as

* Ernest Kish (who was condemned to death, and executed in October, 1848), was Colonel of the Hussar regiment *König von Hannover*. When King Ernest Augustus heard of his defection, he wrote to the Emperor a letter, the first words of which were: "That Kish was a fool I knew long ago; that he was a rascal I had yet to learn."

† *Kief* is the expression used to describe that state of entire, perfect repose and *bien-être*, which can only be felt to a similar degree by an Eastern, and which nothing can make a European comprehend. No Turk goes through his day

you glance at the animated bearing and somewhat restless eye of Stratimirowitch, you recognize at once *que l'Europe a passé par là*.

To his country's cause, Stratimirowitch has imolated everything. The fair, young wife, I told you of, she died, driven mad by the distant echoes of a battle, where she knew her husband to be engaged. At twenty-seven, the future opens wide; but a deep conviction must render holy the cause to which such sacrifices are brought.

without using the word, or could live without experiencing the thing.

CHAPTER XIV.

REBELLION AND REPRESSION.—HAYNAU.

THE Austro-Hungarian question divides itself historically into two distinct periods: the war between the Magyars and the Slavonic races, and that between Austria and Hungary; this latter divides itself again into two different portions, (the six months between the Vienna October insurrection, and the retaking of Ofen by Görgey, and the three which elapse from that moment until the capitulation of Villagosh,) so that morally and philosophically speaking, the entire period from March 1848 to October 1849, may be classed under the following heads: the Serbo-Slavonic movement under Stratimirowitch and Knitchanin joined together, and made into a vast unity under the Ban Jellacic, represents the defence, by a whole

people, of its insulted national rights and traditions ; the measures taken by Austria, during the last days of the Emperor Ferdinand's reign, and the first of the reign of Franz-Josef, represent the defence of sovereign authority against sedition ; and the events of the latter parts of the year 1849, in Hungary, represent the "last argument," force, employed to vanquish force, all other considerations being set aside. Jellacic signifies protestation ; Windischgrätz resistance ; Haynau repression.

Resistance may leave the offensive and defensive party upon the same level ; there is no absolute necessity for it to go further—but this is not the case with repression. This, when it becomes necessary, must be more than a mere repellant force, sending its adversary to a distance, but leaving him upright ; it must, its very name indicates it, press upon, and put down that against which it is to act. Repression has iron necessities of its own, which are, thanks be rendered to Providence, not the necessities of every day, but which, nevertheless, when they exist, must be obeyed like every other duty. Repression is no gentle work at any time, and those who, from conscientious submission to duty, exercise it, because it is imposed upon them by circumstance with his "crutch-like rod," and *must* be,—are infinitely more entitled to pity than to the manifestation of any other sentiment. It is hard enough for an honest man to

be *obliged* to deal hardly by his fellow-men, without having the motives whereby he is actuated called in question.

Kossuth and his adherents had shown considerable adroitness, in never, at first, allowing the Hungarian population to suppose that they were warring against their sovereign. On the contrary, up to the famous fourteenth of April, when, at Debreczin, obeying the revolutionary influence it was out of his power to combat, and certain visionary ideas of his own, he proclaimed the deposition of the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary, and declared the country to be constituted into a Republic—up to that day, Kossuth had pretended to be in insurrection against Ferdinand I. Emperor of Austria, out of hyper-loyalty to Ferdinand V. King of Hungary. He levied troops in the “King’s name,” for the “King’s service;” he swore the “King was not free;” (the old eternal story!) “we are fighting for the Emperor;” he even advanced upon some occasions, “who is forced to acts which are contrary to his own will.” Thousands were led on to battle under this pretext, who could not have been brought to stir by any other. The Hungarian regiments re-demanded by the Hungarian, and given up by the Austrian ministry, (!) saw in the very fact of this inexcusable cession to the Magyar authorities, a kind of proof of the truth of what Kossuth advanced, and they fought for months against the most faithful

subjects of the Crown, crying as they did so *Eljen a' Kiralj* ("God save the King!")* Later, when it came to the Dictatorship of Kossuth, the difference might easily have been seen, and the cries of *Eljen a' Kossuth!* though often loud and numerous, the produce of that easily excited enthusiasm I have

* When the officers of these regiments (often Austrians) applied to Count Latour to know whom they were to fight against, and what they were to do in this fraternal warfare, his reply invariably was: "Gentlemen, you must act according to your conscience." There was, in fact, no other direction to give in the fearfully confused state of affairs; but this led to many grievous occurrences. A friend of my own, a Viennese, a young man I had known from earliest youth, then barely twenty, and Premier-Lieutenant in a Hungarian regiment, received the answer I have mentioned. He was quartered on a Hungarian family of great distinction during the war against the Serbo-Slavonians, and things went on tolerably well, until one day at dinner, upon some question which arose, he put forth his quality of officer in the "*Imperial-Royal*" service as a reason for either doing or not doing something. Immediately the heir of the house exclaimed: "You are no longer an "*Imperial-Royal*" officer, but while you are in Hungary, simply and solely a *Royal* one!" The young Austrian, fired at this assertion and at the attack it supposed at his allegiance, "Whilst I live," retorted he, "I am *Kaiserlich-Königlich*," and the Emperor is my Sovereign and master!" Bitter words were used, and the result was an almost immediate duel in the grounds of the château, wherein the Austrian officer was unfortunate enough to kill his antagonist on the spot. Such cases were of constant occurrence.

already tried to depict, did not promise to those who knew the nation, and its character, any durable success to the republican scheme.

There are not wanting those who say that had Kossuth proclaimed Batthyanyi King of Hungary, the case might have stood very differently; but this, if it had secured to him the continued support of the genuine ultra-Magyars, whose aristocratico-royalist tendencies are instinctive and uneradicable, would have detached from him his own immediate party, the Radicals, whom he thought stronger than they were, because they made more noise, and the Poles, without whose aid, in an openly declared war against Austria, he was utterly powerless. Upon Dembinsky and Bem he was entirely dependent, and more so with each succeeding day; but this very dependence was a proof and a consequence of his having no longer absolute command over the Magyars. From the Diet of Debreczin, and from the fourteenth of April, dates the downfall of Kossuth.

But the worst error was the ever allowing things to go so far: the four or five months lost by the Imperial army, and put to such fatal profit by the insurgents. Here is the deplorable mistake committed by Prince Windischgrätz.

We have seen that, on the third of October, 1848, Jellacic was named by the Emperor head and chief, both in civil and military capacity, over all Hungary. This decree was never officially revoked, but, at the

same time, another appeared, whereby, on the sixteenth of the same month, Prince Windischgrätz was appointed Field-Marshal and Commander "of all the military forces of the empire, save and excepting only those which were under the orders of Marshal Radetzky." The Ban was consequently superseded in fact, and of course his plans for the campaign were subject to revision by a higher authority.

The twenty-five thousand men under the command of General Moga, whom the Magyars had despatched to the aid of their Viennese "brethren," were beaten at Swechat, before the definitive taking of Vienna. In the middle of November (the winter, too, which should not be forgotten, set in mildly) it would have been perfectly possible to begin the campaign, and every day gained was a fresh chance of success, considering the then unorganized state of the Hungarians; however, many reasons seemed to the Commander-in-Chief, *against* the advice of the Ban, to render delay advisable, and the operations were put off until the middle of December. Here was the first force given to the rebels; but this was slight in comparison to what followed.

On the fourteenth of December, the Marshal commenced proceedings; on the fifteenth, Jellacic had already his head-quarters at Bruck, and on the sixteenth, the corps under the orders of Baron Horvath, took possession of Ædenburg, the frontier town, between which and Pressburg lies the base of the

nearly equilateral triangle, of which Vienna is the apex. The whole army was overjoyed that, at last, what they had waited for so impatiently was come, and that there were some hopes of a progress *en avant*.

On the eighteenth, Pressburg was given up to the Imperial troops, and whilst the Marshal established his head-quarters at Karlbourg, on the road to Raab, he was to the right defended by the Ban, whose head-quarters were at Altenbourg, and to the left, towards the northern frontier, by the corps of General Simonich, at Tyrnau, and by the detached corps of General Goetz at Trentschin. The most considerable detached column was that commanded by General Schlik, and composed almost entirely of Galician regiments.*

In the first days of December, Schlik had left Cracow, and penetrating by the Pass of Dukla† to Bartfeld, had taken Eperiès. From thence, he determined to attack Kaschau, although Meszaros

* The position of General Schlik in Galicia will alone suffice to show what justice and good government may do towards conciliating the most adverse races. He was positively adored by the whole population of Cracow, both Ruthènes and Poles; and as a recompense for his kind treatment, the inhabitants petitioned that he should be allowed to remain amongst them.

† This Pass of Dukla is one of the principal points of defence upon the northern frontier, and forms the direct road through the Carpathian mountains, from Poland to Hungary.

was, as he was aware, opposed to him with a very superior force. The way in which Schlik took Kaschau has been recognized as one of the most brilliant *faits d'armes* of the campaign.

To shorten these details, however, Prince Windischgrätz, after taking Raab, on the 27th, with but little trouble, entered Buda-Pesth on the 5th of January, 1849, and took up his head-quarters at the royal palace. Here he might have learnt what could be achieved by promptitude, and by how much time was the most precious of all gains in this war. His march from Raab had been so rapid, that Kossuth and his tribe, who were busy publishing bulletins of imaginary victories, had barely time to escape, and take the road to Debreczin !

A glance at the map will suffice to show that never was campaign more advantageously begun, and never army placed in a better position for attacking its enemy successfully ; but upon condition that that attack should be immediate, and no time be awarded to the enemy to rally. Despatch was the one thing indispensable, and it was the only one that failed.

The entire country in the rear of the army was defended ; its right covered at Stuhlweissenburg, by Horvath's column and Count Althann, whose troops occupied the Forest of Bakonya, leading southwards towards the faithful Croatian frontier. Its left was protected northwards, as far as Trentschin, and along

the borders of the Waag, by Kempen's troops; a detached corps being, at the same time, in observation before the impregnable Comorn, and rendering its garrison useless to the rebels. The northern line had to support it, the corps under Schlik's orders upon the Galician frontier; whilst, towards the south-east, the border country was occupied by the Servian populations, whose hate for the Magyars we know. Bem, in Transylvania, and the Magyar forces in the Banat, and on the borders of the Thiess, there-upon were concentrated the chief hopes of the insurgents. Against the fortresses of Arad and Temeshvar, nothing could be done, for the two noble veterans, Berger and Rukawina, one nearly eighty, and the other just that age, the "two ancient eagles of Austria," as Zedlitz has called them, resisted every effort, and not only defied the insurgents, but contrived to maintain communications between the two towns they commanded.

Here, then, was the first error of Prince Windischgrätz, in a military point of view; the not immediately pursuing the rebels. The next was a political error, the not at once stopping the source of the insurrectionary supplies. So long as the revolutionary bank-notes, the "Kossuth notes," as they were called, remained current, of course the insurgents had ample means of obtaining everything they could require. Debreczin was the central point, whence they directed every effort, and where they accumulated every suc-

cour. Their means of procuring all they needed continuing unhindered, they lost no time; and soon arms, ammunition, stores of all sorts, were provided, troops levied, and strength gained, for either defence or attack, as the case might be.

Great was this double error on the part of Prince Windischgrätz, and disastrous were its consequences; but it is more than probable, that had the Marshal been left free to use his own better sense as a military tactician, he would not have committed any such grievous mistake. Here was the reason which made me say in a previous chapter, that to his too high sense of what a gentleman *ought* to be, were owing the greatest faults of the career of Prince Windischgrätz. The most unworthy means were employed to induce him to remain inactive. *Gentlemen* and *gentlewomen* entered into, and aided the manœuvre which succeeded but too well. High-born influential members of the Magyar aristocracy surrounded the Marshal, and assured him that it lay in *his* power to terminate the war, almost without bloodshed.

“Between *you* and *us* there can be no feud,” argued they, “*we* are of the same race—we think and feel alike—with *time* and *gentle handling* all will come right,”—and so with assurances and promises, *solemn* assurances, and *solemn* promises, words which when broken leave a stain behind, did the Magyar *noblesse* in Pesth contrive to mislead Prince Windischgrätz, and, taking his own honour,

his own incapability of deceit or disloyalty into their counsels, make him see in what was most fatal to the Imperial cause, the possibility of crowning that cause with victory. "*Conciliation!*" There was the hope deliberately given, whilst the most unquestionable treachery was being abetted, planned. Conciliation, indeed! Some show of it there certainly was in the saloons of the royal palace at Pesth, where the noblest Magyar Châtelaines all but did the honours of the Magyar capital to the Imperialists, who had entered it as conquerors.

"You should have seen the Countesses and Baronesses at their Dalilah work!" said to us, one day, a sturdy old Austrian General, who was present at all this. "It was maddening to see how they *took in* the Marshal, and how he confided in the asseverations and 'words of honour' of the whole crew, just because he could not believe that people so well born could be so false. There were *soirées*, and there was music, and flirting, and *tea!*" exclaimed he, with an accent of wrathful despair I shall never forget; for it seemed such a climax, such an aggravation of all the too-trusting Marshal's wrongs—"Tea!" he added, "a pretty time for tea, forsooth, when Kossuth was at Debreczin, and they" (namely, the aforesaid Countesses and Baronesses) "were keeping him up to all that was going on."

Well, the old General was right: it *was* a pretty time, in truth, for "tea!"

As I think I have already observed, somewhere before in the course of this work, "tea and toast" is often at the bottom of much plotting, and enters for a great deal into polite conspiracies; but this individual "tea and toast" of Buda-Pesth, and above all, this "tea and talk," cost Austria a mine of wealth and the luck of war.

It was incomprehensible, and no one could guess

what the army was about in Pesth. The Ban was impatient, the troops surprised; all wanted to follow up the insurgents, and no one could understand the reason for delay. Schlik, on hearing of the taking of Buda-Pesth, made so sure of what must happen immediately after, that he at once resolved upon assuming the offensive. Leaving Deym's brigade at Kaschau, he marched towards Tokay, and against Dembinsky. On the 25th of January, he reached Mishkoltz, and, without much difficulty, occupied Keresztur, but a short distance from Tokay. Now, Tokay is about two hundred and forty miles from Pesth, and about eighty from Debreczin. Had the two *corps d'armée* joined together, as General Schlik imagined they must do, the insurgents must have been inevitably crushed between them, and the war been ended, or nearly so, before the spring.*

Instead of this, it is, more or less, in every one's memory how, after time had been allowed them for their preparations, the rebels, instead of the purely defensive part they had been reduced to play in the beginning of the winter, began by degrees to take the offensive. When once they could do this, when once they were no longer forced to keep to their own defence, every advantage was on their side. They were at home, in the first place, against what was stigmatized as an invading army; they had numerically the advantage, for they had but to stretch out their hands, and, as almost invariably happens in these kind of wars, every man became a soldier.

* From Pesth to Debreczin, is about the same distance as from Pesth to Tokay. The points Tokay, Pesth, Debreczin form a perfect Isosceles triangle, of which the line between Tokay and Debreczin is the base. Had the operations of Prince Windischgrätz been what Schlik supposed they *must* be, the insurgents were crushed as between two prongs of a pitchfork.

There, where the Imperialists had to buy, the insurgents had only to take; men, horses, provisions, all belonged to them, as it were, of right; and the only thing, the failure of which might have checked their progress, money, was left to them in unlimited quantities. They had two extremely able commanders, Dembinsky and Bem; the latter, especially, worthy of being compared to many of Napoleon's best generals, at whose school indeed he had acquired his military science.

When the enemy had once begun to take decidedly the offensive, a very short time sufficed to show that matters were assuming a more serious aspect than had hitherto been believed; and the Austrian Government found it necessary to give a new direction to the operations of the army. Accordingly, after five months comparatively lost to the cause of the monarchy, Baron Welden was sent, in the month of April, to take the Commandership-in-Chief.

The rebellious army was at its highest point of luck. Bem, Dembinsky, Görgey, all were active, all were full of daring, and all were happy in their attempts; but the first torch of discord was already lighted amongst themselves. At the Convention of Debreczin, on the 14th of April, Kossuth had declared the deposition of the Emperor as King, and the future inaptitude of the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine to reign over Hungary. Nevertheless, at this moment, the Imperialists were in a very unfavourable situation. Pesth was evacuated, leaving Buda in the charge of General Hentzi, who, as we know, paid for this distinction, one month later, with his life; and the army, dividing its forces, was concentrated, one part of it, under the orders of Jellacic, upon the southern frontier; the other, to

the west, under Welden, who had no resource but to establish his head-quarters at Pressburg. Five fortified places only saw, throughout the whole country, the Imperial flag wave over them; and from one of these, Buda, that flag was, in a few weeks, to be torn down.

Kossuth was Dictator and President of the Republic. He had not yet had time to perceive the irreparable mistake he had been induced to commit, but conceived he had everything before him, and had moreover at his disposal nearly twenty millions of florins in money; he having been, for some months past, in the habit of obtaining coin, and forcing the acceptation of his notes by means of intimidation.

The circumstance which perhaps made the most startling impression of all, was the retaking of Buda from Hentzi, and the death of the latter. All was frightful in this event; the event itself, and the details of it. The fate of Colonel Allnoch, who, in order not to survive the surrender of the town, fired a powder-magazine with his own hand; the knowledge that, although but ten officers, and a hundred and sixty men had perished during the combat, four hundred had, in cold blood, fallen victims to the enemy; all this was calculated to colour the political horizon with very dark and threatening hues.

Baron Welden, it is said by many, felt himself unequal to the task imposed upon him by the Government, and retired. The Commandership-in-Chief was now given to Haynau, and an application was made to Russia to help in checking the further progress of rebellion.

Now things changed altogether, and it was evident that no more hesitation would be shown. It was, indeed, highly necessary not only that this should in

reality be the case, but that a general conviction that it was so should be established; for otherwise, even the Austrian troops themselves, staunch and indefatigable as they were, might have been exposed to a certain degree of discouragement. All fear of this, however, ceased from the moment Haynau took the command; and the certainty that he would "do or die," re-animated the army with irresistible vigour, and fitted it for any enterprise, however arduous. It is quite incontestable, that to Haynau's energy and determination, and to the great influence he exercised over his troops, is mainly due the ultimate defeat of the Hungarian rebellion.

Once more the Austrian troops, backed now by those of the Emperor Nicholas, took the offensive, and we have seen, how at Raab, General Schlik, with the young Emperor in person, made the fresh *entrée en campagne*. From Raab to Villagosh, as I said before, victories followed now in quick succession, and the Imperialists more than regained all that had been lost. The capitulation of Görgey at Villagosh was followed by that of Klapka at Comorn, and at the end of the three months' campaign, during which Haynau had exercised supreme command over the troops, the war was ended.* But now came the worst

* The Austrian officers had none but words of the greatest praise for the conduct of both Görgey and Klapka, in regard to the prisoners they made. Whilst Bem and Perczel treated the unfortunates who fell into their power with the most wanton ferocity, the prisoners of both these young Generals had no complaint to make. An old friend of my own negotiated the surrender of Comorn with Klapka, and said it was impossible not to be most favourably impressed by his whole manner and bearing. "The only thing which remains to me," said Klapka, during the very few minutes he was allowed to be alone with the Austrian and Russian negotiators, "is to give up the fortress, but I may be hung for it." This was quite true, for the spirit of party ran so high, that it required

of all ; that which necessarily follows Repression : Punishment, and this it was which fell to Haynau's lot, and which he accepted from a feeling of Duty.

I do not mean to represent Haynau as a lamb or a dove, I do not even mean to say that he has the same exquisite gentleness of disposition as Jellacic*—they are of a totally different character—but he is not by any means what he has been described to be. Haynau is far, very far, from cruel. He is of an energetic determined nature, and a slave to what he conceives to be his duty, but utterly incapable of the melodramatic ferocities that have been so liberally laid to his charge. He is universally beloved by his troops, for the minute attention he pays to their slightest wants, and for his strong and undeviating sense of justice. Had Haynau not been supported in his firm determination to do what was absolutely necessary (however unfortunately so) by the testimony of his own upright conscience, he must have sunk under the task, for it was a hard, and, if every breath of public opinion were to be attended to, an ungrateful one ; but when he accepted it, he knew that a great sacrifice must be made, and he made it ; he was perfectly well aware that in all similar cases, those

all the young chieftain's energy and determination to preserve order, and prevent the commission of the most fearful excesses. When the conference was ended : "Would you like to see your countrymen?" asked Klapka, and, upon the affirmative answer, twenty-eight Austrian prisoners were introduced, who, as I said before, could not sufficiently praise the treatment they received. "I can never say enough of Klapka's gentle, courteous bearing, or of his loyal, gentleman-like conduct," said the Austrian commanding officer to whom I have alluded.

* To show the spirit in which the Ban undertook and prosecuted the war against the Magyars, his proclamations will suffice. Many of them have never been published out of the country. See Appendix.

who punish are ruthlessly denominated executioners, and exposed to the execration of that portion (by far the largest) of the public, who takes no trouble but to condemn, not caring one straw whether the condemnation be a just one or not. Though he might not perhaps foresee that a French poet, whose early labours were devoted to the task of rendering crime amiable in his works, would one day, in his infinite ignorance, associate his name with that of the execrable Marat,* Haynau yet expected no favour from his contemporaries, but submitted to accomplish his duty in contempt of popularity.†

I have never been quite able to understand why,—so much pity having been poured forth upon the fate of Batthyanyi, and so much abuse upon him whose

* M. Victor Hugo, in one of his last *Socialist* speeches.

† There is hardly a possibility of conceiving anything more difficult than the position of the ministry of Austria in the face of these military commanders who have just saved the country, but who cannot, in a regular state of things, be regarded as adapted to the work of *governing* it. Here, in this arduous passage from military rule to civil authority, will be the test of Prince Schwarzenberg's political capacity; and I have not the least doubt that, backed by his extraordinary force of will, which alone can aid him at such a juncture, he will, at the cost of some momentary unpopularity, secure for himself in his way in this respect, the place of one of the most distinguished ministers a sovereign ever had. Still there is, in the *manner* of Haynau's dismissal, something that must shock, and, indeed, revolt every one who knows how immense the services rendered by Haynau have been.

lot it was to condemn him,—some portion of the former sentiment was not also accorded to Eugène Zichy, and why a little of the latter was not vented also upon Görgey. The cases were very nearly parallel, except that the execution of Count Zichy was a wholly arbitrary act, and that the consequences of Zichy's conduct (whether treasonable or not) were as nothing compared to the results of Batthyanyi's weak, culpable ambition. Zichy was seized by Görgey's orders, brought before a court-martial, presided over by the latter, accused of high treason against the nation, and of having secreted treasures wherewith to enable the Ban to defray the expenses of his army, thereupon sentenced to death, and forthwith hung.

The next day appeared at the street-corners of Pesth the following placard: "So suffer traitors! Count Zichy, late Administrator of the County of Stuhlweissenburg, was yesterday, as the associate and abettor of traitors against his country, hung with a cord in the Island of Csepel, at half-past eight o'clock!" When Schütte speaks of this event he says: "From this moment the name of Görgey was popular, and the eyes of Kossuth were now directed towards him."* And yet, fearful as this sudden execution seems, I have never heard the abuse that has been vented upon Haynau attach to the name of Görgey, whose pro-

* "Ungarn und der Ungarische Unabhängigkeits Krieg," by Schütte, Vol. II.

clamation, I must say resembles to my mind far too much, the few deadly words the mysterious judges of the *Heilige Vehme* used, in the middle ages, to affix to trees in dark forest-*carrefours*, announcing the execution of a sentence; or those by which the Spanish bandit of our days informs the traveller that at such a spot, beneath such a wooden cross sleeps a murdered man. It wants the solemnity of justice, the deep mournful gravity by which alone so dread an act as the taking of human life ought to be accompanied.

The death of Batthyanyi is fearful as is that of Zichy—all such deaths are horrible, and stand foremost amongst the desolations of civil war; but *if* ever death was merited for treason (I lay a peculiar stress upon the word *if*)—it was so in the case of Count Batthyanyi, for the consequences of his treason had been the ruin of a whole nation.* That treason is

* The circumstances put forth in the act of condemnation should not be forgotten: the letter of the 17th of September to Pulszky, in Vienna, sending him money “*to create sympathies for the Hungarians;*” the fact of his (Batthyanyi’s) having come from Vienna to Eödenburg in the night of the 5th or 6th of October, and having, in the latter place, observed to the witnesses, who deposed upon his trial, that “*it had cost him considerable trouble to get the Viennese well peppered*” (*bis Sie aufgepfeffert worden*). All this, coupled with the fact of his having, on the 7th of October, announced to a friend the death of Latour in these words: “The rascal, Latour, is already hung; *now our affairs are looking up in*

a crime harshly dealt with even in these countries, which evince the liveliest sympathies for the traitors of other lands, history will amply show,—we in England need look no further than Lord Edward Fitzgerald—but that treason, being a crime calling for the last rigours of the law, Batthyanyi should have been spared, is an impossible assumption.

Be it as it may, it is always horrible, and these are the dread necessities which constitute the peculiar awfulness of civil war; but that he who is forced by duty to condemn is much less to be pitied than he who is condemned is what I cannot admit. We should be guarded in denying a duty merely because it is a sterner one than we could ourselves fulfil.

Hungary!” should be borne in mind, and treason may scarcely seem to be the worst of Batthyanyi’s crimes.

CHAPTER XV.

ANARCHY AND ABSOLUTISM—THE CZAR AND
KOSSUTH.

IF there ever was a time in which it was necessary to understand clearly the meaning of each expression, it is the present; such a vast abuse has been made of words, speech has been so misused for the worst ends and vilest purposes that the sense of uncultivated, discourse-stunned populations, has been bewildered and perverted, and they have been made to obey dictates, the meaning of which they did not even comprehend. "Progress," "Liberty," "Equality," and a hundred others, are words that have turned to flame; and with the cry of "fraternity," thousands have butchered one another.

One of the most renowned of European statesmen related to me the following anecdote: Being one day in company with an English Secretary of State, the latter asked him what his opinion was of Jellacic.

“ He is a prodigious rascal,” was the reply, “ a most consummate and dangerous rascal (the interrogator stared as he listened). A Jew, with all the defects of the race ; if he is not hung already, he will inevitably be so one day !”

“ That is your opinion of Jellacic ?” asked the astounded Englishman—“ of the Ban ?”

“ Of whom ?” retorted his interlocutor, with considerable anxiety ; and upon the name of the Ban being repeated—

“ The Ban is a hero, and has saved the whole Austrian monarchy,” said he. “ I had understood Jellinek instead of Jellacic, and thought you wished to receive information upon the score of a man who, as I told you, is an undeniable rascal ;—*Le tout est de s’entendre*,” continued the celebrated statesman, as he related the circumstance ; “ and if it had not been for a mere chance, Lord * * * * might have remained convinced I had said one thing, when I had said another.”

Le tout est de s’entendre ! it is indeed all.

With the word Revolution you may frighten out of their wits any given number of narrow-minded, short-witted, grave politicians, *hommes sérieux*, as the French call them, who look upon government as a kind of treadmill, and go on tramp, tramp, and stump, stumping along, as though they were condemned by the hour to this monotonous work. They turn

and turn till they grow muzzy, and as with unskilled waltzers, the only resource against giddiness, would be a turn in the contrary sense; but upon this, they will not venture.

Now, Revolution in its true sense, is nothing more than this: A turn in the sense contrary to that in which you have hitherto been turning; and it ought always, to have any beneficial effects, to come from the superior and guiding power, which alone is capable of turning without *overturning*.

Our present reading of the word Revolution is an utterly false one; what we decorate with the name is the victory of anarchy, the endeavour to overthrow. This misapprehension of terms would not much signify, and it would be of small consequence whether Proudhon and Co. were delivered over to public execration and contempt under the name of Revolutionists, or under any other, if that false fright of the misinterpreted word Revolution did not lead to such grievous errors on the part of those whose province it is to govern and to guide.

The greatest Revolution (in its real sense) of our age is perhaps the Constitution of the 4th of March in Austria. Some of its details may lay it open to discussion, the *manner* adopted by such and such a particular ministry in *executing* these points of detail may be thought unadvised, blameable even—but the Constitution itself does not the less, on that account,

remain the greatest monument of re-volution in Europe, the most complete *turn in the contrary sense* that we have yet witnessed. Tell that to the Conservatives (good heavens! what is it they would preserve?) of France, and see how they will start at the idea of destroying for instance the recruiting system—the very first of all necessities, perhaps—and then see how their card-built strongholds are blown away, and how the spirit of anarchy builds up its throne on their imbecile terrors and on their obstinate refusal to understand what a re-Volution means (for that is the real way to spell the word).

Another word equally misunderstood is that of Absolutism. With this you may scare half Europe, for against the phantom this expression calls up, unite not only those whose object it is to mislead, but the immense mass of the misled, and the equally immense mass of those who ought to know better. I know no word in the vocabulary so powerful, or so prolific in its effects, as this word Absolutism. It has a perfectly magical action, and wherever it is pronounced, you would think you saw in its train all the grim shadows of every tyranny, past, present, and to come; the terrors of the Inquisition, the mysterious *conseil des dix*, the secret tribunal, all seem to congregate round it to render it worthy of abhorrence. And why? from a misapprehension of the term, which is so simple that one would really think,

if ever word might dispense with commentaries, it is this one.

Absolutism is held to represent oppression in all its most hateful forms and shapes, whereas it simply means adherence to a fixed principle, the recognition of that *which is*, and which being absolute (therefore also infinite and eternal) cannot be changed or influenced by circumstance. Absolutism may be for good or evil, may spring from right or wrong (only that wrong being multiform and right uniform, if proceeding from the latter it soon loses its absolute character and ceases to be), and the French Anarchists or Revolutionists as they are called of '93 were some of them incontestible Absolutists; Saint Just, for instance, whose life was too short for him to fall into contradiction with himself, was as great an Absolutist as Joseph de Maistre, and in our times there are few men who approach nearer to Absolutism than Proudhon. Right *is*, therefore duty *is*; right is absolute, it is *one*, it is eternal and infinite, and the genuine Absolutist, *as such*, is bound to its service. Wrong being merely that which is *not* right (that is, essentially a negation), cannot of its nature be absolute, but those who, amongst its worshippers, obey certain intuitive and mis-directed tendencies towards Absolutism, give to the negation a place it cannot keep, they adore an idol instead of a god, and thus become, as I said before, Absolutists in wrong.

Nothing of all this however is the fault of the word itself, which is "a good word enough" (I dare say, reader, you wish it were abolished for having caused this chapter!), nor is there, any more than in the word Revolution in its true sense, anything which should justify the fear and hate in which it is held.

Of this war between the two principles, the affirmative and negative, nothing in our age gives a more palpable example than the late events of the insurrection in Hungary of last year. It is no longer the army of the Magyars against Haynau or Paniutine, it is Kossuth against the Czar, Anarchy against Absolutism, in its real sense. There is a strange kind of poetry about this contest, and as you watch it, you cannot avoid individualizing the contending forces.

There they are—call them Saint George and the Dragon if you choose, the name is all one,—but it is the combat of conviction against the "spirit who always denies," as Mephisto' has it.

Kossuth at Kápolna invokes the aid of "the God of Arpad," and at Pesth, in the midst of the assembly of patriots, exclaims: "If heaven cannot or will not give us help, we must obtain it from h—!"*

* I do not accuse Kossuth of having really believed the

“*Nobiscum Deus!*” cries the Emperor Nicholas, “*audite populi et vincemini quia nobiscum Deus!* Attend! Ye shall vanquish *because God is with us!*”

You may not like the Emperor Nicholas, I dare say you do not—you of course hold him for the incarnation of tyranny, and it would be worse than useless to attempt proving to you how thoroughly you are mistaken; but, like him or not, no one, unless Hecker and Struve—bitten, or suffering under the *morbus democraticus*, to which I have already alluded—can deny that, in the late European events, his influence has been a moral and religious one, opposed to one essentially immoral and impious.

The proof that this is the case, is the persevering hate and the instinctive fear with which all the anarchists, to whatever portion of the globe they belong, and the atheists regard the “Cossack”-Emperor. Three days ago a species of madman, an *homme de lettres*, is condemned in Paris to five years imprisonment for a composition, such as it would be difficult for even the “Red” refugees of Switzerland to

infernal powers would come to his aid; but merely of having employed this melodramatic invocation as a means of exciting still more his most excitable countrymen. There is something in this kind of “*Hilf Samiel*”—incantation, *à la Freischütz*, which acts vastly upon their Tartaric organizations.

surpass in subversiveness and impiety, and the first words of which are :

“Nargue aux Rois et nargue *aux Cosaques* !”

After repeating in a following verse :

“Les Cosaques sont à nos portes,”

the poem ends by the following praiseworthy sentiments, the carrying into execution of which they are afraid the “Cossacks” may prevent (*et indè iræ !*)

“Eh bien ! soit ! que la boucherie
Soit ouverte à tous les drapeaux !
Allons ! place ! . . . La Jacquerie
Pour bannière à ses oripeaux !
Pour la moisson qu’attend le maître ?
Les pleurs sont un trop faible engrais,
C’est du sang qu’il nous faut y mettre,
*Le sang fait mûrir le progrès !”**

Kossuth had accepted his *rôle* of rebel in right good earnest, and sought to surround himself as much as possible with the dark splendours of a fallen angel. I say his *rôle*, because I believe that throughout Europe there never was a more highly gifted actor than this man. We have seen many comedies enacted on the

* See the Appendix at the end of the volume. This infamous production is exceedingly curious, as it proves, for the hundredth time, by its invocations to Kossuth, Bem, Mazzini, &c., the freemasonry and spiritual community of these brothers in disorder all over the world.

continent within the last two years—Ledru Rollin forced to be a Brutus, and swear at the tribune that he was ready to “give his life,” for the Republic,(!) Hecker with his *alt-deutsch* costume, Garibaldi with his hair and beard *à l’apôtre*, and Marrast, refusing to rise from his knees during the entire mass, celebrated for the *fête de la Constitution*, were all, in their way, portions of the vast comedy; but I do not think that anything ever approached the solemn farce played by Kossuth at Stuhlweissenburg, when, entering the Synagogue upon the Sabbath (Saturday), he announced that he was there to crave pardon of the Jews for the injuries done to their race during so many hundred years by the Christians in general, and by his own nation especially!!!

It was a part of Kossuth’s policy to secure the sympathies of Israel, and he was the first who, in answer to a deputation sent to him early in the revolutionary period, promised a full and entire and unconditional emancipation of the Jewish race in Hungary.

It would lead to perfectly erroneous conclusions, if the Jews in Germany generally, but particularly those in Austria and Hungary, were to be judged from the examples we in England see of well-educated Israelites. The nearer you approach to the East, the more the Jew takes the character Shakespere has given him in the “Merchant of Venice,” and Shylock is in no respects an overdrawn picture of many an Hungarian

Jew. Their hate of the Christians broke forth upon every occasion, and the Hungarian press, which ceaselessly stimulated the Magyars (though they needed no such stimulus) by its frightful language to deeds of violence and shame, was very principally in the hands and under the guidance of the Jews. This was another cause of disunion between the aristocratic party and Kossuth, and the high-born haughty Magyar was inflamed with inward rage against his democratic associate (rage only the more unforgiving that he did not dare manifest it), when he beheld the object of his worst contempt, the Jew, actually strutting about the streets of Buda-Pesth in the splendid and privileged attire of a Hungarian nobleman! The Jews had imagined this insult the very bitterest they could inflict; and in the month of March, 1848, many of them might be seen walking out in broad day in the attila and kalpak of the Magyar, with the training sabre clinking at their heels.

To appreciate the enormity of this circumstance, the *Juden-quartier* of the Hungarian towns (whither, before their new liberties, Jews were obliged at a certain hour of night to repair) should be seen; the countenances of the race, as it there exists, studied; and then it should be asked what the descendants of our aristocratic houses would think, if in the streets of Madras or Jamaica they were suddenly to see start up before their eyes a dozen palanquin-bearing blacks equipped in the uniform of British regiments,

and having the right to parade about in this costume. No contempt that an East or West Indian Englishman can have for a "nigger" can surpass that of a Magyar for a Jew.

The *Schand Presse* (Press of Infamy), as it has been styled, of Pesth, was, to be sure, something which almost surpassed in mad wickedness even the anarchical journals of the Parisian *rouges*. The latter ask for murder *en masse*, whilst the former in many cases designated the individuals who were to be consigned to vengeance. For instance, in the newspaper called *Der Wahrer Ungar* (the true Hungarian), might be read on the 12th of October, 1848, the following article:

"In one moment all the furrows which over-solicitude for our dear country caused to gather on our brow have been cleared away. The news of these few last days from Vienna have penetrated like a flash of lightning to our inmost soul. Nemesis has arisen again, and, stretching forth her vengeful hand, has *delivered* us from a man who watered the tree of our freedom with poison. And in vain—oh! all in vain dost thou, Jellacic, fortify thyself around—thou sinful instrument of infamous intrigue! The scourge of God will overtake thee. Even the *despised* Jew-boys in the streets are rejoiced, and sell their printed wares with the exulting cry of *Latour hangs already!* adding prophetically, *and Jellacic*

will soon hang too ! May this prophecy be fulfilled ! ! !"

This was by no means an isolated specimen of what the *Schand Presse* was capable of ; such articles came out by tens, twenties, and hundreds, and a supplementary sheet to a journal entitled the *Patriot*, headed by these words :

" Blood ! more blood !"

excited no sensation of horror, but was eagerly bought and read.

Hate was at the bottom of all. Hate of the Christians on the part of the Jews, hate of all *not* Hungarians on the part of the Magyars, hate of all possession and all distinction on the part of the anarchists under Kossuth, and bitter undying hate against the Austrian Government on the part of Kossuth himself. His imprisonment, which lasted three years, had left in him a fierceness of hatred, which nothing short of the entire destruction of Austria could assuage, and in the most frenzied Hungarianism, in the ultra-Magyarism as it was entitled, he found the lever which would best help him to his ends.

That Kossuth had very great, very remarkable powers of eloquence, cannot be denied ; but it must also be remembered upon what a population of hot-headed, wild enthusiasts he had to act, and how

utterly unscrupulous he was as to the means he employed to excite the enthusiasm necessary for his purposes; how perfectly indifferent it was to him what were the chords he touched, so long as they but vibrated only. As to his political capacity, it will suffice to read Klapka's recently published Memoirs, and some of the letters addressed by Bem to the Dictator, to see that that has been vastly over-rated by his followers, and that not only he wanted clear judgment to foresee events, but that when they were there, he wanted the decision wherewith to meet them.*

Kossuth, as an agitator, was far more dangerous from the character of the people he had to agitate, than from his own talents. This character he had fathomed deeply, knew accurately, and his greatest proof of superiority of intelligence lay in the manner in which he profited by his intimate knowledge of the Magyars.

There was no comedy he did not play, no part he did not assume, and they all succeeded with this eminently theatrical people—as far as that goes, more fond of *spectacle* and representation than even the French.

* A very curious letter has appeared in the *Augsburger Zeitung*, under the date of the 26th of June, 1850, signed by Szemere, one of the members of the Batthyanyi-Kossuth Ministry, in which he plainly reveals Kossuth's political incapacity.

On the 8th of October he presents himself before a popular assembly, clad in a simple Honved's costume, full of patient suffering, and bowing down, as it were, in mock humility to the insult levelled at him by the Imperial manifesto, wherein he was very justly styled traitor, at the same time, however, that he causes a hussar, who had not paid military honours to Madame Kossuth, to be gratified with twenty-five strokes of a cane ! Once he tries the effect of royalty, and appears at the balcony of the *Rath Haus* of Pesth, enveloped in the mantle of the Magyar kings ; another time he has recourse to simplicity, and tries a touch of the unadorned sublime—merely saying to the Diet these words : “ I ask two hundred thousand soldiers, and all the money required for their keep.”

Illness, occasioned by overwrought enthusiasm, he often employs, and few things had more decided success than the sight of the sufferings caused to this inspired champion by the overwhelming force of his patriotism.

“ In Vienna,” cries he, “ they are counting the days on which they cannot murder a Magyar. Oh ! my dear fellow-citizens ! this is the way in which free men are always looked upon by tyrants ! You stand alone—will you struggle ?” . . . And then, he totters, turns pale, and sinks back, gracefully overcome, into the arms of two men who support him under the weight of his emotions ! And all this succeeds !

Succeeds beyond even his hopes, and he is obliged to *refuse* the royal palace of Pesth, as a residence, and the *Liste Civile* of the Palatine ! and he hesitates at accepting a hundred thousand florins a year, which his grateful public persists in forcing upon him !

“ *Que voulez vous ?*” said a personage belonging to the *corps diplomatique*, with whom we were talking over this *furor* created by Kossuth. “ *C’est toujours le même peuple qui lorsqu’un pianiste réussit, lui donne un sabre !*”*

* Some five or six years ago, the Magyars in Pesth, driven wild with enthusiasm for Liszt, presented him with a sabre !

CHAPTER XVI.

STYRIA AND THE ARCHDUKE JOHN.

ON the 27th September, of the year of grace 1673, His Majesty the Emperor Leopold I. set out from Vienna, in order to meet at Gratz his Imperial cousin, the Archduchess Claudia Felicia, of Tyrol, to whom he was betrothed, and who had left Innsbruck, on the 21st day of the same month, to join her august bridegroom at Gratz, where the nuptial ceremony was to take place.

Six whole days did the Imperial "progress" endure, and six pages would be nothing to describe all the incidents of the journey: how, on the 1st of October, His Majesty sent Count Colloredo to Saint-Veit, in Carinthia, to "compliment" the illustrious bride; how, on the 7th (four days after his arrival in

Gratz), his Majesty did exactly the same thing, despatching first Count Breuner, next Count Cettingen, then Count Dietrichstein, afterwards Prince Lobkowitz; and lastly, Count Lamberg; all "*zum becomplimentiren*:" how the illustrious "*becomplimentirte*" gave audience to the messengers of her Lord; and how, in Eggenberg, on the 14th October, the Land-Marshal, Count Saurau, delivered, in her presence, a passing pretty speech, *eine Zierliche Rede*: and how, on the 15th, the future Empress entered Gratz by the Mur Faubourg, having been exactly twenty-five days in coming from Innsbruck to Gratz, a distance of some three or four hundred miles.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, when the Imperial Claudia Felicia made her entry into Gratz; and the evening shadows, just beginning to fall, were invaded by the light of unnumbered torches; and the evening stillness was broken by the ringing of bells, the firing of guns, the shouts of the crowd, and the din made by the trumpeters and kettle-drummers. Such a lot of them as there were! After the carriages, containing the big-wigs of the province, came the provincial trumpeters and kettle-drummers; after the carriage of the Prince of Eggenberg, again the trumpeters of the Court, with their kettle-drums and drummers; and immediately preceding the unfortunate ladies of honour (how they must have been stunned!), the Imperial body-guard,

with its *Trompetern und Paukern*, the eternal trumpeters and kettle-drummers !

Well, with all that (which it absolutely deafens one only to read) I have but little to do,—the part of this Imperial journey which interested me was the one entire week, required by the Emperor Leopold to accomplish in the seventeenth century that which we in the nineteenth, achieved in one night, notwithstanding the three feet of snow upon the ground,—a most tremendous *Schnee Verwehung*.

Heavens ! if the Imperial Claudia Felicia could see us ! thought I, as we dashed, fuming and blazing away, into the terminus at Gloggnitz ;—it was worse than the *Trompetern und Paukern*.

Of all the lovely “ bits ” of mountainous scenery I know, nothing is more perfect than the Pass of the Semmering. It is, as it were, enframed for the especial usage and delight of travellers ; a pocket epitome of the Alpine world of rock, hill, torrent and wood ; a sort of diamond edition of Switzerland to be “ got through ” in three hours. I have seen it at all times and in all weathers ;—when the snow wraps its pines in spotless draperies, and its frozen waterfalls hang like white beards upon the face of the rocks, and when the warm breath of May lures back the Alpine Flora to her haunts ; when the blue radiance of the moon fills its deep dark valleys with pale phantoms, and calls strange shadow-shapes from

every chasm and every crag, and when the bright sun laughs on high in the blue heavens, waking perfume and song in every breeze, on every bough ;— and ever and always is the Semmering beautiful ;— a meet passage from the fertile Danube-watered plains of Lower Austria to the wild chamois-stalked hills of snow-crowned Styria. You enter this most graceful of all mountainous regions through the Semmering, as through a keyhole—it is in fact the keyhole of Styria ; at the end of the village preceding the Pass on the Gloggnitzer side, the road is hemmed in between two giant cliffs, one of which is surmounted by a castle belonging to the family of Clam, an old keep which frowns defiance upon the passers-by beneath. Once you have darted through the great granite lock, to which I allude, you are in another world—the busy life of man is left behind you, and the life of nature lies before.

I can understand the Archduke John and his love for these lands. He is, every inch of him, a mountaineer. His early years were—whenever he could dispose of himself,—spent upon “ the hill ;” he wore the attire of a *Wildschütz*,* and amongst the *Wildschützen* he had his home ; he partook of their sports and occupations, and shared in their misfortunes when darker days came. He fought with Hofer for the freedom of Tyrol, and with such as Hofer did not disdain to break bread and drink

* Literally, a shooter of game.

mountain wine, or mountain milk as the case might be. After a long day's shooting, many and many are the times when, with gun on shoulder, the Imperial huntsman, known to every creature that had life, and popularized under the name of *Hannes*,* would stay his course at the door of some peasant's hut, and entering, take his place with the peasant's family round the board spread for the evening meal. It is easy to conceive how he is adored by these simple and stalwart sons of the mountain. Nor is the feeling an unreciprocated one. The Archduke John draws his very breath of life from the hills; without their free air he could not exist.

He came to Vienna last winter, and had hardly arrived, when he set out to present himself before the Emperor. Close to the Burg he met Franz-Josef, who, on the other hand, was *en route* to pay a visit to his illustrious uncle. The Archduke descended from his carriage, and taking the youthful monarch's hand, "No!" said he, "this cannot be—you are my Emperor, the first mark of respect is due from me to you," and they returned together to the palace.

"I have for fifty years served your grandfather and your uncle," said the Archduke, as he took leave of Franz-Josef, "and I will serve you as I served them; whenever you want my mountaineers and me, say but the word, and both are to be relied upon!"

The Emperor's first present to him during the two

* The abbreviation of *Johann* in the mountain dialect.

days he passed in Vienna, was the *brévet de Comtesse*, for Madame de Brandhof, his wife, now Comtesse de Méran.

These verdant hills of gay Tyrol have witnessed many a romantic tale of princely love, and Méran Ambras and Brandhof, echo yet to the names of Agnes, Philippine, and Nanny. The two last have the same history, and the fair maid of Augsburg and her Ferdinand* were not happier than is John of Austria with his gentle wife, the postmaster's daughter of Aussee. Agnes of Méran left her father's sunny towers,† and died a victim to the storm against which her royal lover could not make head.

Whether, in the absence of *the One*, and when solitude has surrounded her in her retreat of Méran, no sigh has ever been wafted by the night-wind to the ears of the Baroness Brandhof from the former tenant of these ancient walls, so much less fortunate than she!

When the Archduke had determined to espouse his "Nanny," of course many were the friends who opposed, and tried to persuade him to listen "to

* The Archduke Ferdinand of Austria (son of the Emperor Ferdinand I.), Duke of Burgundy, and Count of Tyrol, married a *bourgeoise* of Augsburg, of the name of Philippine Welser. Their residence until her death, in 1550, was the Castle of Ambras, in Tyrol.

† Méran is a small town on the borders of the Adige, not far from the Italian frontier of Tyrol.

reason," as it is in such cases called. Amongst others, Baron H. was one of the foremost, and he even undertook to write a letter of four pages to his Imperial Highness, to induce him to change his resolution, which letter the Prince answered by another, "wherein," as Baron H. himself expresses it, when he tells the story, "he requested me to mind my own business."

The marriage was concluded; and some months after, Baron H. was invited to a dinner in Vienna, whereat was also, to assist, Madame de Brandhof. Hearing this, he observed to the master of the house that he had best take the Baroness's orders upon the subject, for that perhaps she might not choose to meet him. This was done, and the answer brought was, that Madame de Brandhof would always be most happy to meet any friend so sincerely attached to the Archduke, and so highly valued by him as was Baron H. When they met, Madame de Brandhof succeeded in charming her former opponent by all she said and did, and by the peculiar kindness she showed to himself; as though to efface completely from his mind the idea that she could bear any ill-will towards him. On leaving the house where he had dined, the Baron flew off to the palace of the Archduke John, where he had ever been a welcome guest; and so soon as the first greetings were over:

"I have come to make an *amende honorable* to

the Baroness Brandhof, in the person of your Imperial Highness," said Baron H——; "and I quite understand now your having resisted us all: she is very charming."

"*Ja! lieber Freund,*" replied the Archduke, with a gentle smile; "she has the chamois' own eyes" (*die Gemsaugen!*)

The expression is an apt one; and never had chamois of the Alps browner, brighter, purer eyes than those, whence, for so many years, have beamed forth changeless love and truth for John of Austria.

A boy of eleven years of age, the Count de Méran, is the offspring, the only one, of this most happy, however unequal, union. He promises, in many respects, to resemble his illustrious father; and now, even in childhood, he rivals the most experienced huntsman in bringing down a chamois, and the most skilful *Bergkletterer** in discovering the haunts of the game.

"How is the Countess Méran?" asked of the Archduke a friend of mine, at his passage this winter through Vienna.

"*Danke!*" answered the Prince, with his accustomed hearty simplicity, "*Mei' Weib geht's gut und 'm Bua' a'.*"—"My wife's quite well, and so's the young 'un." That is somewhere about the translation; but it cannot render the peculiar quaintness of the speech—the *accent* of it, above all.

If the Archduke John had been an ambitious man, he might, as I have said before, have placed upon his head, in the month of July, '48, the Imperial Crown of the new United German Empire; but this would have been, in

* A hill-clamberer.

the first place, quite opposed to his ideas of honesty and duty, to the Austrian House even, and perfectly contrary to all his inclinations and tastes.

When he accepted the arduous office imposed upon him, of *Reichsverweser* of the Empire, as when he consented to become the representative of the Emperor Ferdinand at the Diet of Vienna, he did both from a strong and profound sense of duty, just as he would have marched forth at the head of an army, if it had pleased the sovereign and his advisers to impose upon him military command.

The Archduke is eminently simple and unambitious, as all his life has shown. He is straightforward, as was his brother, the Emperor Francis; but with liberal tendencies of a very strongly marked kind. He is not a statesman; but his honest uprightness, and his exceedingly conciliatory spirit, made him perhaps the most fitted of any Prince in Germany for the position awarded to him in Frankfort, and certainly the one likely to do the least harm in so very trying and delicate a situation.

I believe, in spite of all that the *ultra* Austrian party affirm to the contrary, that things being as they were, and no proper measures having been adopted to prevent what happened, the Archduke John rendered a very important service by his conduct in Frankfort; and that whatever he did arose from the deepest conscientiousness on his part, no one denies. That he is happier now, in the midst of his Styrian home, and of those who give to that home its intimate charm, than he has been for the last two years, it needs no stretch of fancy to admit. At his present age, though near upon the completion of his

seventieth year, the tall, upright figure of the Archduke may still often be seen foremost amongst the hunters of the Alps; and days and weeks even still elapse during which the descendant of the Hapsburgs is out chamois-stalking upon the towering summits and bleak crests of his native hills.

When not at Brandhof or Méran, the Archduke chiefly inhabits Gratz, where he leads a retired life, surrounded by as little as possible of the state and etiquette thought so indispensable to princes.

Within the last year or so, Gratz has been decapitated by the grammarians. Long lasted the contest, and bitterly was waged the war between the learned. All sorts of authorities were invoked in order to prove that Gratz ought to be written Grätz, and, in virtue of the two modifiers of its central letter, be pronounced Gretz; and as many authorities were adduced to establish the undeniability of the contrary. It became a serious question; and amongst the most determined supporters of the new system was the celebrated Baron Hammer Purgstall, the greatest Orientalist of our age.

Letters without end did he write upon the subject, but the transmission of these letters to the person charged with taking them to the post, devolved upon a facetious relation of the Baron's, who invariably before sending away the missives, replaced the head upon Gratz's shoulders, so that these momentous epistles, which from one end to the other demanded the suppression of the double accent, arrived to their astonished receivers with the most manifest mark of inconsistency

on their outside covering, the protestation on their envelope against every word of their contents! Never were *savants* so sorely perplexed. But their perplexity was nothing to Baron Hammer's when he was appealed to upon the subject. It was inconceivable! Could he be dreaming—doting? Did he write in his sleep? And then, in his innocence, he applied to the mischievous author of the whole, as to a guard against his own possible distractions; and the sly wag assured him (as well he might), that his spelling was unexceptionable, and that not a letter came into his hands but was pure from everything in the shape of those villainous dots; and yet no sooner was the letter received, than the dots were there again.

What revenge Baron Hammer took upon his mischievous tormentor in the end, is more than I can tell; but I believe the dots were condemned and abolished, and the “head and front” of orthographical Gratz taken off, before he discovered by what witchcraft the aforesaid dots found their way upon the covers of his letters.

Gratz is a town dear to the learned in many respects, and endless are the scientific and particularly archeological works written upon it in all languages.

Gratz for some years, besides being the home of the Archduke John, was inhabited by the royal daughter of a more southern clime, the Duchesse de Berry; and the learned within its walls found means of distinguishing themselves upon one occasion, with regard to this Princess and her Imperial cousin, by one of those solecisms men of science will sometimes commit.

Gratz had been chosen as the spot where the *congrès des savants* from all parts of Europe was to be held. At the close of their labours a grand banquet was given, at which the Archduke John was requested to preside, and which the Duchesse de Berry, as one of the most liberal and intelligent protectresses art and science ever had, was besought to honour with her presence.

The hour came, and with it the two illustrious guests, who strictly adhered to *la politesse des Rois*. But there was no place left—*il pleuvait des savants partout*, as the gentleman said, who recounted to us the history—they filled up every chink and cranny, and not a corner remained vacant. Moreover, too, the “business of the day” was undergoing such active discussion, that they had not even time to dispute, but were as hard at work as though they were the very hungriest doctors in existence.

So much for the *savoir vivre* of bookworms!

As you go southwards, you pass through Carinthia and Carniola, one of the most picturesque portions of Austria, and inhabited by some of her stoutest, bravest sons. It is the first and oldest duchy of the empire. In 1809, Carinthia boasted its Thermopylæ. On the road from Goritz, namely, at the opening of a deep mountain gorge or valley, near a place called Prediel, a small detachment of Austrian soldiers, headed by a Carinthian officer of the name of Herrmann, were surprised by the enemy, and died one and all, arms in hand, defending the passage to the last. In the late Hungarian insurrection, a company called the Kalchberg Company, and composed entirely of Carinthians, maintained the bridge of Hatvan against the Magyars,

who were in force more than double themselves, so as to cover the retrograde movements of General Schlik after the battle of Kápolna; and such was the determined bravery and contempt of death evinced by them, that after all was over, Schlik rode to meet what remained of these valiant men with uncovered head, and caused them to be greeted with military honours by the whole army they had mainly contributed to save. The loss sustained by this small province alone in Hungary, and during the siege of Venice, is estimated at upwards of two thousand men.

The young Emperor went to see his faithful Carinthians the other day, and in the woods of the Kreutzberg took his part of their rustic festivities, carrying off the shooting prize at once to the endless delight of the assembled multitude.

The population of these countries is also a Slavonic one, distinguished by the name of the *Slowènes*. I must confess that when I beheld the strangely accoutred figures, which between Laibach and Trieste surround the night-post as it stops in the different small towns and villages on the road, I could not help asking myself whether these were not the original objects designated by our word *sloven*. Vastly slovenly they certainly are, and in more ways than one. Not only their dress is so, but their language is what I would call a slovenly tongue. An odd kind of *lingua Franca*, the strangest mixture I ever heard, save and except indeed always that of Trieste, which is, so to say, no language at all. I have tried to make myself understood by what I supposed to be a civilized waiter at the most civilized hotel in Trieste, by speaking

to him alternately in German, Italian, English and French, and have more than once acquired the certainty, that he comprehended one just as little as the other.—But to return to the Slovens: one word during our forced *trajet* in the *Courrier* (that being the only possible conveyance) I did learn, and it will suffice to show what a strange amalgamation they make of the Germanic and Italic idioms; *Lúтч* (a light) is composed of the Italian *Luce*, and the German *Licht*, and I should think, thanks to the conducteur's love for smoking, I heard it twenty times repeated during the night.

This is after the fashion of that German colony in North America, where the following phrase has been quoted as representing the mixed language that is there used: "*Das horse hat over den hedge ge-jumpt.*"

Perhaps of all the branches of philology, none affords a more curious study than that offered by the language of frontier populations, especially when the frontier separates two races so diametrically opposed to each other as are the German and Italian.

As you approach Laibach, for the first time, perhaps, the Alps lose their charm, for they tell of something beyond them—something that draws you on with mystic, magic spell—something that, unseen, enthrals you:—beyond them, blue as they are in the sunlight, there lies that which is bluer still—the Adriatic,—and a voice, rich with a thousand melodies calls to you, Venice! Venice!—she is *there*.—I defy you to think of the Alps.

It was evening when we reached Laibach, and the sun was setting behind some pine woods which overshadow a

château on the Trieste road—its last rays fell roseate on the snow-swathed fields, gilding with lingering touch the dark Schloss which crowns the opposite height, and frowns over the town below.

The courier was not ready, and we walked on admiring the effects of the sunset, and enjoying the mild breeze which (though we were but in February) was warm and genial as though it had breathed in May. As we turned to the right down the high road, we saw coming towards us a dark moving mass, and we caught the sound of horns. In a few moments, we were met by a company of *chasseurs, musique en tête*. On they marched with buoyant step, the black plumes of their *Jäger* hats waving gaily, and their fresh *Feldzeichen** bright in hope's own hue. Not one of them could have passed the age of twenty-two;—young, gay, strong and trustful—on they went. Whence came they? from the pine-crowned heights of Verona? from “the Marshal's” paternal care? who can tell? Whither go they now, those boy-heroes of Franz-Josef? . . . to some new victory? . . . *chi lo sa!*

“*Wie die Kerls gut blasen,*”† ejaculated a man close to us.

We turned back and followed them, listening delighted to their spirit-stirring strains,—and as we whirled off in the *poste* to Trieste, the tones of their horns on the evening air sounded like an adieu.

* The *Feldzeichen* is a little green branch, placed in the chako, the helmet, or whatever the head-gear may be, without which no Austrian soldier ever appears upon march or parade.

† “How the fellows do blow their horns!” literally.

CHAPTER XVII.

ITALY AND RADETZKY.

THE possession of Lombardy by Austria is, I am aware, more decidedly what is called a *question brûlante* than perhaps any other in Europe. It is unpopular almost everywhere; poets sing about it, and politicians of all colours talk about it, till one is tired of the very name, but after all, I do not know whether all the poetry, and all the eloquence it occasions, succeed either one or the other in placing matters in a very just point of view, or in representing facts very accurately. If you come to the mere question of nationality, that is, if you admit that the fact of being sprung from one race shall constitute the exemption from being governed by any other, you open an exceedingly wide field, and strike at the base and root of power in nearly every country in the globe—first and foremost to begin with ourselves.

“ I am no lover of names,” says Burke. “ I contend for the substance of good and protecting government, let it come from what quarter it will.” But then it is argued that the government of Austria in Italy is not a good one. Now, this is again subjecting the gravest matters to all the evils of an arbitrary decision ; for, in the first place, who is to decide whether it be a bad or a good government ?—the majority of the population or the minority ? And next, supposing it not to be so good as it might be, where is the state which, at some one given period, has not governed less well than at others, and less well even than might be wished ? If every error committed by a government were to be a reason for detaching from its sway the discontented portion of its subjects, there would be but few empires that would long remain entire.

People have within the last few years got into a habit of reasoning, as though perfection were more attainable by a government than by an individual, and as though the falling short of it were, in a State, a crime to be repaid with the direst punishment and disgrace.

Political rules of conduct must necessarily be based upon principle, or they will not hold good in every case, which it is indispensable they should do ; for a rule cannot be established for France, which shall not be recognised for Spain, Austria or England ; therefore, as I said before, if you recognise “ nationality ” as the right which a country has to be possessed and governed only by national rulers, it is true that Austria may lose Lombardy, but I do not see what then is to protect or justify France in keeping Alsatia,

or ourselves in preserving anything beyond our three-Island kingdoms—*et encore !* this must depend upon the good pleasure of the Welsh, the Irish, and the Scotch, who may take it into their heads to object to the Normanno-Saxon sway.

Remain then as the cause of possession, and its justification, the treaties in virtue of which at the present hour Europe is constituted, the treaties to which Austria's enemies in Italy themselves owe one-half of their own dominions, and consequently a portion of their very power of opposing her.

I am quite ready to admit that there is such a marked dissimilarity between the Teutonic and Italic races, that the dominion over the latter by the former produces, to say the least, a strange effect, and one wishes, I will not say that it were, but that it could be otherwise. I have met many Austrians who themselves recognize so thoroughly the difficulty of governing Italy, that they say: "We hold our possessions by the right of treaties, and therefore we must keep them; but otherwise, they would hardly be desirable."

The fact, too, of the Emperor Francis having told Sir Robert Wilson, then British Commissioner at Vienna, that he positively would not accept of an inch of Italian territory, and the fact also of his having received the first Belgian *envoyé* with expressions of satisfaction at the newly-acquired independence of the old Flemish and Walloon provinces of Austria, sufficiently show that this question is judged by themselves almost as impartially as

it can be by foreigners, but the treaties are there, and the possessions they guarantee must be defended against attack.

If by a re-modelling of the map of Europe, a kingdom of Italy were devised, by which means a really firm and compact power could separate and interpose itself between Austria and France, it is perhaps more than probable that for the completion of such a political edifice, Austria might cede her Lombardo-Venetian territory, but that was not in contemplation, and even if it had been so, the way in which the Italian provinces began the insurrection in the year 1848, and the way in which Sardinia joined it, left no choice to the Austrian Government, save absolute unequivocal victory. They were forced to be victorious, and largely did they discharge the obligation.

This question of Italy is not one of yesterday ; nor one which dates from the treaties of 1815 only. We find it ever recurring throughout history for the last eight hundred years, and since the Great *Marchesa* (in 1109) left her vast and magnificent possessions to the Papal See, instead of leaving them to her husband, the Duke Welf, Guelphs and Ghibellines have in one shape or another, made Italy a constant bone of contention. Dante, most assuredly one of the very first and greatest founders (through his genius and fame) of that very nationality, in right of which the Italians rebel against a foreign yoke, is, as all the world knows, a professed Ghibelline, and clamours eternally for the Emperor's interference, nay, even abuses Albert of

Hapsburg, for not hastening to Italy to put an end to her ceaseless internal discords, exclaiming :

“ O Alberto Tedesco ch' abbandoni
Costei ch' è fatta indomita e selvaggia,”

and invoking him as “ *Cesare mio !*”

I doubt considerably, whether the patriotism of the modern Italians can be esteemed as purer than that of the glorious Alighieri, or whether, in our present day, they are more capable of governing themselves, more susceptible of unity than they were in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. I rather fancy that the famous lines of the *Purgatorio*

“ Ed ora in te non stanno senza guerra
Li vivi tuoi, e l' un l' altro rode
Di que' ch' un muro ed una fossa serra.”

are truer now than ever, and that all hopes of a homogeneous *Regno d' Italia*, ruled over by a native prince, are completely and utterly illusive.

If ever a people were afflicted with incapacity for the management of affairs, the modern Italians are that people. Of the two heirs to the two brightest names of antique civilization, I would sooner build my anticipations of future distinction upon the Greeks than upon the Italians. The former have more youthful qualities than the latter, they are not uncivilized so much as they are de-civilized, if I may coin the word, whilst the former are degenerate, and after a fashion, civilized still. I will not here enter into the theory adopted by De Maistre and some of his school: namely, that what we call savage races are but the last remains of

some unknown untraceable civilization, or conclude therefrom that such men as Botzaris and Canaris were the "last of the Mohicans," of whom Leonidas and Miltiades were the first. I really believe the precise contrary to be the case, and shall be surprised if, with time, something be not made of the warlike races who dwell in the land of Xenophon, but I am perfectly convinced that the most difficult of all undertakings upon earth would be to make anything of the modern Italian race. They are, I again repeat it, essentially, undeniably degenerate, clinging still to all that is immoral and enfeebling in excess of civilization, and undistinguished by any of that intellectual development which is the consequence of serious study, and mental cultivation. Look at them even in Venice; Venice, the part of Italy most calculated from its position and from its traditions to possess a population surpassing the rest in energy and resolution. In the month of August 1849 the Venetians, assembled on the piazza, raised a fearful outcry, swearing they wanted to fight the enemy, and that nothing would satisfy them but the immediate possibility afforded of a *sortie en masse*, in order to try the fortune of an open struggle; they demanded that the fleet should put to sea for the purpose of raising the blockade, in short, never was more valorous ardour testified—in words. Manin, who undoubtedly, of all the rebel-chieftains of the last two years, is the most sensible, and the one who has, by his manner of heading insurrection, laid himself least open to reproach—Manin harangued them in the following terms:

"Do you really want to fight? Do so. Who ever forbade you? How often have I told you that the

registers were open? Enrol yourselves, and you will find those who will lead you on; but begin by enrolling yourselves, and do not come here, like silly women, to make a noise. Those who cry out for a *sortie en masse*, let them come individually forward, and take arms, and then go and fight; but, if I must speak frankly, I am forced to say, that till now acts have in no way borne out words."

I believe they had not, indeed! This was what happened:—Irritated beyond measure with the supineness and want of energy of the population, first, Tondelli gave forth a proclamation, in which he distinctly said, "Will you resist? Yes or no?" And next, Manin had a parley with the insurgents, which was as follows: *

The People.—"The people of Saint Mark desire to go forth in a body."

Manin.—"The people of Saint Mark know what are my sentiments."

People.—"We will go forth and fight!"

Manin.—"There are the registers; sign your names."

People.—"We will go forth and fight!"

And this cry they repeated in all keys and tones, but *voilà tout*.

Manin had a large table placed on the *Piazza San Marco*, where every man who wished for arms was to sign his name. In the four corners of the square stood mighty warlike gentlemen, with scarfs of the Italian tri-colour hues, and long cigars in their mouths: they being the

* Copied literally from a paper which appeared in Venice during the insurrection, and which was illustrated with the portrait of the Dictator himself.

loudest of the clamouring crowd, could not do otherwise than write down their names; and at the end of many hours, twelve names adorned the page, six of which were effaced the next day! And this was in Venice!

“Oh! for one hour of blind old Dandolo
Th’ octogenarian chief . . .”

as Byron says; but no Dandolo was there; and the “Octogenarian Chief” was in the Austrian camp, whence he issued the famous proclamation containing these words: “In one hand I hold the olive-branch, if you will listen to reason; but in the other the sword, if you persist in rebellion. Inhabitants of Venice, I come not to you as a General flushed with conquest; I desire, I wish to treat with you as a father with his children.”

If Radetzky were not destined to immortal fame as a warrior, he would be certain of the honours of posterity for his various proclamations and addresses to the army. Many of these are models both of sentiment and style; and to Radetzky his proclamations are what to our own glorious Duke have been his despatches; that which distinguishes him from the herd of mere “military men,” however remarkable they may be as commanders.

To the moral influence of Radetzky more is, if possible, owing than to his successes in war.* His great age, his

* If any proof were needed of this, it would be best of all found in the works written by the members of the democratic party, all of which abuse Radetzky for having, by his victories in Italy, caused the possibility of what they style “reaction.” Another, but not a better proof, for no better can exist of this influence,

inflexible justice, his upright character, his mildness, his patriarchal bearing and unceasing solicitude for the troops submitted to his care, all combine to render him omnipotent, wherever an Austrian soldier is to be found. The name of "the Marshal" is, as it were, a banner that must be kept pure and unsullied, surrounded only by fidelity and truth, and before the venerable majesty of nearly three-quarters of a century of fame, the spirit of disloyalty itself shrinks back abashed, ashamed.

When, in October, '48, the conduct of the grenadiers ordered off to Hungary had cast a shade over the hitherto spotlessly brilliant name of the Austrian army, and the whispers of rebellion had been a moment listened to, an appeal from "the Marshal" suffices to reawaken the sense of duty, and inspire those who had been "found wanting" with one only wish—that of redeeming, at no matter what cost, the stain their honour had incurred.

And what an appeal it was! As a mere example of style, to find anything equal to it, in concision, simplicity, force, and feeling, we must turn to the treasures of classic literature.

"Soldiers of the garrison of Vienna," says the illustrious veteran, "I am not your Commander, nor are you used to hear my voice call you onward to the field; but as a Field-Marshal, and as the oldest soldier of the army, I have a right to say to you a few serious words. Things unheard-of have passed in Vienna before your eyes. The spotless banner of Austria has been stained by treason

was the way in which the armies in other countries gathered round his name as round a rallying point. In Berlin, the corps of officers voted him addresses of congratulation and thanks, in the name of a common cause.

and by blood. For the second time, your Emperor has been forced to leave his capital; the Minister of War, Count Latour, has been barbarously, shamefully murdered, and his corpse outraged. A brave General fell, it is affirmed, by the hand of a grenadier. Another grenadier forgets, in degrading drunkenness, his duty; refuses obedience, and fires—oh, eternal disgrace!—upon his own comrades!

“Soldiers of the garrison of Vienna, tell me, in the name of the army of Italy, your brothers in arms—I put it to you—have you done your duty? Where were they who should have defended General Latour, and died at his feet, sooner than allow him to become the victim of artfully excited popular fury? Where are now the traitors who have soiled our banner? Has a just punishment overtaken them, or do they still drag on their infamous existence in the ranks of insurrection?

“Soldiers! grief overcame me, and tears filled my aged eyes, as I received the details of a disgrace, until now unheard of in the military annals of Austria. The sole consolation which remained to me was the thought, that only a small number had been so miserably forgetful of their honour. It is now for you, who have preserved your truth, to uphold your Emperor’s throne, and protect the liberal institutions granted by his paternal goodness to his people, and so shamefully abused by the evil-intentioned.

“Soldiers! open your eyes to the abyss which is yawning at your feet. Everything is in question; the strongholds of public order are shaken; religion, morality, property, are threatened with destruction. All that man holds dearest and most holy; all that founds and supports empires; all is sought to be annihilated; that annihila-

tion it is, and not freedom, which is the object of those who seek to lure you to perdition.

“Soldiers! in your hands rests the fate of the throne and of the Empire. May the Almighty, in his goodness, permit me to live until the day when it shall be said that the army has saved Austria. Then, but not till then, will the 6th and 7th October of this disastrous year be atoned for, and sink into oblivion; then, but not till then, will the army of Italy, which at this moment protects the frontiers of the monarchy from external enemies, stretch forth to you the hand of brotherly union and love.”

The effect of this appeal was a magical one, and I have given it in its entirety, because I take it to be one of the few things which in future ages will survive of our troubled times. Out of Radetzky's proclamations and bulletins perhaps the very best and most impartial history might be composed of the two campaigns in Piedmont, in '48 and '49. Nowhere is completer justice rendered to the merits, wherever they evinced any, of the Sardinian officers, to the bravery of the Savoyard troops, to the courage of the princes who led them on, than in the official reports of Radetzky.* And as an historical monument, few things are more perfect than the manifesto, in which the glorious old Marshal announced on the 12th of March, to the army

* A person who had had occasion to see in some cases the military reports on both sides, told me that whilst the Piedmontese generals and officers, most of them, found fault with each other, in the Marshal's reports alone was ample justice done to his antagonists. The Piedmontese and Savoyards fought like lions, and the unfortunate Charles Albert threw himself madly into the thickest of the danger at every possible opportunity. His two sons also fought with a brilliant courage, worthy of a more honest cause.

in Milan, that the armistice had been denounced by Charles Albert, and that hostilities were about to recommence.

This proclamation contains, in a few words, the chief details of the causes of the war, set forth with a simplicity and a truth which make of it one of the most valuable historical documents of our times.

The enthusiasm of the army for its white-headed chieftain, as may naturally enough be imagined, knows literally no bounds; he is adored by both officers and men, and a kind of tender familiarity, tempered by veneration, renders the manifestation of their sentiments for him inexpressibly touching. Upon one occasion, as the Marshal passed down the ranks, he perceived a soldier bare-headed. Riding up to him.

“Where’s your chako, friend?” asked he.

The man looked confused, and avowed he had no *feldzeichen*, and therefore was ashamed to cover his head.

“Is that all?” rejoined Radetzky, smiling; and taking off his own hat, he divided the little verdant branch it bore, and—“There! my friend,” said he, tendering one-half to the soldier. “Take that!”

The man pressed it to his lips, and with tears in his eyes: “*Herr Marshall*,” answered he with deep emotion, “not even to go to my children, should I ever have any, shall it leave me. In my grave, upon my heart—there is its place!” and an irrepressible burst of applause from all around approved the feeling. These are little things, but they prove attachment perhaps to the full as well as greater deeds.

Many are the soldiers who, dying of their wounds after the battle of Novarra, seemed almost paid for the sacrifice of

life, by a shake of the hand from Radetzky, by a proud glance of the eye, which said "I am content!"

Beyond the chivalrous bearing and the enthusiasm of the Austrian army, officers and men, nothing can possibly be imagined. When the armistice was denounced by Sardinia on the 12th of March, you would have thought that to the garrison in Milan had been promised some overwhelming joy. Through all ranks the news flew like wildfire, and on all faces only an enthusiastic anticipation of glory was to be read. I take the following description of this memorable moment from an eye-witness:*

"Towards evening the Court of the *Villa Reale* (the residence of Radetzky) was crowded with soldiers and their officers. Torches lighted up with their red glare the house itself and the surrounding trees, and cast their flickering rays upon the gold embroidery of the uniforms and upon the glittering arms. Six bands of music, followed by crowds of soldiers, marched into the court from different sides, and, animated by spontaneous and simultaneous enthusiasm, gave a serenade to the Marshal, in order to thank him for the promulgation of the Emperor's new constitution, and also for his own kindness in promising the troops that they should go on to Turin. 'Turin must be taken! Father Radetzky has said it, and what he has said, is as good as done!' Those were the words you heard in every mouth, accompanied by thundering *vivats*! At last, when the Field-Marshal came forth upon the balcony, and looked around him with his good-natured, intelligent eyes, and spoke words of heartfelt kindness to his children, the air was positively rent by acclamation, and the frenzy of delight would not cease. Over many a bronzed cheek did

* See Hackländer's "Soldaten Leben im Kriege."

I watch tears of emotion roll, and though I have often witnessed such scenes, often heard the outbreak of popular feeling, never again shall I probably behold such enthusiasm as this. With such an army victory is sure. Of all those thousand hearts, there is not one that does not beat in unison with the heart of the leader—and confident and trusting, they have but one will: to conquer with him, or with him suffer defeat—but in good or evil fortune, to bear, *together*, all.”

A very curious and most interesting volume might be made of the collection of Radetzky's proclamations, which are too numerous for me even to hint at half. One of the most remarkable is the short address to the troops after Novarra, on the 25th of March, for it shows the intimate bonds of affection which unite Radetzky and his men. This is it:

“Soldiers!

“You have well redeemed your word. You have undertaken a campaign against an enemy in numbers your superior, and you have ended it victoriously in five days. History will not gainsay that never was a braver, truer army than that over which my Lord and Sovereign, the Emperor, appointed me to command. Soldiers! in the name of your Emperor and of your country, I thank you for your valorous deeds, for your devotion, for your truth. With sadness my looks repose upon the graves of our brethren, the glorious fallen, and I cannot address the expression of my gratitude to the living without giving a deeply felt remembrance to the dead. Soldiers! our most persevering enemy, Charles Albert, has descended from the throne. With his successor, the young King, I have

concluded an armistice, which guarantees to us the speedy conclusion of a peace. Soldiers! with joy—you were witnesses to it—with joy have the inhabitants of the country everywhere received us,* beholding in us, far from oppressors, saviours against anarchy. This expectation you must fulfil, and by your severe observance of discipline, show to the world that the warriors of Austria's army are as terrible in war, as they are honest and gentle in peace, and that we have come to protect and not to destroy."

* This is so true, that not a village in Piedmont did the army of Radetzky pass through, without the inhabitants complaining loudly of the excesses committed by their own countrymen, but most of all by the Italian troops; and all along the passage of the Austrians, they were greeted with cries of: "*Evviva Radetzky*," and "*Evvivan i nostri liberatori!*" It is now, I imagine, pretty well known that the Imperial Government has nowhere in Italy, not even in Venice or in the environs of Milan itself, any enemies in the lower classes; all its antagonists lie in the higher ranks; and in 1848, these, as they did everywhere else, joined in Italy with the universal destroyers, the members of the "Overthrowing party," the *Umsturz Partei*, as they call them in Germany, and were drawn by their strange allies completely out of their depth. To prove the slight animosity existing anywhere, except in the upper ranks, against the Austrians, I take the following anecdote from a book written upon the campaign of Lombardy, by M. Gabriel Ferrero, a Piedmontese officer. "In passing by Volta, I and my company were billeted on a *bourgeois*, who received us with but small courtesy. Although he wore the Italian costume and had a monstrous tricolor cockade in his hat, he did not seem devoted to the Italian cause. I told him that his bad reception of us, belonging as we did to the army of Sardinia, was unworthy of a good Italian. 'Eh, mon Dieu! Monsieur l'officier,' said he, 'to say the truth, I care little for either King Charles Albert or the Emperor; what I want is to have peace, and be my own master in my own home.'"

These sentiments so profoundly actuate Radetzky that wherever his authority is exercised, *even* the Italians are obliged tacitly to confess his undeviating spirit of justice and the mildness of his rule. See him in his present head-quarters, in Verona, and there you will have a slight idea of what Radetzky is. At the balls he gave every Monday night all through the Carnival of last winter, many of the Italian families might be seen, won in spite of themselves by the *manner* in which the Marshal knows how to wield power, and by the frank cordiality, the total absence of anything like a wish to *domineer*, which he allies to necessary firmness. If there were a dozen Radetzkys to govern them, the Italian provinces of Austria would stand a fair chance in a couple of years of being almost as well affected towards the Imperial Government as any others.*

* What most incensed Radetzky and the Austrians generally (as well indeed it might), was the way in which the war was carried on by the adverse party. Charles Albert joined the Revolutionists too soon and too late : too soon for his support to them to find tolerance from other States, too late to destroy suspicions of his own ambitious desires in the breasts of the Lombards. On the 17th of March, five days after the armistice had been denounced, Prince Eugène of Savoy issued a proclamation throughout the Lombardo-Venetian Provinces, not only calling upon the subjects of Austria to take arms against their sovereign, but trying to force them into so doing by the following passage : “ Each man who within the space of five days after the promulgation of this decree, does not enrol himself upon the lists opened for that purpose, will be looked upon as a deserter, and punished as such according to the laws established against deserters in the part of the country to which he belongs. No plea for exemption from service will be admitted, except bodily infirmities positively preventing from bearing arms.”

This can scarcely be called an honest mode of warfare ! But peace

There is a something quite irresistible in Radetzky's manner. He is of extremely small stature, as many very great men have been; if anything, he is perhaps less tall than the Duke of Wellington; but he is upright and sturdy as a knarled oak, and looks as though force were in him yet to out-weather many a storm. His activity and vivacity are beyond description, and even while he speaks with you, you see that more than he can utter is pressing on his brain, and that his element is action, his nature *to be doing*. He is stirring as was the Great Frederick, but the eye of Radetzky, though as indicative of activity as that of the Prussian Monarch, has a beaming expression that was wholly foreign to the latter. You see at once and unmistakeably that he is goodness itself, and you understand the ardent sympathies he inspires.

"My officers and I are one family," said he to us one day at Verona, with the air of a father speaking of his sons. "it must be so, for that intimate knowledge of one another to be produced, which alone creates indissoluble union between the Commander and those whom he has to command."

The simplicity and modesty of the Marshal are two qualities which distinguish him almost as much as any other. He is even now, satiated with fame and glory as he has been, touched by the tributes of admiration which are perpetually brought to him from all quarters of the world, and you see that he feels the sort of pleasure natural to a kind and loving disposition in receiving proofs of his fellow-men's esteem. To judge of his modesty, hear him talk of other Generals, and see how he delights in be with Charles Albert—he was both unfortunate and brave, and his flight from Novarra, after his defeat, may atone for much.

their praise. "Il n'appartient pas à tout le monde d'être modeste," says the Prince de Ligne, "il faut avoir un grand fond de grandes actions pour cela"—and certainly according to this view of the case, Radetzky has every right to be modest. Amongst the several qualities he has in common with the Duke of Wellington, stands foremost the readiness to recognize merit in others! Speak to him of Schönhals or Hess,* and you will have an idea of how he appreciates the excellence of others. The wife of the latter has in her possession a document, I suspect the wealth of Nepaul would be inadequate to purchase from her, in which the Marshal, alluding to the services rendered by her husband in the Italian campaigns, says:

"If I have all the glory, he has all the merit!"

The same sentiment is contained in his official report to the Minister of War (24th of March), which has the following: "My aide-de-camp-General (*General Adju-tant*), General Schönhals, has, as ever, been distinguished, and has shown himself to possess all those remarkable qualities, aided by which, I have had the happiness to see the emulation of the troops in honourable deeds arrive at the highest point of development;" and a few lines above is this passage: "Before all I hasten to name my Quarter-Master-General, General de Hess. To him—I say it from the fulness of my heart—is due by far the greater portion of the results, which have been achieved by the Imperial army during the last campaign. Seeing everything at a glance, always seizing the right opportunity, and profiting by it with rapidity; ever keeping the most

* Hess is one of the ablest generals of the Austrian army. He was, during the whole of the Piedmontese campaigns, Quarter-Master-General to the Marshal's Staff.

elevated aim in view—he had my entire, my unlimited confidence; and with him by my side I led the army on to certain victory. The army knew this and conquered.”

General Hess is all that Radetzky says, but to Radetzky alone belongs the right of awarding the first place to another where he himself is present.

If Radetzky in his camp was surrounded by the love of all, in Vienna awaited him marks of enthusiasm such as even he could hardly anticipate. In September, 1849, after having sent the keys of Venice to the capital, the aged warrior came thither himself, and during the whole time of his stay was the object of never-ending public demonstrations of attachment; but the moment of his arrival was a fair specimen of all the rest. He came, somewhat late in the evening, and was immediately conducted to the *Burg Theatre*, where the Emperor had gone a short time before. On his entrance into the Imperial box, the Emperor rose. The Marshal sought to bend his white hairs over the Sovereign's outstretched hand and carry it to his lips, but Franz-Josef with sudden effusion clasped the venerable hero in a filial embrace; the whole house rose, and for some moments nothing was to be seen or heard but the waving of handkerchiefs, and the shouts of enthusiastic greeting.

To know how one chivalrous spirit can feel towards another, one must hear the Ban speak of Radetzky. The tribute honours equally him who pays, and him who receives it.

Radetzky is now eighty-five, and in all, save years, young as though he were not yet fifty. He has much difficulty in mounting his horse, but once mounted, “c'est encore un vrai sous-lieutenant pour l'activité et l'audace,”

said to me one of his immediate *entourage*. He was a boy of sixteen when Maria Theresa died, and followed the whole of the two famous campaigns against the Turks, serving under Laudohn at the siege of Belgrade, and acting as aide-de-camp to Field-Marshal de Lacy, he whom the Prince de Ligne calls *mon maitre*, and whom the Great Frederick held in such high esteem. There is something strangely venerable in age so borne as is Radetzky's; something that seems as though you had living history before you, and were yourself transported into the times you read of. What Hess and Schönhals have been to himself, Radetzky was to two of the most distinguished military men of the last and of the present century; to Lacy first, and next to Schwarzenberg. When the Prince was appointed in 1815 Commander-in-Chief of the allied armies of the Rhine, Radetzky resumed the post of Quarter-Master-General of the Staff, which he had already occupied the year before, and in which quality he had made the famous *campagne de France*.*

I cannot look upon Radetzky without recalling that beautiful passage in the Prince de Ligne's memoirs where, addressing the Comte de Ségur (after transcribing for him a letter from the Emperor Joseph II., in which the courage of his own son, Prince Charles de Ligne, is extolled, and the fact of his having obtained the order of Maria Theresa on the battle-field is noticed), he says:

* Charles, Prince of Schwarzenberg, was, both as a general and a diplomatist, one of the most distinguished men of his time. He negotiated the marriage of Napoleon with the Archduchess Maria Louisa, and two years later commanded the allied armies against Bonaparte in the *campagne de France*. The present minister, Prince Felix Schwarzenberg, is his nephew.

“What modesty! The Emperor does not speak of himself; yet he was in the very midst of the fire: and with what kindness and what grace he tells me the whole!* The courier who brought me the letter, saw with his own eyes, how gallantly the Emperor fronted the fire of the musketry in the faubourgs of Sabacz, and he also saw Marshal de Lacy tear down some palissades with his own hands, in order to point a cannon towards a turret whence there poured down an incessant fire upon my Charles, which cannon naturally protected his movement of attack. I believe the Marshal would have done it for any one else, but it has nevertheless a certain air of personal and paternal kindness.

“The Marshal was rather fatigued: the Emperor got hold of a barrel, brought it to him, and made him sit down upon it, whilst he himself, with all his Generals, remained standing, as though to do him homage!”†

* This letter is too curious a monument of the simplicity of Joseph II, for it not to be interesting. It is as follows: “We have just taken Sabacz. Our losses are not great. *Feldzeugmeister* Rouvroy, whom you know, has a slight wound in the chest, which does not prevent him from going out. Prince Poniatowski has had rather a serious shot in the thigh. But, my dear Prince, I must speak to you of something that will please you the more, that you will recognise in it your race. Your son, Charles, has in a great measure contributed to the success of the whole enterprise, by the infinite pains he gave himself in planning the works for the placing of the batteries, besides which, he was the first to climb over the parapet to set an example to the rest: therefore have I named him Lieutenant-Colonel, and given him the order of Maria Theresa. I feel a real pleasure in giving you this intelligence, because I know what your satisfaction will be—I know both your patriotism and your tenderness for your son. I go to-morrow to Semlin.”

† A little farther on is the letter of the young De Ligne himself, which is exceedingly characteristic: “Nous avons Sabacz. J’ai

And to this man Radetzky was aide-de-camp at that very time, and these are the traditions in which he has been brought up! no wonder that he "wins his way" in every sense, and converts even enemies into adherents. I repeat it; if there were a dozen like him, the Italian provinces would soon cease to be disaffected.

Radetzky has served five Sovereigns of the House of Austria,* and two Emperors of the name of Joseph, between whom lie three generations, has he seen in the thick of the *mêlée*—Joseph II. on the Turkish frontier, and Franz-Josef in Italy. Few can boast of such a well-filled, well-spent life, and whatever danger might have threatened, Austria might have felt sure that she was saved so long as with Grillparzer she could say to her octogenarian champion:

"In deinem Lager ist Oesterreich."†

la croix. Vous sentez bien, Papa, que j'ai pensé à vous en montant le premier à l'assaut." To Field-Marshal de Lacy, the Prince de Ligne dedicates his *Œuvres Militaires* in the following terms: "Je ne vous fais pas honneur assez pour oser vous nommer. Vous ne m'avez pas encore assez rapproché de vous, pour oser me nommer moi même: Si l'on veut deviner qui nous sommes tous deux, qu'on sache que vous êtes le meilleur des Généraux et le plus brave des soldats; et moi le premier de vos admirateurs et le meilleur de vos amis."

* Joseph II., Leopold II., Francis I., Ferdinand I., and Franz Josef.

† It is impossible to conceive the effect produced by this famous Ode to Radetzky (*vide* Appendix). Grillparzer received the Cross of Leopold from the Emperor as a recompense for the enthusiasm awakened throughout the country by this poem, and Radetzky writes to the publisher of it in June, 1848, in the following terms: "I have read the verses with deep delight, for I see in them a homage paid

to the upright, noble spirit of our army—our chivalrous army which has only before its eyes the glory of the country, which knows no greater pride than its fidelity to the Emperor—therefore do I too say with Grillparzer: ‘In *unserm* Lager ist *Österreich*!—God be blessed and thanked!’—Those words: ‘In thy camp is Austria,’ were repeated from one end of Germany to the other.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ARMY AND ITS BARDS.

THE army of Austria without its bards, would be like a Greek tragedy without its chorus. In all times it has had the chaunters of its fame and of its chivalrous deeds in all portions of the empire. Hundreds of these still exist ; and scarcely will a traveller of the present day visit a village of Dalmatia, Croatia, or any of the southern frontier lands without hearing, in the Lord only knows how many tongues and dialects, the “lays” of the heroes of modern times. But these are unknown minstrels, whereas there is one whose name will go down to posterity with those he has celebrated. Zedlitz is at the present hour nearly as famous as the commanders of the Austrian army themselves ; and between him and that army there exists a tie of brotherhood almost as strong as that which binds together those, who, together upon the field, have looked death in the face.

Austria in our day boasts of three poets of whom any country might well be proud. Count Auersberg (known

under the name of *Anastasius Grün*), the Baron de Zedlitz, and Stelzhammer; the two former belonging to the ranks of the aristocracy; the last forming one of that class of Austrian peasantry, *ob der Enns*, of whom I spoke in the commencement of this volume. Franz Stelzhammer is the Burns of Austria; nor do I give the name lightly, for I have, besides my national pride in Burns, a particularly lively admiration for his genius, which I place on an extremely high level; and yet I say, *en pleine connaissance de cause*—Stelzhammer is the Burns of Austria. His poems are written in the Austrian dialect, and consequently but little familiar to any one out of his own native land, where there is scarce a labourer but knows them off by heart; and with him for the moment, beyond merely noticing him, *en passant*, I have little or nothing to do.

Anastasius Grün, is, perhaps, of the trio,* the one whose renown is best known beyond his own country; a certain little volume of his, bearing the singularly original title of “Rubbish” (*Schutt*), has, if I mistake not, been translated in more than one foreign language; and with his *Walks of a Viennese Rambler*, there are few people who are not acquainted. His last recent production, the *Pfaff vom Kahlenberg*, is likely to add considerably to his fame.†

Zedlitz is comparatively little known out of Germany,

* It was a quartett before reason fled from Lenau. His style was a very different one from any of the others, and he was far from being so praiseworthy as to the sentiments which inspired him, but his talent was very great, and his destiny very deplorable.

† This Priest, or “Pfaff,” of the Kahlenberg, was the Friar Tuck, of Austria. He lived in the times of Duke Otho *the Cheerful*

where, within the last two years, his celebrity has become universal.

He resembles no poet that I know of, unless it may be Campbell in his "Hohenlinden," which stands quite apart, and alone in the midst of his other works. Zedlitz was already distinguished as a poet for several of his earlier compositions, as for instance his "Wood Nymph" (*Das Waldfräulein*) for his *Todtenkränze*, and for his *Altnordischen Bilder* which he has just re-published, but not until the events of the year 1848, did he discover the peculiar style which was to give such extraordinary lustre to his name, and make of him, in his way, something quite unparalleled. When the deeds of the Austrian army first began to inspire him, commenced for Zedlitz the real æra of his literary fame, and when, after reading his former productions, you turn to those published within the last two years, you feel that till then he has been in a kind of uncertainty. To use the French expression, than which none can be more just, *il se cherchait*. He was seeking for himself—seeking for the element of that excellence which he instinctively felt to reside within him. With the first *coup de canon* in Italy, he found what he had sought for until then,—and with the bright gleaming glory that burst forth over Austria's arms, burst forth also the poetic flame in his breast, who was to sing the deeds of her sons. To him was reserved the honour of forestalling history, and singing, in inspired tones, what her calmer muse will

whose castle was on the heights of the Kahlenberg, near Vienna, and Wigand, the pastor, and Otho, the Duke, were right good friends. This said Wigand has gone down to posterity under the name of the *Pfaff vom Kahlenberg*, and is exceedingly dear to the memory of the Viennese as a most "jolly good fellow."

tell; in some instances even he may be said to have helped to excite the enthusiasm of the troops; for after his first series of "Soldier-Songs" had appeared in the spring of '49, there were few of those who fought under the banner of the double eagle in Hungary, who were not fired with the desire to outdo, if possible, the deeds of their comrades of the Piedmontese campaign. In this respect, the poems of Zedlitz may be looked upon as representing the *Barditum* alluded to by Tacitus: "*Sunt illis hæc quoque carmina, quorum relatu, quem Barditum vocant, accendunt animos, futuræque pugnæ fortunam ipso cantu augurantur.*"

One of the most famous pieces of the first collection of the "*Soldaten Büchlein*," is the one entitled "*Volta*." It had its origin in the following circumstance:—On the evening of the 26th of July, '48, the *brigade de Savoie* attacked the town of Volta, situated on the summit of a very steep hill, and defended by the Imperialists. The town was taken, all except the church, wherein had sought refuge some three or four hundred Austrians, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Cannon was in the act of being directed against the church doors, when the cry was raised that the enemy were storming the town, at the heels of the Piedmontese, and the latter made a hasty retreat. The Marshal watched impatiently for the troops, he had detached for that purpose, to appear on the heights of Volta, and despatched an *officier d'ordonnance* to see why they tarried so long. At the foot of the eminence they were found, falling and fainting from the scorching heat; and it was evident to the officer that they had no force left to mount the hill.

"I will tell the Marshal fresh troops must be sent,"

said he, perceiving their condition, "for Volta must be immediately taken."

These words acted like an electric spark. The fainting, worn-out men sprang to their feet with superhuman energy; and a grenadier,* who could scarcely stand, exclaimed:

"Fresh troops! Oh, no. If Volta must be taken, tell the Marshal from us, that we alone will take it. Not only will we mount the height, but we will storm the town."

And so they did; and in the following verses, Zedlitz has told the tale: †

"Who are they who gather o'er the brow
Of yonder hill? See where
They stand—to the right, near Volta—but now,
Our brave '*Franz Karl*' stood there! ‡
Unless my sense deceives me quite,
Up yonder *the Blues* I see,
Where till now were the mantles snowy white
Of our spotless Chivalry.

* The Austrian Grenadiers have been in all times renowned. The Great Frederic, speaking of them to an Austrian General, said: "How I like your Grenadiers! If the god Mars wanted a body-guard for his own person, I would advise him to take them without choosing." Hackländer, describing the battle of Novara, says: "At half-past six o'clock, four thousand Grenadiers came up. As the Marshal saw them he smiled, for he has an extraordinary affection for his Grenadiers. The men came on resolutely, and the Marshal well knew that if his Grenadiers took any part in the work, the whole would not last long."

† I am perfectly well aware that in so unskilful a translation as mine, half the merit of these beautiful little poems will be lost; but still, I risk the injuring their beauty in a degree, sooner than letting the foreign reader remain ignorant of them altogether.

‡ The 51st foot regiment, named after the Archduke, *Franz Karl*.

Where are they ? why have they left yon hill ?
 They must be slaughtered—dead—
 Or we should see my white-coats still,
 With the blood of foemen red.
 Fly, *Adjutant*,* through the field of death,
 Through the bullets, whistling rain ;
 And see whether d'Aspre yet draws breath,
 Whether Wimpffen be not slain.
 All whom you meet, now with you take,
 Take all whom you may find ;
 Let fresh troops make those blue-coats quake—
 Leave not a Sard† behind !
 By the Lord ! the chances of the fray
 May turn, and all be lost,
 And Savoy gain the hard-fought day
 At the Double Eagle's cost."

The Marshal spoke—forth quickly flies
 A horseman—soon he meets a troop
 That, fainting and spent, on the hot earth lies,
 Once for Victory a chosen group.
 Scorched by the blazing sun as they march'd,
 Worn out by many a stroke,
 With thirst their aching throats are parch'd,
 With the powder fumes they choke.
 On the corpse-decked ground they panting lie,
 Exhausted, pale, and weak ;
 The horseman stays his course—and eye
 And tone of pity speak :
 " I see it all—ye have no power—
 To the Marshal I will say,
 That other troops must be sent—for the hour
 Is a fearful one—and the day
 May be lost—and Victory not alone,
 But Honour be perilled thereby,
 On the heights of the Volta the *Kaiser's* throne
 And his crown are in jeopardy."
 A soldier staggered up, and slow
 He spoke : " If so, tell of no rest !
 Give the Marshal our duty—say that now
 We will storm yon hill's dark crest."

And eager the Marshal looks at the hill,
 And questions—and to his demand
 Is replied : " The blue-coats have flown, and still
 In their places the white-coats stand."

* I have left the original name, though I am quite aware that in English, *adjutant* is not synonymous with *aide-de-camp*.

† For *Sardinian*.

It must be avowed that the conduct of the Austrian troops furnished matter for the imagination of any poet, however great his fertility. There is one circumstance even of the first Italian campaign that I do not understand, Zedlitz not having celebrated, for it is certainly one of the traits of heroism best adapted to become the subject of a lyrical effusion. At the attack of Vicenza, at the end of May, 1848, a battalion of the Tenth Chasseurs, with its Colonel at its head, was surrounded and called upon to surrender, which it disdained to do, but continued an heroic though almost desperate resistance. One of the first victims was Kopal, the colonel of the regiment; but even when mortally wounded, and lying bleeding on the ground, he found strength to carry to his lips his *Jäger Horn*, and with his fast ebbing breath to send forth, in defiance of the foe, a last call to the rest of his comrades.* The name of Kopal is now one of Fame's watchwords throughout, not alone the Austrian army, but I may indeed say, wherever the German tongue is understood, for I saw myself in the railway terminus of Leipsic to Hof, a man raise his hat at the mention of Kopal's name. I had the curiosity to find out who he was. He was a merchant from Hamburgh! The regiment of the Tenth Chasseurs, whose name popular admiration has interpreted thus: "one to nine," and who illustrated itself upon every occa-

* A similar incident occurred at the battle of the Donnersberg, in 1298, where the Emperor Adolph of Nassau was killed. To the last, whilst each moment was bearing away a hope, whilst Adolph was fighting like a lion against Albert of Hapsburg, the dying trumpeter of the former continued at the Emperor's feet to animate, by the clarion's accents, the failing courage of the troops. The incident is beautifully described in a short and very rare pamphlet, written by the present Archbishop of Cologne, and entitled "The Battle of Hasenbühl."

sion where it was brought into action, received in memory of its fallen chief a horn of gold, ornamented with precious stones, on which was engraved the words, commemorative of his last moments, *Kopal ruft*, (Kopal calls.)

However the possession of Lombardy by Austria may be looked upon, whatever sympathies may, politically speaking, be enlisted upon the side of the so-called freedom of Italy, it is quite impossible to deny the heroic conduct of the Austrian troops there any more than in Hungary. Not only has that conduct awakened the inspiration of poets, but painting has already begun to reproduce the different incidents of Radetzky's Italian campaigns, and about a month ago, all Munich was flocking round the works of two native artists, the brothers Adam, and gazing admiringly upon the defence of the cimitero of Santa Lucia by the Tenth Jägers, the storming of the Cascina Visconti by the Viennese Volunteers during the battle of Novara, and various other scenes of the gloomily magnificent tragedy, wherein Sardinia and Austria were the principal actors.

In his second series of the *Soldaten Büchlein*, Zedlitz has not only celebrated the chief doings of the Hungarian campaign, but he has also given short portraits in verse of the divers champions of the Imperial Army, such as Schlik, Haynau, Windischgrätz, Schwarzenberg, Hess, and others. That of Radetzky pleases me less than the rest, for in his first collection, the poet had in a few lines drawn such a very happy likeness of the venerable Marshal, that whatever he might do subsequently would fall short of that. He has taken as the idea of the verses, the surname awarded to the Duke of Wellington of *the Iron Duke*,* and has thereon composed the following six lines :

* It is needless to observe, that M. de Zedlitz has merely been

If you your *Iron* Marshal vaunt, proud Britons, *we* can claim
 For *ours*—our *Magnet* Marshal—an iron-quelling fame ;
 Of iron is the army, which obeys his least command,
 And blindly docile follows where'er he points his hand ;
 Ev'n Italia's *iron* crown, that Charles Albert thought so bright,
 Lies, attracted by our Magnet, 'midst the trophies of the fight.

It is impossible to conceive a more perfect portrait than that which these verses (in the original) contain of Radetzky.

Amongst the poems inspired by the Hungarian war, are two very remarkable ones ; the one called *Die Weihe*, (the Consecration), representing the last prayer to Heaven of the Archduchess Sophia, in the chapel of Olmütz, ere consecrating her son to the task of government ; and the other entitled *zwischen die Gräber* (between the graves), in which the author supposes himself to be standing between the graves of the Fallen on both sides, and wherein he addresses to the warring sons of a common country, words dictated by the most elevated spirit of conciliation. But, perhaps, of the whole volume, nothing surpasses the poem called *Two old Eagles*, which tells of the determined and desperate resistance of Berger and Rukawina, at Arad and Temeshwar.† It is too characteristic of that

caught by the poetical antithesis furnished by the “Magnet” and the “Iron,” and that there has been no intention on his part of placing Radetzky above the Duke of Wellington. I do not believe that the latter has anywhere more fervent admirers than the officers of the Austrian and Prussian army.

† Berger and Rukawina were indeed two guardian eagles in their eyries of Arad and Temeshwar. Both were then past eighty. In Temeshwar, Rukawina had not only the bombs of the assailants to contend against, but the horrors of disease. The only food for many weeks was horse-flesh ; out of the garrison only, more than

race of illustrious veterans of whom Austria has counted so many under her banners during the last two years, for me not to reproduce it entire, craving always indulgence for the inability of the translation :—

There sits on each high, frowning tower
 An ancient eagle grey,
 And whether storms in the heavens lower,
 Or sunny smiles the day,
 They wake and watch by ev'ry light,
 Whilst shines the day, or frowns the night.
 Their aged pinions cannot soar
 Aloft, but to the spot
 They guard the stronghold's sealed door
 No foe has access got.
 With irate claw and angry beak,
 They ever stern forbiddance speak,
 To all who near approach may seek.

“ Ye ancient pair, how are ye named ? ”
 “ I, who o'er Arad watch,
 As Berger of the Pleisse am famed,*
 Ask the Honveds to find my match !
 They know me well, their sires and I
 Together fought, nor then
 Was I more willing than now to die—
 It little matters when !
 Nor fire, nor famine do I mind,
 That I'll resist, the foe shall find.
 Your Honveds are unworthy sons
 Of the fathers whom I knew,
 Who died from the shot of Leipsic's guns,
 To duty and honour true.”

“ And how is called yon brother-bird ? ”
 “ Old Rukawina is he ;
 Now listen to the haughty word,
 That comes from the enemy : ”

500 were killed, 2,000 and more died of typhus and cholera ; and when the town was evacuated, 3,000 men and sixty officers were in the hospitals.

* General Berger commanded at Leipsic a corps of Honveds, who did terrible mischief to the French ; thence he was named *Berger of the Pleisse !*

"Give up the town!—Let Temeshvar
Be our's, or it shall burn!
Your strength is failing, the corpse-car
Is ever full—from disease and war,
Submission you must learn."

How proudly from his fortress walls
Rukawina to the foeman calls:
"Numantia, in the days of old,
Was willing death to greet,
No less a tale may once be told
Of us—our fate we'll meet.
Now hark to me, ye Honveds all,
'Tis true, from day to day
Our ranks are thinned—our force is small,
And coffins with human clay
Are filled, but were there heap on heap
Of dead, and did your flames surround
Up to our very throats, I'd keep
My post—I'd stand my ground!
The fortress never shall be your's,
Until within my pocket burns
*My handkerchief.** Destruction pours
In vain its missiles round my head,
Beside me many another yearns
To take my place when I am dead,
And fall or conquer in my stead!"

And stout his actions as his words,
The old eagle bravely fights,
Pest, famine, death, from foeman's swords,
Assail the town—no chance affords
Of safety, yet success requites
Their valour: o'er that ghastly field
They reign, nor to the foeman yield.
One hundred and seven mortal days
The Honveds' camp beneath those walls,
Until fatigue their ardour stays,
And lazily their bombs and balls
From time to time, and here and there
Go groaning through the heavy air,
And horsemen ride to the fortress gate,
And knock and knock—seven times, or eight.

* Rukawina's own words.

“Sir General! come quickly forth—
For Haynau, with victory crowned,
To reward your truth and valiant worth,
Brings a Sword of Honour, all around
With Glory’s verdant laurels bound!”

And they knock, and in knocking their time employ!
The Ancient Eagle had died of joy!

On the 1st of May of this year, an officer from Radetzky’s staff brought to Baron Zedlitz, at his château in Styria, from the army of Italy, a splendidly wrought gold vase, on which was engraved the poet’s name, and a few words, to say that it was a present of thanks from the Italian army to him, who had immortalized that army’s deeds in song. The following letter from the Marshal accompanied it:—“For a long time past, the army under my orders has been desirous of presenting the poet who has sung its deeds, and often encouraged its ardour, with a token of its community of sentiment; of its unalterable gratitude. Unluckily, however, the sculptor’s work does not, like the poet’s, spring into being from the thought of the moment; and, accordingly, that which these few lines accompany, instead of reaching you as it should have done, last year, has only been completed in this, which marks the middle point of our momentous age. Accept it, however, I pray, with no less friendship, and receive from the mouth of the leader of our brave troops, our united wishes for the bright and happy future of a life so dear to us all.”

There is something more in all this than the mere *hommages respectueux* with which such things are so often given and taken. It serves to shew the general tone that reigns through the Austrian army, and the sort of chival-

rous enthusiasm which animates its troops, its commanders, and its admirers ; therefore, to Radetzky's letter,* I will add the answer of Baron Zedlitz :—

“The Austrian army in Italy has sent to me a magnificent cup of honour, which present the great commander of that army has deigned to accompany by some lines of priceless worth. Proud of a distinction such as but few poets have ever been fortunate enough to obtain, the expression of my thanks, which here flows forth from my inmost heart to the magnanimous army and its glorious leader, can give no just idea of the feelings which animate me towards both. From the very sun-bright centre of all honour and all truth, to be marked out as worthy to receive thanks in the face of the country at large, is beyond what the most ambitious could venture to desire ; and to him who is the object of such a distinction, it remains as a satisfaction of conscience, which in the midst of party strife, resists the attacks alike of present or future enmity.”

There is in the Marshal's letter a frank cordiality ; in the Poet's reply a modest dignity : in both a depth of conviction, that in our days of presumption, frivolity, and want of truth, are refreshing to observe.

If M. de Zedlitz has sung the *barditum* for the warriors of modern Austria, he has gained what we are told is the most esteemed of all suffrages : the suffrage of arms ; and after the expressions of esteem awarded him by Radetzky, we may say with Tacitus :

“*Honoratissimum assensus genus est, armis laudare.*”

* Grillparzer received a similar token of gratitude from the Italian army, with a letter from its chief, which was given to him by Prince Schwarzenberg in person.

CHAPTER XIX.

VENICE ;—BYRON AND THE GONDOLIERS.

How Byron knew Venice ! You may admire the fourth canto of Childe Harold at Hammerfest, or at Sant Iago de Cuba without ever having approached one inch nearer to the world in which we live, but you cannot appreciate its merits *justly* until you have been in Venice. Of *all* the countless numbers who have made their theme of the Adriatic wonder, none (and that is saying a great deal), none have known it, *felt* it, loved it, painted it like him. He is as it were penetrated by the very essence of *Venetianism* ;* and when you have once read Childe Harold, I defy you to go to Venice without his verses recurring at every instant to your memory—they stare at you from the curiously carved stonework of the dogal palace, from the Bridge of Sighs, from the burning Riva, from the worn

* The word is none of my coining ; it is the invention of a writer, who, in our own immediate day, is one amongst the number of the most intelligent lovers of Venice, Madame Ida de Düringsfeld, a

pavement of the Piazzetta, from the walls of that giant chamber, wherein is perpetuated the dark sentence against Faliero; they wail in the night wind, and spring forth in every monotonous appeal of the Gondolieri upon the Traghetto.—No! believe me,—once in Venice, Byron is inseparable from you and from it—I am *not* a Byronian, never was one; I am of those who think that to Byron, as a man, injustice was done most wanton and absurd, but as a poet, I would unregrettingly sacrifice all he ever wrote save the following: first, the *one work* which is immortal, and which with every succeeding year must be more frankly recognized as being so; and next, with a *very very* few of his smaller fugitive pieces, the third, but above all the fourth canto of Childe Harold—beyond this, I do not think I should feel any considerable regret, if nothing of his had ever appeared in print. This I think it necessary to say, in order to ward off from myself the accusation of blind Byronism to which so many of my sex lay themselves open, and in order also that I may be believed to be impartial, when I repeat that in Venice his memory positively haunts you.

I was determined to scrutinize the feeling, *d'en avoir raison*, as the French say, and accordingly I went to what I conceived to be its very source: the Palazzo Mocenigo.—A dark, lofty, dingy entrance hall at the top of the stairs opens into a long vast gallery, the windows of which look to the great canal—to the right is a large drawing-room furnished in crimson damask, and out of that a smaller saloon—both are as they were when he occupied them—

German author, of great talent, whose little work, entitled “Am Canal Grande,” adds a brilliant leaf to her well-earned literary crown.

the books he read last lie upon the tables, the sofas and chairs he sat on are placed as at the hour of his departure—the portraits of the old Doges of the House of Mocenigo, hang gloomy round the walls, and on the tables are yet uneffaced inkstains—traces material of immaterial thought—all this is left of him, and shall I tell you? Byron is *less* to be found here than anywhere else. I can, it is true, almost fancy him, as he lived and wrote; his bodily form is re-constituted by all this reality, but with that I have nothing to do, and truly has he himself said:

“The beings of the mind are not of clay,
Essentially immortal, they create,
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence, that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life”

Now this *is* “dull life” whence are absent these “being of the mind.” What is by far more living than all the rest in the Palazzo Mocenigo is a portrait of Catarina Corner, *La Regina*—the wife of Lusignan, and Queen of Cyprus. Such a strange portrait to be that of a Patri-cian Dame of Venice, and one who, above all, had such a history! She is delicate, diminutive, almost doll-like with her *teint de lys et de roses*—but so deliciously pretty! a *bergère* of Watteau, a *nymphe*, a *grande dame*, anything most affected, and elegant, most frivolous and *rococo*—and this was the famous Queen!—one does feel so inclined to make her a *réverence de cour* and call her “Madame la Marquise.” When the lamp upon the table beneath her, cast its rays upon her miniature features, and upon the jewelled crown beside her, and when for hours they were alone in that red room, what could *she* say to Byron?

I repeat it, *she lives* in these ancient walls, but the poet does not. They were the home of him who died at Missolonghi, nothing more,—*he is dead*—whereas he who will never die lives on elsewhere. Listen to the waves as they ripple over the stone steps of *La Salute*, what do they say? Margherita! Go to the Rialto, and *as much as Shylock*, you will recall Childe Harold.—Here is the proof of the hold Byron has laid on Venice: that there is not a spot, however hallowed by the supreme glory of other names, that does not echo his. By the side even of Shakspeare you do not lose sight of him; the fame of Tasso and Petrarch seem to unite with his, and the war-like sonority of such names as Dandolo and Foscari,* do not overwhelm him. As you return from the Lido towards evening, and your gondola in rounding the point of the Dogana, absolutely swims in sunlight, look on the right hand at that small fretted balcony surcharged with ornaments and arabesques as a Moorish edifice—tradition says—there dwelt Othello. When the moon rises blue over the blue waters, as you float past that palace, you fancy you see at its open casement a fair form, the white flutter of a veil,—and on the still wind comes to your fancy a faint sound—is it the harp whose notes accompany the song of the willow? or is it on the Lagoon the solitary gondolier chanting the regrets of Francesca? . . .

“Nessun maggior dolore
Ch’il ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria!”

* This is the more curious, too, as the work, more particularly consecrated by Byron to the latter, “The two Foscari” is about as mediocre a production as can well be conceived.

“Nessun maggior dolore
Ch’ il ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria !”

Shakspeare, Dante, Rossini, muses of music and poetry ! Francesca and Desdemona, visions of the past—all take possession of you, and the surrounding solitude is peopled ; but as you gaze upon the mysterious edifice, and like to think Othello *did* live there,* the chances are, that as you watch its ruin, the moon’s rays may trace in fantastic characters upon the walls :

“ Her palaces are mould’ring to the shore.”

I tell you, do what you will, you cannot escape Byron.

“ You may have seen all the cities of the world,” says Montesquieu, “ and yet be surprised when you arrive in Venice.” When we arrived there, so dense a fog hung over it, that at the foot of the Zecca you could not discern the Campanile. It was cold, damp, and the fog, as it rose, melted into a drizzling, mizzling, melancholy rain. We stepped into the gondola, which looked like a floating hearse, we steered down the Canal Grande, every palace on whose banks seemed but a monument of misery, we stopped at

* The Venetians delight in histories of Othello. They tell you, as a matter of history, that the Moor killed his wife in a most barbarous way. He entered her room, with his confidential servant ; they, together, beat her to death, and then set fire to the house (it took place in Cyprus), in order that the crime should be concealed, and the death of Desdemona be laid to the account of the flames. This version is the really historical one. Tradition says, the Moor was killed on the Lido, in a duel against the three brothers of his wife, who suspected foul play with respect to their sister. Desdemona was a Malipieri.

the *Albergo della Città*, which appeared a vast tomb. Our feet slipped on the green sea-weeds which spread over the slimy steps ; no one answered the hoarse call of the bell, and through the ponderous iron grille we discovered a large court, wholly empty, save for a dark bronze-covered well in the middle of it. Opposite was the Palazzo Foscari, more desolate than all in this vast dingy, muddy desolation—its last proprietors, two aged women (“ adesso sono morte, le Signore Foscari,” said the gondolier), were for many years dependent for their daily bread upon the “ voluntary contributions ” of the curiosity-visiting public. Until the establishment of the Austrians in Venice, who awarded to them a pension, the descendants of the great Francesco lived upon the glory of their name.

When we entered the hotel, more generally known as the *Palazzo Grassi*, the change was scarcely for the better. The large apartments of the first floor were being put in order, and for the moment we were to occupy an *entresol*. The rain did not cease, and the wind blew mournfully through the ill-closed doors and windows—it was very cold, and no fire would burn ; the vast chimney (for there was a chimney) was filled with wood, but it was wet. Night came, and nothing could be more comfortless, the wind moaned, and fractiously sent back into our very faces the smoke that tried to escape up the chimney ; the bells of the hundred and sixty-five churches and chapels kept up a dismal dirge, and one, which rang in our very ears, was cracked ! I looked out of the window—the rain pattered still on the black waters of the canal, and the wet pavement of the *Campo San Samuele* shone liquidly, reflecting in its damps the uncertain rays of a lamp that flickered at the Virgin’s feet over one of the doors of the chapel.

And this was Venice! this, the Adriatic queen! this, the azure-bright vision that had forbidden my looking at the Alps! I felt sad as though I had lost some one long known and dearly loved.

And three days passed, and yet I knew her not! *Elle ne me disait rien*. I glided over her, as I thought, sluggish waters, holding her gondolas for coffins, and yawned away time at ill-sung operas at the Fenice, gazing vacantly at the untenanted boxes,* or marking here and there a group of Venetians, if not all attired in mourning, showing, by their black gloves, and ribbons, and bows, their intention of hoisting the patriotic flag of despair. As it was not for the sea queen herself that we had come to Venice, the *ennui* she excited mattered comparatively little, but it was *ennui* of a kind impossible to paint.

Three days! and then, how the syren revenged herself!

It was one night in the last week of the carnival. A ball was given at the Palazzo Patriarcale, by the officers of the garrison, at which all the *élite* of Venice society (barring always the Venetians!) was to assist.

Ennuyée, I went thither, but the goddess of discontent herself, in white satin shoes, could not withstand Strauss and Lanner played by an Austrian military band. It was past one when I left, and by the torch-light saw my "barca" shoot forwards from under the dark arch of the Ponte della Canonica. Whether the positive fatigue of

* The Italians, with that peculiar tenacity of resistance which they evince in small things, had determined not to frequent the *Fenice*, because that theatre was opened by order of the authorities. They therefore congregate at the smaller one of *San Benedetto*, and there you may see boxes full of fair Venetians attired in black—every one, men and women, being distinguished by their *guanti neri*.

excessive dancing for four hours had better fitted me materially for appreciating the merits of the gondola, I know not, but certain it is that, for the first time, I sank back upon its cushions with complacency, and letting myself go to its rocking motion, felt a sensation of perfect ease and comfort I had never yet experienced. The night was warm, and I pushed aside one of the glasses—the moonlight trembled in the water, and the breeze was mild and soft. We were turning the point of the “*Canonica*,” and the long, strange cry of the boatmen, warned the other gondoliers to let them pass. I put my head out of the window, and at one glance recognized all that Venice had been to others—all that in future she must be to me.

The Piazza, brilliant with a thousand lamps, shone proudly forth in matchless loveliness; the moon bleached the marble front of the Palazzo Ducale, till it gleamed silver-white against the dark blue of wave and sky—the deep waters of the canal which were broad between us and the steps of the Piazzetta, lay hushed in midnight silence, scarce disturbed by the splash of the falling oar.—Upon every ripple came remembrance of other days, round every stone of those mysterious dwellings was wreathed some name, some story—melodies indistinct were wafted by like unknown perfumes, shadows bright or terrible began to congregate and peopled space This, this was Venice—what a night! There is an old Spanish song which tells the longings of one who yearns for the native land of another hemisphere, and says:

“ Ayres Mejicanos
Venid y llevadme.”

Over and over did these words come back to my thoughts, as the Trieste boat bore us away from Venice—

over and over did I repeat them to myself, as, in the shades of night, the Piazza, just as I had seen it when I felt for the first time, the love of Venice—grew dimmer and more dim, and nothing visible lay around but the vast and sublime monotony of the sea:

“ Ayres *Venecianos*
Venid y llevadme !”

Believe me, reader, the love of Venice, when it has seized you, is not a feeling to be easily shaken off—there is a species of hopelessness about it which gives it double strength. For every other spot on earth, your love may find a likeness that can cheat it—but not so with Venice. There is but *one* ! When you cannot make of it your home, it is not a place to be lightly visited.

It is not for her riches in art, or in historic memories that one loves Venice ; it is not for anything definable or to be understood ; it is for her own sake, and the sentiment is so powerful (like all things irrational), that those who own it draw together, and, in all other respects strangers, become in this, dear friends, as they who share equally in the affection for, and of a living object.

Comfortless, breakfast-and-dinnerless,* desolate, and most unclean Palazzo Grassi ! with what eager gladness would I affront again all the miseries of our first night under thy roof—damp, smoke, rain, wind, cracked bell of San Samuele and all,—all ! to buy back but one hour of

* Venice was in such an utter state of desertion after the late insurrection and siege, that at the *Palazzo Grassi* (with *Daniele*, the first hotel), we were utterly alone, and the establishment was so diminished, that there was in reality no regular cook. The accounts brought us by our man-servant, of the state of the kitchen, were such, that we soon gave up even taking our breakfast at the inn !

Venice ! one breath of the "sweet south" upon the Lido, one quivering ray of the moon upon the Zecca, one gleam of sunlight on the steps of the Giardini, one single feeling, however transient, of true Venetianism !

What a strange race they are, those same Venetians ! if they were not absolutely made of cotton wool, there would be no living in the place ; for there is not a street or an alley that is not built for the express convenience of robbery and murder. They are indolence itself, and that is why they would not "go out and fight," during the insurrection, though they cried out as though they wanted to do so : "Ames de dentelle," Napoleon used to say of feminine "souls"—"Ames de dentelle !" forsooth ! "Ames de Ouate !"

Artists they are in grain—ask Pippo ! . . .

Pippo, reader, whom you do not know, is a great friend of mine, and was mine own especial gondolier. Poor Pippo ! never, I believe, since the hour when he floundered forth into puffing, panting, porpoise-like existence, had Pippo been so near coming to the close of his "mortal coil" as during the few weeks that he was attached to my service. Oh ! the long, long days when Pippo used to lie dozing on the prow of his *barchetta*, whilst his pitiless tormentor was wandering about the Lido ! and the countless hours when we went darting through the mysterious net work of the small canals like shuttle through web, and when every homeward attempt of Pippo's was met by : "Pippo ! *un giro ancor !*" It does seem pitiless now, but at the time, the avidity of Venice blinded me to every thing around.

"Ma, signora !" expostulated Pippo one evening (it was past seven, and we had been *en route* since ten), "non ho mangiato !" and the fattest of fat gondoliers uttered

the words with an expression of despair such as would not have ill-become Count Ugolino. And spite of all this, Pippo and I were right good friends ; and nothing pleased him better than on a fine day to steer me through "the islands ;" tell me the history of almost every single house, and hear himself complimented on his "good Italian." Pippo was, as I said, an artist. We had gone one night to San Benedetto to attend the rehearsal of a charming little *opera buffa* of the brothers Ricci. After trying one or two boxes (no one was admitted into the house but some ten or a dozen friends of the *maestro*), we decided to go down to the pit, where we accordingly established ourselves, as by much the best place for hearing. A few lamps on the stage itself, and the candles of the orchestra, were all that lighted the darkness. From time to time I thought I heard in the distance some indistinct signs of there being others besides ourselves amongst the listeners of the pit ; and twice a mumbled "bravo" came fat and fleshy from some puffy lungs, whose possessor I could not see ; but at length by dint of searching, I discerned at the farthest end of the space two large round eyes that glittered and twinkled as though they were very happy. When the rehearsal was over, as we passed out of the pit we became aware of a huge, unwieldy form, sitting close to the door, and looking for all the world as though the frog of the fable had succeeded, and had really swollen itself out to the size of the ox. It was Pippo !—who else should it be ?

"Well, Pippo," asked I, "what do you think of the opera ?"

"Grazio sa assai," he grunted, "graziosissima !"

"La *Veneziana* farà furor," remarked I (this was a

kind of rondo sung by the prima donna, and exceedingly pretty).

"Si, Signora," rejoined Pippo, "*ma c'è un terzetto! . . . Lei verrà . . .*" And he was right; this trio, which had not struck us at the rehearsal, was encored twice at the first representation, and decidedly formed the chief ornament of Ricci's very successful *Crispino*.

Pippo was a judge of painting, too; and one day that he had followed me (I believe in my heart it was to take care of me), into the inside of the Barberini Palace, he kept up in respectfully low tones behind my back a very learned discussion on the different schools with the official cicerone, who seemed to be a friend of his. I could not help attending almost as much to him as to Titian, for it was curious to see how he entered into the most delicate distinctions of art, and how nothing escaped him.

Pippo had a companion, a red haired man, whose voice I never heard but twice during the whole time the two rowed me over the Lagoons of the Adriatic.

Once (the red man was this time in Pippo's place with a strange boatman to aid him), I had given orders to go to the Lido when the wind was very high, and those who were with me pretended it was unsafe, and ended by having our *barca* brought to land at the *Giardini*. The waves were certainly tossing about a little, and the *felce** flapped and flew as though it wanted to tear itself loose. As we got out upon the stone steps of the *Giardini*—

"C'è pericolo?" said one of my companions to the red haired man.

* The *felce* is the thick black tasselled cloth which covers the top of the gondola. In very stormy weather it is thought dangerous, and is taken off.

“Si, Signor!” answered he; “c’è pericolo, ma lei mi dice: ‘*al Lido*’ e io vò!”

The second time his rarely employed tones were devoted to a far more gallant purpose. Pippo was so much worn out upon some one occasion, when I taxed him beyond what I really suppose such obesity as his could support, that he looked at his oar and seemed as though he were going to hesitate, when a voice from behind the boat encouraged him to effort by—“Andiam! Andiam! Pippo! *coraggio per la signora!*”

As with all things living or inanimate in Venice, I would give a great deal now to catch a glimpse of Pippo’s enormous face, or of his shapeless shape, so much more “like a whale” than anything Polonius ever saw.

And not a word of Titian?—no! not one!—nor Tintoretto? nor Paolo? . . . *un instant!* I will not even pronounce their names; this would oblige to more.

One picture in Venice I would have told you of had I seen it—*The Georgione*; but the Palazzo Manfrini was undergoing repairs, and we could not be admitted. This picture I had dreamt of from my childhood, from what Byron says of it (as I told you, he pursues you everywhere), and this one alone I could not see. But *one* I saw. It hangs in the Palazzo Vendramin,* over a doorway, leading from the dining into the first drawing-room. It is the full-length portrait of a lady attired in black. You may

* The Palazzo Vendramin belongs to the Duchesse de Berry. It is one of the most magnificent in Venice. The presence of Her Royal Highness has been found of such benefit to the City of the Sea by the number of strangers which her royal and elegant hospitality has been used to draw thither, that after the siege, the Venetians sent a petition to entreat of her not to desert them.

pass by it without remarking it, but if once your eyes rest upon that face you cannot leave it. It is a strange countenance. Is it beautiful?—I hardly know; it is irregular, but there is what I would almost call a *fatal* charm about the eyes; she *must* have been a *jettatrice**—from those firmly compressed, chiselled lips only magic spells were made to come: there is something *weird* about her—something that would almost make her into a Medea of modern times; yet she was not that. Those strange eyes! even from their inanimate semblance pour forth looks which enthrall, and tell of what their resistless power must have been.

“Whom does that portrait represent?” asked I, when I could leave it to rejoin my companions, who were at the end of the enfilade of salons.

“*Bianca Capello!!!*” was the reply; “it is an original.”

No wonder!

Daughter of Venice and her sweet prototype; what Bianca was to Medici, Venice has been to thousands; an absolute enslaver—the thought, the dream of whom was to prompt to acts of mad enterprise, of impossible achievement.

Oh! my old Spanish song!—

“Ayres Venecianos
Venid y llevadme!”

* A woman who possesses the “evil eye.”

CHAPTER XX.

FRANCE IN VENICE.—HENRY V.

As I said, what we came to seek for in Venice was not Venice. It was France. We came to pay the homage of our respect to him who is the last hope of a stricken country.

There are Legitimists of two kinds: those who were born so, have always been so, and, never having examined the question under any other aspect, have often no other reason to offer for so being; and those, who, after a deliberate and dispassionate study of facts, and of all that has happened in France within the last sixty years, have acquired the firm and unalterable conviction, that unless in a return to the principle of Legitimate Monarchy, there is no possible salvation for the country. I belong to the latter class. It has not depended upon me to belong to the former.

As the mere incarnation of a principle, which principle alone can save the country I have learned to look upon as my own, I frankly avow that the individual merits or demerits of the future Monarch seem to me objects of comparative indifference. Royalty in England was not weakened because George IV. was not a pattern of morality, or his brother William IV. a miracle of genius. I therefore began by regarding the Comte de Chambord merely as the impersonation of Monarchy in France. To that impersonation it was, therefore, as to an abstraction, that we desired to tender our allegiance.

Had the honour of a nearer approach to the future Sovereign of France persuaded me that great personal superiority was *not* to be looked for in him, it would have had no discouraging influence upon my mind—for, I repeat it, he is the mere representative of a principle with which his individual merit can have nothing whatever to do—but in that case, I should have remained silent, nor ever sought by one word of unfounded eulogy to lead the opinion of any one astray. One may be an excellent and devoted subject without undertaking the part of a panegyrist.

Nothing can be of use which is not true. Therefore, in the case I allude to, should nothing have induced me to give a false idea of M. le Comte de Chambord.

Nothing which is true can be wholly without use. Therefore, the contrary of what I have supposed possible being the truth, and the moral and intellectual superiority of M. le Comte de Chambord being incontestible, it may not be entirely devoid of utility, that I, the most obscure among the many who recognize, should proclaim it.

Although, I repeat it, individual mediocrity could in no

way whatever weaken the salutary influence to be exercised over France by the accession of Henry V. to the throne, at the embodiment of a principle, still there is a peculiar kind of individual merit which may be calculated to reassure those, who in the Sovereign persist in seeing the man. I use the word "peculiar" because in my mind, there is a sort of superiority which, if M. le Comte de Chambord possessed it, might be extremely prejudicial to his cause, and consequently to the country. If M. le Comte de Chambord were afflicted with that restless species of genius, the law of whose existence is constant action, (a quality indicative also in many instances of great superiority,) it would be an immense misfortune, for it would leave no issue open to him but to bear away his Crown at the sword's point—it would inevitably open before him the catalogue of chances. Now, to this, a principle cannot be submitted, and this the Comte de Chambord knows. His superiority is of a different kind, and of a very complex nature; various and often contradictory even as the circumstances in which he may be called upon to act.

The Comte de Chambord owes it to the majesty of the principle he represents, not to doubt for one instant of the eventual recognition of that principle, nor to compromise it by one act of impatience. He perfectly well knows and feels that he is a *necessity* for France. Tranquil expectancy of the hour, which cannot fail, must be his absolute law;* to fit himself for the discharge of the solemn duties to which he will one day be called, must be his only care.

* The conviction that France must return to monarchy, is, however, based upon the supposition that France is to be saved, and to reassume her once high position among the European nations. France may be condemned to perish, and some day be little better

In both cases, this has been and is.

It is not always an easy thing to judge the character of a Prince. Opportunities sufficient have been afforded me for judging of M. le Comte de Chambord, and, however presumptuous it may seem, I have no hesitation in saying that history will confirm my opinion of him; upon this score I am wholly without fear, *I know that I have judged him rightly.*

The characters difficult to define are those wherein tortuous windings have to be followed—those whom to understand, you must decypher, to whose mysteries you must have a key.—Truth is written in very plain letters, to read it, the moral A. B. C. is enough.

Truth is the leading, ruling virtue of M. le Comte de Chambord. That once premised, never was a character made up of so many or of such extraordinary contrasts. Strong sense, sound judgment, and penetration, as profound as it is acute, these are the first attributes that strike you. Not only does the Prince bring these qualities to bear upon all the objects presented to his mental gaze by a mass of acquired instruction such as is very rare, but he has recourse to them to form his opinion upon his contemporaries, and I have been sometimes taken aback at the intimate knowledge betrayed by the Comte de Chambord in conversation, of even the slightest *nuances* of character of those whom it is necessary he should know, and whom he has never seen.—And now, I hasten to observe it; this is a kind of knowledge which does not

than one vast Poland, or she may become extinct, and fade away into frivolity like some other exhausted nations. All this may be in the law of Providence. I merely say that, *if* France is to be saved, Henry V. is inevitable,

come merely from books, papers, or correspondence,—none of those could give it. There is a degree of accuracy in judgment which comes far more from the innate rectitude of the individual judging, than from any positive means afforded to him for the formation of his judgment—*this* is what is so remarkable in the Comte de Chambord. You may live in Paris, know daily the workings of the miserably disordered political machine, be aware of what is passing in the mind of such and such a leader, of such and such a party, and yet, when you have the honour of discoursing upon these very men with M. le Comte de Chambord, you may *learn*, and while you recognize the undeniable justice of his observations, you wonder by what possible means he could have arrived at them,—for you see at once, that they spring from *himself alone*, and the knowledge he has of France is precisely that usually acquired only by what I would style the Revelation of contact.

In the drawing-room of the Comte de Chambord, wherever it may be, in Vienna, Frohsdorf, or Venice, you are in France, and everything around you is so impregnated with this perfume of the absent home, that one evening, upon suddenly hearing beneath the windows of the Palazzo Cavalli the sound of a serenade sung by the *Barcajuoli* on the canal, I checked myself as I was about saying to a lady near me :—“What are they doing on the *Boulevard*?”

The Prince has done what is required for certain physical experiments: he has created around him an artificial atmosphere;—and that atmosphere is France. He talks to you not only of politics, but of the *bruits du jour*, and does so in the ever varying phraseology of the day,

knowing the last new word that has been admitted into the Freemasonry of Parisian *salons*, and the last new *trait d'esprit* of the *Charivari* or *Corsaire*, just as well as he knows why M. Thiers did not speak upon such or such a question, why M. Molé did, and what caused M. * * * to vote in a sense which surprised all his political associates of the *Chambre*. This indelibility of impression left upon him by France is something really almost miraculous. It is as though an electrical current were established between him and his country, and as though not a quiver could agitate her without waking a corresponding thrill in him. He appears to me to guess, to *devine* all that regards France, as those have been known to do who deeply love, even though immeasurable distance be between them; and the day when Henri V. re-enters the Tuileries, no one living will have to afford him one iota of information. It is he who will instruct them.

I have said the character of *Monseigneur** is composed of contrasts; his condescension, his affability, are of a species quite *à part*, and are manifested in a thousand delicate ways, that denote as much *esprit* as heart; yet his dignity is such that I cannot imagine a contemptor of kings, however rude, who should not be awed by it. In whatever way, by whatever means, in however great a degree, the Comte de Chambord makes you the object of his affabi-

* Henri V., since the death of Charles X. and his son, has of course ceased to be Duc de Bordeaux. He is Henri V. under the name of the Comte de Chambord; and naturally this also destroys the title of Royal Highness. He is therefore styled simply, *Monseigneur*, and the Countess de Chambord takes the title of *Madame*.

lity ; he always invariably raises you to him, and you feel honoured by it ; he *never* himself descends to you. He is cordial beyond all that I ever witnessed ; he is never familiar ; he is every inch a king, and every inch a *gentleman*, in the purest, noblest, loftiest sense. Never, should Henry V. wear the Crown of France, will the idea of royalty be diminished, in popular esteem, by thought, word, or deed, un-royal ; but never, either, will power be rendered odious by arrogance or injustice. *To deserve*, that will be the sole title necessary, in the eyes of the future King of France, in order *to obtain*—and since the days of Henri Quatre and Louis Quatorze, he will be the *first* who has understood the importance of the word.

This is a condition absolutely indispensable to the possible government of France. So soon as her aristocracy shall know that it must *deserve* and labour with the rest, and that it is not *privileged as a caste*, it will, be assured, in the healthy ardour of activity, throw off whatever little absurdities have been the fruits, more of opposition than anything else ; and when the sons of the Historic houses of France feel, that under a sovereign whom all must be honoured in serving, there exists an exception for none, they will enter the lists in good earnest, and it is much, then, if you do not see to the full as great a number of prizes become the rightful gains of the gentlemen competitors as of the doctors, lawyers, and banking-house clerks.

The firmness of the Comte de Chambord is a quality of granite growth ; and you feel that in his hands authority will run no risk of being deserted, but that he will *to the last* stand manfully, and without hesitation, by that which has been committed to his trust ; this determination, however,

of upholding the law, and, should it come to a struggle, maintaining the sovereign power—upon which depends the welfare of the country—upright at all costs, is allied to a liberality of opinion which some people think excessive ; and here I will myself confess, that if I have a fear, it is based upon the exceedingly liberal tendencies of the Prince. His overflowing goodness of heart, his ardent charity, his anxious longing to alleviate suffering wherever it exists have, I think, led him to dream of impossibilities, and produced that which alone, in his whole being, can be denominated an excess. The antidote to this will lie in the unerring rectitude of his judgment, and he will find in the iron exigencies of *good* government in France the impracticable execution of his philanthropical desires. It may be his first grief on coming to the throne.

The Comte de Chambord is as remarkable for prudence and circumspection as for dignity or kindness of heart, and yet there is in him something which every now and then seems to say this is the result of reason. You cannot look upon his bold, bright blue eye without feeling that its fire is borrowed from François I. and Henri IV., and that, were it not tempered by reason, marks would be oftener shown of the daring spirit of his intrepid mother, who, whatever other reproaches may have been addressed to her, showed herself, at least, in 1832 to be *le dernier chevalier Français*. To this natural ardour of disposition, I fancy, is to be ascribed the love of the Comte de Chambord for all bodily exercises, such as swimming, shooting, and riding.* He finds in them a distraction to the desire for movement on a wider field. They cheat his activity.

* General Schlik (an excellent judge himself) was the first to say to us in speaking of the Prince : “c’est un brillant Cavalier.”

But of all the happily blended contrasts which characterize the Prince,—cordiality of condescension united to unmistakable majesty, inflexibility of decision to tenderness of heart, prudent cautiousness to chivalrous ardour—none is so remarkable, because none so rare as the union of sharpness and sincerity peculiarly his own. I do not believe the man exists clever enough to outwit Monseigneur, or even momentarily to deceive him. *Nothing escapes him.* He reads your very thoughts, and you feel that he does so. This he has in common with his grand-uncle Louis XVIII., and with his ancestor Henry IV., but he allies with it a candour of good faith, an immaculate purity of conscience, an invincible rectitude, which neither of these Sovereigns possessed, and which made me say in the commencement of this chapter, that the ruling virtue of Monseigneur was truth. In no human being have I ever seen these two qualities simultaneously developed to so remarkable a degree.

The Comte de Chambord is eminently *Français par l'esprit*, and his conversation when he admits you to the privilege of enjoying it *en petit comité*, is attractive and charming beyond description. Until then, he may be said to be rather reserved than otherwise. Anecdotal and *spirituel* as Louis XVIII. he is only prevented by the more modern forms of courtly breeding, from being as jovially gay as *le Béarnais* himself. Perhaps, unless it were for the uncompromising uprightness and sincerity of which I speak, Henri Quatre would be, of all his ancestors, the one whom the Prince resembles most; he has much of his acuteness, but you see at once that "*Paris vaut bien une messe*," could never have passed his lips.

Of the Comtesse de Chambord, I frankly avow that I

scarcely know how to speak. The impression she made upon me is so strong, the devotion I bear to her is so deep, that I find some difficulty in doing justice to her without being accused of exaggeration. The Archduchess Marie Thérèse d'Este* is said to be not handsome; but if beauty were to be judged by its effects, I do not know who could vie with her. The power she exercises over all who approach her, is fascination. I have never yet found any one who had either escaped, or who could explain it; but *so it is*. Old men and young men, women, persons of all nations and all ranks, none can resist the charm—for that is it. It is *le charme*, as the French say; that nameless something which utterly defies definition.

Some of those who have not seen this incomparable Princess, and to whom I have tried to paint her, have thought that in extraordinary attentions on her part might

* A lady who had just come from Modena (whither she had been for the first time), was expressing her surprise to the Comtesse de Chambord at the impossibility which existed of making the Modenese (even the people in the shops and streets) speak of her as anything save as: "Our Marie Thérèse," under which title their inquiries about her were incessant. Madame turned to me, and with a smile of tender remembrance given to her old and faithful friends: "It is true," said she in her sweet soft tones; "my brother is called 'the Duke,' my poor brother Ferdinand, they used to call the 'Principino,' my sister, they denominate 'the Infanta,' but me, they never can be persuaded into calling anything else than 'Marie Thérèse,' *tout court*, and the very peasants you meet with in the fields know of me under no other name. *Je n'ai jamais pu savoir pourquoi*," added Madame, with the adorable simplicity which she alone possesses.

"Ah!" thought I to myself, "How well I know why!"

"Our Marie Thérèse!" when shall we too, in France, say "*notre Marie Thérèse*!"

lie a portion of the secret. But, no ! Most assuredly Madame la Comtesse de Chambord was neither more nor other to me than to every one around her, but in a frequent approach, I learned to admire and love virtues, which are as uncommon as they are irresistible ; and, like all the rest, I was subjugated by the nameless influence—*le charme*.

Madame is exceedingly tall ; but to describe her figure, there is but one expression, and that looks like a pedantic one. Why is the word *gracilis* brought into neither French nor English ? “ Graceful ” is not by any means the equivalent. “ Graceful ” may be modified ; *gracilis* cannot be so. A woman may be playfully, or majestically graceful, but *gracilis* is the essence of grace itself. It is a word expressive only of itself alone : lithe as an osier twig, delicate as the ankle of a fawn, it gives you at once an idea of anything most elegant, and most made to be kept apart from all touch too rude.

Such is the Comtesse de Chambord. Her head, which is extremely small, is placed upon a neck of exquisite slightness, and bends like a lilly upon its stem. Over her usually somewhat pallid complexion, when the least excitement animates her, there spreads a delicate flush, which doubles the soft lustre of her brown eyes. I have often asked myself whether the fascination she so universally exercises lay in the pure sweetness of those eyes, or in the delicious tones of her voice, and I can as little answer the question now as ever.

I could mention one Prince of a reigning German house celebrated for his devotion to beauty, who, whilst a guest at the Prussian Court, so raved about the Comtesse

de Chambord, that a lady who was listening could not help saying with a smile: "*En vérité, ce que dit v^{otre} altesse Royale, est à rendre jalouse toute l'Allemagne princière.*"

You should hear, as I have done, the enthusiasm of General M. . . . (one of the most famous of Napoleon's officers in the *armée d'Italie*), when he speaks of "Marie Thérèse,"—as he calls her with affectionate respect—whom he has known from her childhood; or see the countenance of Radetzky light up with joy, when he receives some message of remembrance from her who bears the name dearest to an Austrian soldier.

Two French gentlemen of our acquaintance were presented to the Princess during our stay in Venice—one, was forty, the other, twenty-one; one a man of study, the other an *élégant*; both as different from each other as two people well could be, yet both, after having been spoken to for half an hour by the Comtesse de Chambord had, to my question: "Que pensez-vous de Madame?" but one reply—"Je me jetterais au feu pour elle!"

The only means I can devise for describing accurately the future Queen of France, is to say that she has all the power of beauty without possessing it.

"Intellectually and morally speaking," said to me one day the old General whom I have mentioned, and who is himself renowned for his intelligence; "there is *no* superiority which Marie Thérèse does not possess—she is one in ten million."

He was right—and whenever Marie Thérèse d'Este shall enter the royal walls of Versailles or the Tuileries, it will be to become, in but a very short space of time,

the object of an adoration such as she cannot yet conceive.*

There is in this family of Este, a power of devotion of a very rare kind. The Archduke Ferdinand, Madame's brother, died a victim to it, some months ago.

When the Emperor Franz Josef ascended the throne, the Archduke Ferdinand was despatched to Berlin to announce the fact to the King of Prussia.

"We shall never forget him here," said a lady of the Court, alluding to this visit. "He left upon us the impression of one of those Spanish knights of old Castille in whose very chivalry there was gravity; handsome as courteous, gentle as brave, but serious and even somewhat silent, we all felt that about the Archduke there was something extraordinary, though very charming."

Well! this young "flower of chivalry" (he was but twenty-eight) married his cousin, the Archduchess Elizabeth, who was but eighteen, and never did wedded love unite two hearts more closely, more entirely than these two. Last winter (it was towards the middle of December) it was remarked to the Archduke, who commanded the troops at Brunn, that the deaths from typhus in the military hospital, were so alarming in number, that it was to be feared there was some defect in the service of the

* To have the most accurate idea possible of the Comtesse de Chambord, it would suffice to read Bossuet's *Discourse* upon the Queen of Louis XIV., also a Maria Thérèse. There is not one line that does not seem written on purpose; for Madame, in the description the great orator gives of that illustrious Princess, of whom he says: "Above all, a true Christian, she fulfilled every duty without presumption, and was humble, not only in the midst of every greatness, but in the midst of every virtue."

establishment, and that this ought to be remedied. The Archduke determined to investigate the affair at once, and therefore resolved to surprize the medical attendants at an hour, when any visit must be unexpected, and judge of matters with his own eyes. Accordingly one night, or rather morning, between three and four o'clock, he presented himself, accompanied by three aides-de-camp, at the hospital. The surprized attendants warned him of the temerity of the attempt, telling him that to enter into the sick wards where the air had not yet been refreshed, was to run an almost inevitable risk;—but the Prince's object was to see things as they really were, and afford no time for preparation, and he persisted: "A soldier," said he, "must fear nothing,"—and he entered.

Eight days later, the Archduke and his three aides-de-camp were dead!

Petrified by despair, the unfortunate Archduchess Elizabeth sat motionless, breathless, tearless, by the side of the couch, around which the devoted sister multiplied every tender care. The doctors entreated the Comte de Chambord to prevent Madame from exposing herself to such a frightful danger.

"Her conscience must decide," replied he calmly, "I can do nothing."

The Princess would not hear a word of warning—she simply signified that no lady of her attendance should be allowed to come within breathing of the infectious air, and saying, "Providence will protect me!" continued, from first to last, through day and through night, to minister to her dying brother's wants, giving to him even those more minute cares which are often confided to hired attendants.

A true and worthy sister of the noble Ferdinand d'Este

is Madame la Comtesse de Chambord. Devotion is the law of her being, and in that delicate *gracile* frame, there is an ardour of sacrifice and abnegation that is of adamant strength.

The Comtesse de Chambord has an heroic nature, which she herself alone, in her exquisite simplicity, does not recognize. She possesses *un courage de roi*, well appreciated by all who have known her long. Ignorant of what fear means, in the face of positive danger,* she joins, at the same time, to this princely quality, a kind of timidity in society, which, without taking anything from her queenly bearing, produces an innocent, a kindly desire to please, perfectly irresistible in such an exalted station.

If it were possible to forget that station, she would force you to do so by the way in which she seeks to make you feel that she herself forgets it. As an example of this, I can cite a little anecdote, which I believe to be without parallel in the annals of royal amiabilities.

The Comte de Chambord was speaking of a lady of

* During the siege of Venice, Madame was leaving the Canal Grande in a boat, in which was also Madame la Duchesse de Berry, when they were stopped by the insurgents. "The boat can't pass," said a voice. "The Duchesse de Berry passes everywhere!" replied proudly the Neapolitan Princess. "The Duchesse de Berry—well and good!" rejoined the man who had first spoken; "but one must be sure, she is there." "Look at her then," exclaimed the heroine of Vendée, and she opened the door of the gondola and stood upon the prow. Her dauntless attitude overawed them, and the boat passed. During the whole of this scene, the muzzles of six or eight guns had been pointed at the two princesses, and both expected at every moment to be assassinated. I shall never forget the accent with which the Comtesse de Chambord, in answer to a lady who asked her if she had felt alarmed, replied, "*Alarmed?* No! but I felt very indignant."

high rank, whom all present knew, and who was celebrated throughout Europe for her impertinence.

"She certainly," said Monseigneur, "*was* the most impertinent person in existence."

"Indeed?" said the Princess, "was she so? *I never perceived it!*"

A murmur ran all round the salon. "I should indeed hope not," was on every tongue; and Madame looked almost confused at the involuntary proof she had given of her adorable modesty and forgetfulness of rank supreme.

The slight flush rose to her cheek. Oh! how lovely, with the heart's loveliness, did she seem to me!

I assure you, there are moments in which, when you know "Marie Therèse," as they tenderly term her in Modena, you are almost ready to fall down and worship her.

And with all this ready oblivion of the homage due from others to her station, the Comtesse de Chambord unites a rigid devotion to the duties that station exacts from herself. If nothing were to be thought of beyond the mere happiness of life, I think I would venture to affirm, that no crown will ever repay the future King and Queen of France, for the peaceful charms of their woodland retreat of Frohsdorf, or of the flower-filled marble galleries of their Adriatic home, the Palazzo Cavalli; but, setting aside the deep and ardent love of country with which both are animated, both regard things in a far higher light, and look upon the Crown as a duty. The welfare of France! Both these illustrious persons have an instinctive conviction that to *that* work they are destined—consecrated, so to say. Never was a heavier duty accepted with a more grave and solemn resolution to fulfil it to the utmost, at

no matter what personal cost, than will be the task of guiding France's destinies, when the hour shall come, by Henry of Bourbon, and Marie Therèse of Este.

Of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, I have not yet spoken.

There is about this sorely-tried Princess a majesty, before which you bow down abashed, as it were, by her mere aspect, at the crimes your fellow-men could commit. No consecration has failed her, for no suffering has been spared. The Dauphine was rather of a decided and manly than of a gentle nature; but she has achieved gentleness, and in her presence you feel that only pardon is around. So purely, truly pious is the Duchesse d'Angoulême, that, as far as outward appearances go, you can barely call her austere. All the ineffable indulgence she now so largely extends to others, is compensated by severities which attain but herself alone.

Nor has this victory been cheaply bought, for there are moments still when the descendant of Louis Quatorze, and the grand-daughter of the Empress-Queen speak out, in the quick glance, the active step, the rapid word; but instantly you see that this is mere accident, and that nothing can ever more compromise the conquest that religion has made.

I should think there are few examples in history of a fuller measure of crime having been requited by a fuller measure of forgiveness, or of injuries received having been sooner converted into steps whereby to reach perfection, than that afforded by the august daughter of the murdered Louis XVI. She seems, in the words of the Prophet, to be, as it were, held up, in the sight of future generations, *in signum et in portentum*.

CHAPTER XXI.

VERONA AND SHAKSPERE.

VENICE is Venice only : it is not more Italian than it is Greek, Oriental, or Slavonic ; it is itself alone. Not so the towns on the territory which faces it. Directly you have quitted the Lagoons, you are in Italy ; and then begin the festooned vineyards, and the buildings with their hard outlines, the bright red earth, and the black parasol pines ; for all of which, I confess it, I have but small affection.

It was on the 20th of February, and the heat was intense, as we drove from the railway station into the town of Verona, in a species of cart quite beggaring description, but which carried us off like the wind : the dust positively enveloped us, as in a cloud, and it was only through its veil that we could catch a sight of the many things, that at once made us all exclaim, "*Voilà l'Italie !*"

We had literally come to Verona in search of "love

and glory," for our objects were Radetzky and Juliet; the fame of Austria's hero, and the fame of our own native bard; the octogenarian warrior, and the love-sick girl of fourteen.

"On Lammas-Eve, at night, shall she be fourteen," says the Nurse; and so, in the year of grace 1850, is she still "fourteen come Lammas-Eve;"—Sweet Juliet!

If others dispute the sovereignty with him in Venice, in Verona Shakspeare reigns supreme. You go to see the tomb of the Scaligers, but you seek first for the grave of him who was magistrate of the town when the lovers lived. You meet a cowed Franciscan in the street, and you long to ask news from him of Friar Lawrence. You wander along the banks of the Adige, and lovely as they are, all you ask from them is to echo Juliet's name. You are all but angry when some one points out to you a good-looking house enough, and tells you of the Congress of Verona, and says something about M. de Châteaubriand. What has the father of "*Atala*"* to do here? It is a sort of intrusion, and there is no place for his "*Floridienne*."

What a strange power is that of poetry! We were four, and I alone was English; yet the first, the instinctive thought of all of us was "Juliet."

Shakspeare so imperiously commands you in Verona, that as I know I must come back to him, I will try first to tell you of the other things we saw during our stay there.

The sky was blue, and the river bluer still; but there is

* Throughout his *Memoirs*, M. de Châteaubriand never mentions the heroine of this work of his youth, otherwise than as "*ma fille*."

a something particularly disagreeable to me in the sight of those baked buildings, those creviced houses, which make me always feel as though I were undergoing the baking process myself, and in danger of being overdone.

“Fair Verona!” That she is, assuredly, and of a dark fairness, to wit; for here, and not in Venice, are the glowing tints by which nature seems to have furnished the models for the colouring of the so-called Venetian school. Venice, to whatever point her brilliancy may rise, has at all times, and, like all ocean beauties, a kind of gauzy veil she cannot all throw off—a something telling of her mother element; whereas these other towns stand forth all un-enshrouded, and stare you brazenly in the face.

“Brass! brass! all brass and red earth! I hate them,” those were my first words on entering Verona. And yet, there is a poetry about them, too, I cannot understand, and they have an influence even I cannot quite resist. Is it from death they take their poetry? Is it their utter desolation which lends to them their mysterious charm? Look at yon cemetery of the Giusti, whose lofty terraces rise as though they were the very “hanging gardens” of Death’s pleasure. Do not the cypress trees seem more gloomy here than in any other spot? Do not the very dead seem deeper sunk down into the “world’s exile” (’tis Romeo calls it so), than the habitants of ordinary tombs?

They show you tombs and theatres in Verona, and the tombs *of* theatres, too. The sepulchres of the Scaligieri, and the *one* of which I will not be induced to doubt, and the theatre where puppets draw full houses every night, the Marionettes. We had a ballet at the latter, and “Monte Christo.” Edmond Dantès made a wonderful

expenditure of "*O, padre!*" in his prison scene with the Abbé Faria, at which the public seemed mightily moved; and Mercedès made a proportionate consumption of—*me infelice!* upon discovering the Cræsus, Monte Christo, to be no other than her jilted lover. I occupied myself meanwhile with gazing at a woman in the stage-box opposite—the first true Italian beauty I had seen—and with absorbing the perfumes of the hyacinths of my bouquet. Italian hyacinths! Oh, what luscious scents they shed! Magnolias and orange blossoms elsewhere are not more sweet. As we drove home, the moon shone brightly over the waters of the Adige, lighting with melancholy radiance the marble courts of the fairy palaces on its banks; so still, so sad, so lonely that the moon's own rays seem to penetrate there stealthily, and fear almost to find themselves alone beneath those ghostly arches. None of us spoke; and my hyacinths, humid still and fresh, seemed what was nearest unto life! . . . and to-morrow they too would fade. All save memory has faded in Verona . . .

Vast in its ruin, how the Arena rises up, and contemplates with its thousand sightless eyes the lesser ruins round it! I climbed to its very topmost ridge. The living beings on the open space below looked like children's dolls, whilst the tones of military music (there was some parade going on), wafted distinctly to my ears the sounds of a march in "*Euryanthe.*" So it is. Man himself disappears, and that which he creates defies time and space. Byron was right;—but music at that moment passed by me unheeded—my thoughts were elsewhere.

It was as impossible in Verona for us to think of any thing save Shakspeare, as it is useless now for me to at-

tempt speaking of aught which is not him. We went to Juliet's tomb—it *must* be her tomb. Why should it *not* be so? and then half-an-hour later saw us standing opposite to a tall, dark, ungainly-looking house—the home of the Capulets! As to any self-sufficient, sour-tempered *savant* trying to persuade one that *that* is *not* Capulet's house, he ought for the offence to be sewn into the skin of one of the “ill-shaped fishes” which adorned the Mantuan apothecary's shop, and hung up as a warning to all such criminals in future. It is absurd!

Why, if you will but take the trouble of listening, you may hear them within calling “for dates and quinces in the pastry;” and as the evening shadows fall, masque after masque goes by to Capulet's feast. Never tell me that Juliet dwelt not there, and that it was not through that gateway that Romeo passed, when turning to Benvolio, in that true spirit of foreboding which never fails in delicate natures to usher in the great crises of the heart, he exclaimed:—

“ My mind misgives—
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels.”

They who have taken pains to dive much into the history of the lovers, tell you Capulet was not of noble birth, as were the Montecchi, but that he had enriched himself in trade, and having been made noble, had acquired great influence, and the privilege of seeing his house frequented by the highest. Traces of this may be found even in Shakspeare, for observe, that Juliet is rarely men-

tioned, save as the daughter of "rich Capulet," that the nurse says of her—

"He that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks."

and that, whilst Mercutio is spoken of as kinsman to the Montecchi *and* to the Scaligers, who then ruled over Verona, nothing is said of the nobility of the Capulets. Tybalt, the duellist, is their only relation alluded to—*et encore* ! He is nephew to Lady Capulet, who might have been of higher family, and have espoused her husband for his wealth. An "old man, uncle to Capulet," is the only positive relation mentioned in the *dramatis personæ*, as belonging to Juliet's father.

There exists in the archives of the town a manuscript collection of Veronese chronicles,* wherein the whole story is recounted in all its details, and which, from the quaintness of the style, as well as from the circumstances it relates, and from the proof it seems to afford of having been written by an eye-witness and friend of Romeo's, seems to bring one into still further intimacy with those we have all known

* I owe the communication of this Chronicle to the kindness of Prince Trubětzkōi, one of those Russians who, like many of his countrymen whom I have had the good fortune to meet, knows how to unite all the elegancies of a worldly life with all the pre-occupations of severer study. The Prince was sent by the Emperor Nicholas to follow the Piedmontese campaign under Radetzky, and report every occurrence of it to the Czar. Whilst he was at the Marshal's headquarters at Verona for several weeks, he obtained permission to visit the archives (no easy thing), and during his long hours of research amongst the treasures there contained, the MS. I speak of fell into his hand, and he copied it. It is to be found reproduced in Giacomo della Corte : *Compilazione delle Chroniche Veronesi*.

and loved so long. This chronicle says that Bartolomeo della Scala (Dante's friend) had found means of pacifying matters between the two rival houses up to a certain point, and that he had, at all events, obtained that, when they met in the streets, the young men of one faction should give place to the elders of the other, and that salutations should now and then be exchanged. And then the chronicler goes on to recount the *bellissima festa*, "to which Antonio Capuletti invited half Verona, and to which Romeo went, "who," says the narrator, "was the fairest youth and the most courteous to be found in those days in Verona (*giovine il più bello e cortese*), his age was somewhere between twenty and twenty-two."

Some time, as it seems, after he had wandered through the ball with his mask upon his face, he got tired, and quitting his mask, *a sedere in un cantone si pose*, but "in a corner," expressly remarks the historian, "whence he could perceive whatever went on; but where also he was himself visible to all. Much marvelling there was that he should be so avowedly in that house; but as he was so young and fair to behold, it was thought his very enemies would avoid noticing his presence." But, all at once, whilst he is listlessly reposing himself, and watching the motley crowd, there appears before him, *una fuor di modo bellissima giovane, della quale fieramente s'innamorò!*

Now, do you not see him start, and arrest the very serving-man who passes before him, saying: "what lady's that which doth enrich the hand of yonder knight."

There is about the way in which the story is told in Italian a *naïveté*, which is delicious in the extreme: "She," says the chronicler, "seeing him, and holding him for the most comely and graceful youth on whom her eyes had

ever rested, was fired with no less a flame than he, and while the festivities endured, they did nought but tenderly look at one another (*amorosamente mirarsi*) and confess a mutual charm."

" *Amor che al cor gentil ratto s'apprende,
Prese costui della bella persona,
Che mi fu tolta, e il modo ancor m'offende —*

*Amor che a nullo amato amar perdona,
Mi prese di costui piacer sì forte,
Che come vedi ancor non m'abbandona—*

Amor condusse noi ad una morte"

It is their history, too ! but between Francesca da Rimini and Juliet there is a gulf. Not only is Juliet at liberty to choose, which the guilty paramour of Paolo was not—but when Juliet *has* chosen, she does not for one moment admit of a wrong thought, but directly says :

" But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee
To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief."

I do not like to hear dear Juliet abused, as she too often is. Call Desdemona all the names you choose ; rely upon it, death alone prevented her from deserving them. She carries upon her bright cheek, and fair brow the mark of coming sin ; she is one of those soft-tempered enthusiasts, who are ripe for corruption without knowing it themselves, and whom the devil has set aside for his own purposes. But Juliet, I maintain it, is pure as she is passionate. She is the native of a soil where virtue has no root, the offspring of a time where purity had no charm—an Italian, the contemporary of Dante's Francesca, and yet chaste ! I have always thought that Lady

Capulet deserved great praise for the way in which she had brought her up, and Juliet herself still more, for having been so little spoiled by the viciousness of the nurse.

There is a detail in the chronicle of which I speak, that I have found in none of those who have treated of the subject. It is in the particulars of Romeo's first meeting with his love. According to this historian, they spoke to each other at Capulet's ball, and the interview in the garden was consequently not their first.

"Romeo," proceeds the story, "after having taken a few rounds in the dance (*alcune giravolte*),* was brought into contact with Giulietta (for this was her name), who at that moment had been dancing with another. So soon as she felt his hand touch hers, she said: '*Benedetta sia la vostra venuta.*' And he, pressing her hand, replied: 'Wherefore that blessing, *Signora mia?*' And she, smiling, rejoined: 'Do not marvel, good my lord, that I should thus bless your presence, for already for too long a time Signor Mercuzio has been chilling me (*già buono pezzo tutta m'agghiacciava*), and you have, by your courteous coming, warmed me.' "

The author himself then, in a parenthesis, observes: "This young man was surnamed Mercuzio the squint-eyed (*il guercio*), and was exceedingly popular with every one for his gaiety and wit, but he was renowned for

* From the description given of it, this dance must have resembled our modern Cotillon, for it was evidently one in which partners were constantly changing, and in which the same person only danced with you one or two rounds. Romeo is described as having been chosen by a lady for a *giravolta* or two, previous to his becoming the dancer of Giulietta.

having hands colder than ice itself. At these words of Giulietta's, Romeo *came close to me* (*qual io mi sia*), and answered her: 'It is most precious to me to have rendered you a service;' and with these words the dance ended, Giulietta being prevented from speaking to him more, unless it were to say with an *Oimè!* 'I am more yours than mine,' (*io sono più vostra che mia!*). Romeo, in going away, knew her for the daughter of Antonio Capuletti, and she, from one of her waiting-women, discovered that he was Romeo Montecchi, by which discovery she was rendered the most disconsolate lady in the world."

In the whole of this chronicle there is no question whatever of the garden; on the contrary, it is expressly said that Romeo bent his steps constantly towards a small narrow street upon which a window of Juliet's apartment opened, and there, by some sign of which the narrator confesses himself ignorant, and which I am infinitely grieved to admit he fancies in his simplicity, might have consisted in a *sneeze* (!)—the fair one recognized her lover, and they talked together by the moon's light long and "*cortesissimamente*," as he expresses it, and at last decided that they would marry, and that to settle the means of so doing, Romeo must apply to an ecclesiastic very famous in Verona, a most learned theologian, and great doctor of philosophy, suspected by the vulgar of knowing more than was needful of the occult sciences, and moreover, confessor to half the *noblesse* male and female of Verona. This personage was no other than Frate Leonardo da Reggio, a brother of the Franciscan order, and most probably related to Angiolo da Reggio, whom that very year (1303) Bartolomeo della Scala had invested

with the Pretorship of the town; for the great esteem in which he was held by Bartolomeo, seems to have been one of the Friar's chief reasons for undertaking the business proposed to him. The ultimate pacification, through this marriage, of the Montecchi and Capuletti feud, appears to have been the aim he had in view, and the pleasure his friend, the ruler of Verona, would feel at this event was the principal recompense he seems to have desired. But the manner of the marriage is extremely original: it was in Lent, and Juliet regularly went to confession at the Church of San Francesco in *Citadella*, but with her mother (whence it is made apparent that she had somewhat less liberty than Shakspeare has awarded her of "going to shrift at Friar Lawrence's cell"), Frate Leonardo being the confessor to both.

One day, when all had been arranged, Juliet knelt down at one side of the confessional, her mother being at some slight distance waiting until her daughter's confession should be finished to commence her own,—on the other side of the confessional knelt Romeo hidden from the eyes of whoever might be placed in an opposite direction. Frate Leonardo opened the little grating to right and to left, the vows were exchanged, and the nuptial ceremony was performed, the nuptial benediction given, and Juliet and her Romeo were husband and wife.

Easter came, and the young wedded pair met often—thanks to the wiles and ways of a "*scaltrita vecchia*" (our old friend the nurse, that prototype of the Martha of Göthe's *Faust*), who contrived to secure to Juliet and her lord all possible impunity; but the project the clever Franciscan had conceived of reconciling the two families did not seem one bit nearer its accomplishment. On the

contrary, a hot affray broke out one day at the Porta di Borsari, near to Castel-Vecchio, between a party of the Montecchi faction and some adherents of the Capulets, in which Romeo, notwithstanding all his efforts to preserve peace, was not only forced to mingle, but in his own defence he slew Tebaldo, Juliet's cousin. All this is exact in Shakspeare, as also Romeo's banishment to Mantua, the determination of Juliet's parents to marry her (although there is no mention of who the bridegroom was to be), and her determination to escape from the impossible union. As the family vault of the Capulets was situated beneath his own Church, Frate Leonardo, in proposing to Juliet the plan with which we are familiar, represented to her that nothing would be easier of execution, for that he could, upon the very night of her burial, withdraw her from the tomb, abide her waking, and then send her forth disguised, and under trusty escort to her husband. It must also be said that the youthful pair had till now, held constant communication, by letter, through Frate Leonardo's means.

Shakspeare has also remained perfectly true to the Chronicle in the manner of Romeo's death, although not exactly so in that of Juliet's. Having missed the Friar's messenger, and heard from another quarter of his loss, Romeo, regardless of all, save his despair, returned to Verona, and reached the town upon the evening of the day on which Juliet had been buried. He arrived at her tomb but a few minutes before the Friar, and had already drank the poison, and expired when Frate Leonardo came. Whilst the latter was questioning the servant who had accompanied young Montecchi to Verona, upon all the details of his master's unfortunate journey thither, Juliet

awoke from her trance, and looked surprised around her. The first object that met her eyes was the corpse of her beloved! Stupified by grief, she listened to the recital of Friar Leonardo, and, overcome by too strong despair, she sank down upon Romeo's lifeless bosom—and died! "*ristretti in se gli spiriti*," says the narrator, "*in grembo al suo Romeo senza poter dir altro morta rimase.*"

And "Lammas-tide" had come, was scarcely past, and there lay Juliet, just fourteen! . . . Romeo's forebodings had told him true!

As we stopped to look at the house tradition assigns to Capulet, a long black drapery hung floating down over the ledge of one of the windows—was it in sign of mourning for Juliet? was it perhaps her window? . . . the window where the lovers held "courteous converse?" *chi sa?* the street was narrow enough to have been the same—narrow enough for anything assuredly, and that narrowness drove us from it, for a troop of Austrian dragoons so filled it up, that our carriage found it advisable to move on . . . The Montecchi were Ghibellines, thought I, as I watched the dragoons take the road towards the palace of "the Marshal." Had the story happened now a-days, Romeo and Mercutio would, in all probability, have been officers in the army of Radetzky—*Kaiserlich Königlich Officiere!*

As day was closing, I entered the church close to the *Albergo delle due Torri*, the name of which I knew not then, nor have ever asked since. The effect was most impressive. Its dark lofty aisles were filled with countless human beings close pressed upon one another, all in prayer (we, too, were in the holy time of Lent); upon those near the entrance and in the lateral aisles, no light was shed, save that which came from the little ill-fed lamps which

here and there burned in honour of some particular saint. But as you advanced farther, things began to be lighted up, though indistinctly, by the profusion of candles blazing upon the high altar. I never witnessed such a Rembrandt-like effect, for the illumination I speak of, magnificent in itself, seemed to burn as it were apart, and cast but a faint splendour around, leaving the objects not immediately within its sphere in a dim, vague mysteriousness, very grand.

When I left the church, the moon shone palely bright in the pale heavens—where are the “fruit-tree tops” she “tips with silver?” Gone—as they are who yesterday looked upon them, and as we shall be to-morrow who love the memory of these: mouldering in spirit ere we moulder bodily, and wondering in the imbecile materialism of old age, how there could ever be a time when these sweet shades allured us. . . .

Oimé! as thou hast said—I was in Verona, “more thine than mine”—*più vostra che mia*, my sweet Juliet, and therefore it was that, as we left Capulet’s house, and looked into one another’s faces, we all said: “What a strange power is that of poetry!”

CHAPTER XXII.

VENICE, VIENNA, AND PARIS. THE POWER OF A
PRINCIPLE.

OF all the disadvantageously placed towns in the world, I think I know of none so disadvantageously placed, morally speaking, as Trieste. The capital of Istria is in an eminently *fausse position*—she is a *filia pulchra*, completely cut out, effaced, eclipsed, by a *mater pulchrior*, and what is more, she is subjected inevitably to all the disdains of those who come to her, mourning for Venice, and whom she cannot console. And yet she is a most fair city, with her broad quays and crowded port, her wide-outstretching pier, and her large flat-flagged streets—her *Mole* and her mountains, her walks and her flowers. Trieste is a town of flowers and perfumes. When it is not either the pale violet or narcissus which salutes your sense, it is the aromatic scent of the orange, citron or pomegranate, as they lie tumbling about in odorous heaps on the market squares. I had picked crocuses in the meadows around

Verona, I found cowslips and primroses under the leafless woods of the Karst hills. I, too, was very ungrateful to Trieste, and for some hours, would hardly look at her out of my window, but sorrowed for Venice nearly as much as Juliet for her cousin Tybalt. I believe the first thing that reconciled me to the Istrian city, was a narcissus in a *jardinière*, at the Countess Wimpffen's. It stood alone in the midst of inodorous plants, and cast forth such floods of perfume from its white petals, that through the seven saloons of the *Palazzo del Governo*, it was perceptible. I had more than half a mind to beg it for "auld acquaintance" sake from the victor of Bologna,* and, for not having in its favour broken the eighth commandment, I take unto myself no small degree of credit.

The perfume of this flower refreshed all my withering senses, which were bound up in the despair of having to bid adieu to the Adriatic queen.

As you leave Trieste at night, and mount the Laimbach road, the receding city with its lights, from the heights of Opschina, looks like a carpet of stars; you would swear that a shower of them had fallen down from the sky, and that earth had got her lapfull. And what a richly clothed lap is it, that in which the wave-kissed Tergestum nestles! There, to the right, the hills of Carniole, and to the left, the Dalmatian coast hem in the Adriatic

* In 1849, General Wimpffen distinguished himself exceedingly by the taking of Bologna. He has, for his services in the Italian campaign, been made civil and military Governor (*Statthalter*) of Trieste, and is also one of those who, following in the steps of Radetzky, like Schlik and some others, contrive to be popular even with his *administrés* of a foreign race.

- with so gentle an embrace, that each wins fresh grace from the near neighbourhood of the other. Were I to live a hundred years, I could not forget the night on which I saw the midnight moon rise and sink upon the sea, and watched, ere she had yet faded, the coming sun throw at early dawn a crimson mantle over the earth, as though to prepare a purple footing for his tread, and turn the waters into ruddy gold whereon our vessel floated towards Trieste. Beyond,—far, far beyond,—lies Greece; and there, where at evening the sun goes down to rest, leaving the light of his shadow glowing in one long broad streak upon the waves—there, there is Venice! Venice! how often from the sunny eminence of Sant' Andrea did my longing eyes seek to pierce distance and divine thee, flower of the flood! and when the last hour had come, and the severance was complete, from the wind swept hills of the Karst, over that lonely sea, whither went the farewell?—to Venice . . .

Venice, I have said it, was to us more than mere Venice. She held, when we left her, besides her own Past, our Future!

“Ce n'est pas seulement Venise de pierre et d'eau,” as a friend of mine said, making an indifferent play upon words. There was something beyond this. Venice contained, with all that is most gone bye in a bye-gone country, that which must revive a country I hope most living still.

Half of those who, in other lands, talk of monarchy as the only cure for the evils of France, do not reflect upon the import of what they say, and do not even know with regard to France what that import is, nor why there can be but one monarchy possible in France. France is—however strange this may appear to those who do not

know her *intimately*—a country of tradition. Traditions govern her *à son insu*, and well in this respect has she been styled *La Chine de l'Europe*. The French, who, in a merely political sense, are the most cowardly nation in Europe, will submit to any political revolution, but they will not conform their habits of life to it, because they are incapable of doing what their fathers did *not* before them; they will bear what they do not like, but they will not try to make the best of it, as a more sensible race would do, because they do not know how;—on the contrary, they will make the very worst they can of it, and still submit. This is why a determined handful of *overthrowers* can always establish whatever they like in France, so long as authority does not defend itself and the country at large; and of these overthrowers there are plenty *everywhere*, whatever may be the manners, habits, feelings, or traditions of the country in which they spring up. That the struggle is a serious one in France, between anarchy and rule, that, I have sufficiently said, and I have as yet met with no impartial person who does not see in Monarchy the sole rescue. But there are many, particularly in England, who are inclined to think that *one* Monarchy might be about as good as another, and who ask you why the grandson of Louis Philippe should not save France as well as Henri V.?—because, to the immense mass of the nation (I speak of those who either are, or will be, brought to look upon Monarchy as a necessity) the d'Orleans family represent nothing.

It is quite useless to judge one country by another, or to persist in always comparing what has no resembling point. Nothing can be more unlike than the two revolu-

tions of England and France; and that, though it would be too long to enter into it here, is proved by a very short study of the two—of their causes, their phenomena, and their consequences. We have made the best of our revolution, the French have not, and they are to this day warring against it still; and until the perversion, both moral and intellectual, which can cause the so-called *Grande Révolution*, commencing in '89, to be otherwise than *openly* execrated, shall cease, France will war on. But it is not precisely that which occupies me just now.

No country, perhaps, in the world obeys so instinctively the hereditary principle, or has such an involuntary belief in the rights of *race* as France. Of the very essence of republicanism, and, above all, of democracy, which consists in the isolation of the individual, and the power which he has of deserving, independently of any desert transmitted to him by any one who has gone before; of this the French have no idea. Take, as an instance, the affair of February. Why do they instantly fasten upon Bastide, Cavaignac and Carnot? Because of their fathers. And they are eternally building upon the second, when he attains to power, because of the duties imposed upon him by *his name*; and the greatest reproach to him, when he will not go quite so far as they thought fitting (though, Heaven knows, it was not far short of it he stopped) was, that he had disgraced his family! Thus recognizing, for an evil, the force of a principle they cannot recognize for a good end. It then naturally becomes a mere question of persons, but the principle remains untouched. What have democrats to do with "a name," "a family," "a race?"

What was it, which, in 1815, after France was worn out

with war, tired of her glory, sick of the great man, "*dont la gloire nous avait valu tant de honte*," as Châteaubriand expresses it—what was it that made her rush rapturously forward to greet the returning Bourbons?" * Nothing but the innate faith in a principle, which, however it may slumber, is far more than people think for, at the bottom of her heart.

Ask, at this present hour, a peasant in the fields what he understands by the word *King*, and whether it be in praise or in abuse, he will tell you that it is "*l'ancien*." The son of the Duc d'Orleans is nothing.

We, who are a practical, and in politics, luckily, a most unimaginative race, we cannot conceive this sway of an idea; and, to our minds, it would be just as sensible in the French to take the Duc de Nemours, if they were so minded, as to recal Henri V. But this is not exact, when speaking of our neighbours. There is a something in the idea of royalty in France inseparable from that of

* It will suffice to ask any of those who witnessed the return of the Bourbons to France, in 1815, to know really *à quoi s'en tenir* upon the then existing popularity of the Royal Family. There was no mistaking the feeling which was manifested all over the country. It matters little whether the country first turned its eyes towards them, or whether the Restoration was settled by the Emperor Alexander and M. de Talleyrand; the "country," as it is called, was too worn out to want or wish anything specific, save repose; and history had been so overthrown, time itself so put to wrongs, that half France thought there were no more Bourbons in existence; but when they *did* come they were received with genuine enthusiasm, as they would be now. "It is the *only real* enthusiasm I have ever seen in France," said one day to me a man upon whom I can well rely, for he is both dispassionate and independent of all *parties*.

legitimacy. If the Frenchman *is* to have a king, it must be of that race which has reigned over him and his forefathers for eight hundred years.

Eight hundred years ! Just reflect upon that. If you come to the question of royalty, you will perhaps find, that, as an abstraction, it may be said to have existed in France only. Supposing us, in England, to derive from William the Conqueror, we derive, after all, from her ; and how often have we changed hands !

The Hapsburgs, as sovereigns of Austria, are of yesterday ; as Emperors of Germany, they were dependent on election.

Prussia's kings count a century and a half ; her reigning family governs her but since three hundred years ; Spain and Portugal have a history not all unlike our own ; and with the former,—her greatest pride perhaps of all, Charles V.—is of German descent ; but, in France, *le Roi* means not the individual wearing the Crown, but the descendant of Philip Augustus and Saint Louis. After the appeal to a higher Power, (which, however irreligious he may be, every man sends forth involuntarily in the decisive moments of his life,) a Frenchman's first word was, "*Vive le Roi !*" When he stormed a besieged city, when he went down at sea, in glory as in death, he cried, "*Vive le Roi !*"

Now, everything may be destroyed, that we know, and in France the very faith in heaven has been shaken—but things so deep-rooted are seldom eradicated altogether, and, when it is least expected, fresh stems shoot forth and give evidence of the growth, persistent, though concealed.

"As soon as we have a moment's repose," says Château-

briand, "under a transitory government, the old monarchical convictions spring forth, *le vieux génie français reparait*—we are courtiers and soldiers—nothing more."

No one has better described what the force of the royalist feeling is in France than the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*, and when you have taken the trouble to read through his Memoirs, you acquire the certainty that in confessing that force, he is perfectly impartial, for you see that, personally, he does not like kings. His monstrous vanity is hurt by them. Therefore, I say that his is an opinion which may be admitted. Speaking of monarchy as an abstraction, he says: "There is, in this sense—but one monarchy in Europe—that of France; the destinies of other monarchies, as pure monarchies, are in a degree bound up with hers. All royal races are modern, compared to that of Capet,* and almost all are in some way issued from it. Hereditary royalty in France, as an institution, was the most ancient royalty in the world."

This is what we do not sufficiently consider, when we speak of monarchy in France. We do not enough reflect upon the force which it had *as a principle*, upon the force of which it may yet be capable, and which resides wholly and alone in the individual representing that principle.

The most extraordinary proof ever given of the force I speak of, lies in the return to France of Louis XVIII. in 1815. He was the *Principle incarnate*, and was *only that*, yet to him, an infirm, decrepid old man—did all

* The Welfs (Guelphs) are a race, to the full perhaps, as ancient as the Capets (and probably the only race that can say as much), but they are not so old in the exercise of royalty, whereas the Capets have ruled over the same land and the same people for nearly nine hundred years.

France turn with hope and joy ; and here again, I recur to Châteaubriand, for no one has presented the aspect of matters so accurately as he has done upon this occasion.

“The unshaken faith,” says he, “of Louis XVIII. in his name, in his race, is the real force which restored to him the sceptre ; this it is which twice placed upon his head a crown for which Europe had not (with a view only to him), exhausted her populations and her wealth. The Exile without a soldier to back him was the one thing inevitable, at the end of all the battles he had neither fought nor won. Louis XVIII. never, for an instant, forgot the pre-eminence of his birth. He was everywhere *king*, whether in a palace or a stable, whether on the throne, or in his arm chair at Hartwell. Never could misfortune wring from him a concession ; his pride grew in proportion with his misfortunes : his diadem was *his name* ; and he always seemed to say : “Kill me, if you choose, you cannot destroy the ages that are written upon my brow.” * If his arms had been effaced on the Louvre

* One of the greatest and most involuntary admissions ever made of the force of the Royalist principle, and of the indestructible influence exercised over France by what Benjamin Constant calls “*La famille incontestée*,” was made by Bonaparte, in 1803, when, after his first Italian campaign had surrounded him with a halo of fame, after Marengo had made France mad with victory, he still (confessing thereby what was wanting to himself), wrote to Louis XVIII. to propose to him that he should abdicate his rights ! The rights of an exile at Warsaw ! The rights of a Prince whose father had been executed by the pretended “will of the nation,” whose family had been declared for ever *déchue*, and whose rival was then in progress to make France believe she was rich in another Charlemagne, and who so dazzled her with glory, that for years she could literally see only him ! Louis XVIII. in his answer, simply said, that Bonaparte had been mistaken in imagining any such

what mattered that? they were to be found everywhere engraved all over the globe. Revolutionary commissaries had not been sent to scratch them out in every corner of the universe. They were at Lima, and in Mexico, at Antioch, at Jerusalem, at Rhodes, in the Morea, at Constantinople, on the walls of Rome, on the ceilings of the Escorial, in the scutcheon of every royal house.

The inflexible idea of the greatness, the antiquity, and the majesty of his race, gave to Louis XVIII. a real and positive empire. He made one feel his dominion; even Bonaparte's generals confessed it.* They were more intimidated by this impotent old man, than by the dread master who had ordered them to a hundred battles. In

concession would ever be made by him, and that, "*if there ever could be a doubt of his legitimate rights, such an application did but serve to strengthen them!*" "*Il lui manquait quelque chose,*" said the elder Gagern of Napoleon; and that it *was* precisely, which Louis XVIII. had, and which none knew so well as himself and Bonaparte. And so it is with Louis Napoleon, with the Comte de Paris, and with any and all of those who may try to take the throne of France by storm, by surprise, or by stealth. *Il leur manquera toujours quelque chose*, which alone Henri V. possesses.

* This is so true, that I have seen numberless *débris de la vieille armée*, who have assured me that no one could stand the scrutiny or the anger of Louis XVIII's eye. The feeble old man, rooted to his gouty chair, has made more than one "*vieux de la vieille*" tremble by his look. "*Que voulez-vous?*" used to say Marshal —, who is since dead, "*il y avait je ne sais quoi de particulier dans son regard qui vous domptait un homme, c'était quelque chose d'étrange; et puis, au bout du compte, c'était le Roi!*" There is the eternal "*quelque chose,*" and till we understand far better this feeling, which we do not and cannot feel ourselves, we shall never be able to comprehend completely the unceasing revolutions of a country composed in fact, as Châteaubriand says, of "*courtiers and soldiers*" only.

Paris, when Louis XVIII. invited the triumphant Sovereigns around him to his table, he passed without any ceremony before all those Princes, whose very soldiers were bivouacking in the Court of the Louvre. And the more impolitic was this pride of the descendant of Saint Louis (it was the bane of his successors), the more it pleased the national pride of the country: the nation was rejoiced at seeing Monarchs, who, vanquished, had borne the chains of an individual, bear, now that they were the conquerors, the fetters of a *race*!

A race! Yes! there is the word. However our better sense and judgment may revolt from this arrogance on the part of Louis XVIII., however some amongst us may even think it absurd, we must reflect that it was but the exaggeration of a sentiment which existed not only in him, but in France, and that, if Louis XVIII. had not known that therein lay a something which responded to secret sympathies in the nation, a something which flattered their pride, he was much too clever not to have modified the manifestation of his.

Depend upon it, when we speak of "Monarchy" and "Legitimacy," we do not, nine times out of ten, think of what those words really represent in France. There exists nothing similar in any other country by which to judge the case.

Another immense mistake we in England make, is to persist in fancying that the elder Bourbons were driven away in 1830 by the country, and that "the country" chose Louis Philippe in their stead. The country *did not* choose the head of the House of Orleans, nor was the country ever consulted. Here was the great error, and the error which in fact proves the truth of what I say; for

had those who desired the citizen-King, believed that the country would, if consulted, have contributed to seat him on the throne, they would undeniably not have omitted securing to the Monarch of their predilection such an augmentation of power as the vote of "the country" would have afforded him. But, on the contrary, they well knew that there was scarcely one of the provinces, that would not have furnished a majority in favour of the elder branch.

This it is, which, at the present hour, constitutes the wide difference between the two royal mothers who have in two different revolutionary periods been placed in positions seemingly alike, but in reality perfectly dissimilar. It must be avowed that the Duchesse d'Orléans has, by her late conduct, done everything which was necessary to enhance that of the Duchesse de Berry. The former, fought nobly, chivalrously, *openly*, for a *right*, and none so well as those who disdained no means to entrap rather than vanquish her, know how very near she was to success. The latter, unable to avow her aim, is reduced to pursue it stealthily, and pass her days in the still and incessant contemplation of a double usurpation,—of an event which, could it happen, must be achieved at the country's cost, both impolitic at once and wrong: a crime to the conscientious, an enigma to the wise.* Whatever

* As a wife, and as a widow—indeed one may say in almost every *private* capacity, few women are more distinguished than the Duchesse d'Orléans; but when one witnesses the extraordinary persistence of her conduct, since February, towards the elder branch—a conduct in which, against the avowed counsels, in face even of the avowed disapprobation of all the really respectable political advisers of Louis Philippe during twenty years, she is upheld only

may have been the faults and the mistakes of Louis Philippe, his present conduct, well appreciated by all those who have approached him, cancels a vast deal of both; for it is impossible to have more readily recognized, from the very first moment that which was necessary for France, or to have more steadily, more loyally held to the conviction than he has done. No where, more profoundly than in the breast of the ex-King of the French, lies the belief in the indispensability for France of a return to the Legitimate Monarchy. I think I may venture to quote his own words, pronounced not long since to a private friend, who repeats them, because he conceives them to do honour to Louis Philippe's head and heart: "Toute pensée de retour à la Souveraineté de 1830 serait absurde et criminelle."

The Comte de Paris has no longer any *right* to anything in France, save his name, and his possessions as *a d'Orléans*. So long as the throne of Louis Philippe lasted in France, it was a *fact*, which might have its consequences, and it was natural that the Duchesse d'Orléans, a foreigner, unable to enter into all the nicer *nuances* of public opinion in France, should look upon her son as the necessary heir to royal sway—but a revolution has swept the soil, and carried away, not alone the Orleans monarchy, but that which made it such. Louis Philippe was, I repeat it, not chosen king by the country, he was

by M. Thiers!—one involuntarily recurs to the fact (notorious amongst all who had the honour of approaching her in former years) of the Duchesse d'Orléans having been so *exaltée à Légitimiste*, up to the very hour when M. Bresson asked her hand for the Duc d'Orléans, as to express her undisguised wonder that any Princess should be found who would consent to ally herself to the Usurper, Louis Philippe's son!

king *par la grace de* MM. Lafayette, Odillon Barrot and Lafitte, who represented, meetly enough, the Paris *bourgeoisie*—a revolutionist, a lawyer and a banker! this is not France. Nor is the *bourgeoisie*, France. It is the class of all others which least represents France; the class most antipathetic in all its tendencies to the real genius of the nation—and hence the enormous mistake we make in England, when we fancy that this class has any kind of similarity with the corresponding one in our own country.

I have said in a previous chapter, why it is that in France a *bourgeois* is scarcely ever a gentleman, and no country so chivalrous in grain,—so ungovernable in fact, and for any length of time, by anything save *le point d'honneur*,—as is France, can submit to the debasing rule of a set of men, who, when their small plans and combinations fail, want even the courage to defend them, and who instantly fly from danger. I like the idea of Napoleon calling England a nation of shopkeepers! Shopkeepers forsooth! What would he say if he could only see what the last twenty years have made of France!

“My observation,” says Burke, “has furnished me with nothing that is to be found in any habits of life or education, which tends wholly to disqualify men for the functions of government, but that, by which the power of exercising those functions is very frequently obtained: *I mean a spirit and habits of low cabal and intrigue, which I have never, in one instance, seen united with a capacity for sound and manly policy.*” And that “spirit” it is, which the *bourgeois* supremacy has infused throughout administrative France, and against which the *honestest* portion of the country unanimously rebelled in February, and by its concurrence, enabled the rabble (who otherwise must have

been put down) to gain the upper hand,* being themselves then terrified in turn, and domineered over by the minority of the mere populace.

From contact with the upper ranks—essentially unlike *our* middle classes in England—the middle classes in France have gained nothing.

As I have already observed, the incentive to upright, honourable, gentlemanly conduct is, from the peculiar genius of the French, placed beyond the reach of these middle classes; for this reason, if France is really to regain her, at present, forfeited position, she must have recourse to some system which shall afford to the upper classes a greater, and to the middle classes a lesser share in the immediate government of the country. As I have said before, I do not fear the so-called *people* in France, a very intimate acquaintance with the country teaches me that, not there, but in the grovelling instincts, the intriguing spirit, and the utter want of political intelligence and political courage of the *bourgeoisie*, lies the danger.

The reproduction of the *escamotage* of the 9th of August, 1830, in the person of the Comte de Paris, will

* No one who witnessed the revolution of February, and above all, who watched narrowly the march of public opinion and feeling, during the two years *preceding* that event, can deny that in its disgust at the corruption of the Government, the country was unanimous—the one thing *true* in the movement of February, was the revolt of every honest man in France against the King's "system"—but as has often been the case in this unforeseeing country, the rabble, used as an instrument, employed as a momentary ally, was possessed of a daring, the mere Reformers lacked, and the smallest minority possible set up the Republic, to the horror, surprise, and utter consternation of all those who allow it to subsist.

heal no wounds ; but merely perpetuate the existence of the incompatibilities which have disunited France for the last twenty years. The question is now no longer one that can be resolved by a mere fact—it is one which must be determined by a principle—for it is a war between one principle and another. If the Republic *can* last, and if any one in or out of France believes that it *can*—well and good. Then, as I said, the French must, if they have any sense in them, try to make the best of it ; but if the Republic cannot endure, it is only by the monarchical principle in its purest and most extensive sense that it can be vanquished. It is not to a certain species of monarchy that it must yield, but to monarchy itself—an abstraction as the Republic is an abstraction, a principle as the Republic is a principle—this is Henry V.

Therefore, did I say, that in Venice lay our Future ; and therefore did I, the whole night long, as we rolled on our moonless road towards Laybach, think of what we had left, and what was reserved for us in coming years.

This time, when we reached Vienna, it was broad daylight, and the spire of St. Stephen rose majestically towards the sky, overtopping the *Kaiserstadt*, and reigning supreme over it, faubourgs and all. The Imperial eagle, on its summit, shone brilliant and dazzling in the sun, and seemed to me as though it spoke of hope—of hope even to other lands. The whole continent of Europe owns, in fact, one common cause, and for that cause the heroes of Austria fought. From the banks of the Mincio and the Adige, and from the woodland wilds of Croatia, came the *first resistance*. From the Burg of Vienna first went forth the word of rescue, and to Austria does European civiliza-

tion owe what posterity will certainly not scruple to recognize.

“ *Evviva Radetzky! Zivio Ban!*” The cry will echo through history.

Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, all have their beauties; but, Heavens! how they fade, when one once more enters the capital of France!

The day after our return was marked by a *fête* in commemoration of the Republic. The day was brilliant, and the preparations for festivity were canopied over by as brightly blue a sky, as ever made the work of rejoicing comfortable.

It would trouble one to say into what the Place Louis XV. had been turned; was it Venetian, Moorish, *Moyen age*? I know not; but, to a certain degree, it was magnificent; and the splendours of this *fête*, in honour of *La République*, were gorgeous as the coronation of Inès de Castro—after her death.

The transition, thanks to the railroad, is now too rapid, the change too sudden, which, after showing you healthful countries, brings you again into contact with this beautiful and hateful, noble and most vile, felonious and knightly, suffering and rebelling, humiliated and proud, wonderful, incomprehensible France!

When one has visited the other lands of Europe, and marked amidst foreign courts and cabinets, the humbled attitude of the strange diplomacy by which the Republic is represented abroad, France seems somewhat in the position of a woman of quality who should have married her coachman. Her former friends remember still that *she* is one of them, and they condescend to tolerate him

whom she has honoured with her alliance; but a thousand little things, visible at once to those who possess the key to this cyphered bearing, reveal the impracticability which exists for the husband of the *Grande Dame* ever to take his place beside her in society. *Il n'est pas reçu.*

Of all the evidences of vitality in the world, I know of none so obstinate as those given by the French *noblesse*. That which it alone can be compared to, is the conduct of the Pope Gregory VII., after his defeat and deposition by the Emperor at Brixen, in 1080. Three years did Henry IV. keep Gregory in prison, until Robert Guiscard delivered him, but not one concession would he make. The Romans themselves, angered at his severities, banished him to Salerno, but he gave way upon no point. He denied the recognition of Henry of Luxembourg as Emperor, till he should have subscribed to his conditions. He refused to raise the ban which he had spoken over Henry IV., until the penitence required should have been performed; and when Guiscard, his almost sole supporter, took unto himself a territory belonging to the Church, Gregory would not invest him with it! The deep, uneradicable conviction of the principle which he represented, held him up against all and everything.

“ Qui est donc ce vieillard qui prévaut seul contre toutes mes armées ?” said Napoleon, speaking of the Pope.

And thus, with the French *noblesse*, who resembles the Bourbons in the intimate conviction of its rights, and of its indispensability. You may try to destroy the French *noblesse*—the enterprise is an impossible one. You may impoverish and banish it, take its riches and its titles; you may subject it to laws and institutions that would kill aristocracy anywhere else; you may decapitate, annihili-

late it bodily—you cannot annihilate its spirit. That lives on; one of the very, very few things still uncorrupt in France.

“ Ils n'ont rien oublié, ils n'ont rien appris ! ” it was the sweeping sentence of one who did not hate them more profoundly than they despised him; of one, between whom and them there was a crime too dark to be forgotten—the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. But suppose the sentence be accepted—what then? It proves tenacity of conviction, or it proves nothing; and, thank Heaven for France! it proves that there is a class, which, if it may hang something too fondly upon its own individual illustration, has at least not forgotten its antique traditions of honour, piety, and chivalry; and which, if it have disdained to learn some of the new-fangled philosophies of the day, has also learnt none of its subversive theories.

Mettons bravement qu'ils n'ont rien appris et rien oublié—I still say that if the *gentlemen* of France do not help, there is a very poor chance of saving the country. And help they will not under a d'Orléans. Do not the following lines upon the restoration of Charles II., look as though they had been written on purpose for the present time?

“ Monarchy was re-established after the complete exhaustion and the definitive ruin of its rivals and enemies. The Republic and the Protectorate had had recourse to every form, to every combination they could think of. Every power, every name issued from revolution was worn out and decried. The battle-field was bare. The phantoms even of the combatants and of the revolutionary pretenders had vanished.

“ *Royalty was not recalled alone.* At the same moment

when the King remounted his throne, the great land-owners, the rich country gentlemen, all those important citizens who were wedded to the Royalist cause, took their place in the Government of the country. The mere fact of Cromwell and the Republic, had excluded them from participation in power. *The re-assumption of their place by themselves filled up an immense vacancy in the social organization.* The common error of revolutionists, is to believe that they can replace what they displace. The Republicans of England had been able to abolish the House of Lords and chase the Royalists from the political stage; they were unable to fill their places, either for the support of authority against anarchy, or for the safeguard against despotism of the liberties of the nation. At the same moment, therefore, that the Restoration re-established the monarchical principle, it restored their proper and just influence to the antique traditions of family, property, birth and rank. Authority found its principle of stability and its natural allies; whilst at the same time society, politically speaking, retook possession of all its strength, and felt itself re-edified upon all its bases."

Those are the words of the man, who perhaps in all France, shows in his own person the greatest discrepancy between moral and intellectual worth—meanest and falsest in all conduct which is the result of the one—noblest, truest, and most clear-sighted in all which is the produce of the other:—of M. Guizot.

No truer picture can be given. The day when the King returns, life will be infused into the body-politic in France by a thousand currents, from a thousand sources, which have till now been dried up. The proportion is very great in almost every town of France, of those who under Louis

Philippe would not participate in the general activity, and who will do so under no Monarchy save the Legitimate one. I do not say this is wrong or right, I merely state a fact.

The question is simply this: either France will be lost or saved; in the former supposition, many ways may lead her to her fate—but *one* can lead to her salvation. She must return to that which alone can save her, without any save the moral assistance of other powers; the presence of one single foreign bayonet would sever France from Monarchy for ever, and, to recur again to the writer I have just quoted, when he describes the Restoration of Charles II., France must, in speaking of the accession to the throne of Henri V., be able to say: “He remounted his throne without foreign aid, and without any internal struggle in the country, without even the efforts of his own party, by the sole will of the nation which, delivered at last from oppression, from anarchy, and *from all revolutionary fluctuations*, rebounded naturally towards him, hoping in him alone for the reign of the law, for order, and for a certain and assured future.”

The French are, at this moment, undergoing the “revolutionary fluctuations” alluded to—how they will escape from these, Providence only can tell, but few are those who doubt that they will do so. I am much mistaken, or Henry V. is destined to continue the tradition, broken off at Henry IV., of the “popular” kings of France, in the right sense—those who merit and do not seek for popularity.

When the Duc d'Orléans was in Vienna, in 1835, he was half inclined to be alarmed at seeing the Imperial family surrounded in the Prater and in the Park at Schönbrunn, so familiarly by all ranks and classes of the popu-

lation, and the recollections of the "Sergents de Ville," at home, induced him to testify his surprise to those around him. This, which so surprised Louis Philippe's son, is the popularity I dream of for Henry V., as this is the "universal love of all" which I know he must deserve.

As to Marie Thérèse d'Este, I am inclined to forestall events, and say with Bossuet, in speaking of another Marie Thérèse (of Austria and of France, *elle aussi*), "Admiron les bontés de Dieu qui se répandent sur nous dans la prédestination de cette Princesse."

One day, at Verona, we talked with "the Marshal" upon the Piedmontese campaign and upon his victories; he, with the real modesty which characterizes him, said: "C'était la cause des honnêtes gens que je défendais, *notre cause à tous*." He was right, and every day and every year which goes by, will only prove it more and more. Therefore, whilst waiting for the hour when in France we may again cry "*Vive le Roi!*" I hold that we have, as I said once before, nothing better to do than to cry: "*Evviva Radetzky! Zivio Ban!*"

CONCLUSION.

AND now, my unknown, nameless reader, far more my companion than I have been yours, we part here. We may have differed often, but time will come when you will acknowledge I have told you rightly, for I have ever told you *truth*. To you I am a stranger—to me you are a friend, and I think lovingly of you, for you have retraced with me the happiest months of my existence. If in one single conscience I have rectified one single error, I am more than repaid for every toil—if, in so many pages, you have found one whereby to gain instruction or wherewith to cheat *ennui*, do not be without indulgence towards the rest.

Did you ever hear an old song of Wilhelm Müller's?"

“ Oh ! wandern, wandern ! meine Lust !
Oh ! wandern ! ”

It will be my song for many a long day, till you and I, reader, start again on some fresh wandering. Till then, farewell !

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX

1843-1844

The first of the series of papers in this volume is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting of the Association on the 1st of January 1843. The names are arranged in alphabetical order, and the names of those who were present at the meeting on the 1st of February 1843 are given in a separate list. The names of those who were present at the meeting on the 1st of March 1843 are given in a separate list. The names of those who were present at the meeting on the 1st of April 1843 are given in a separate list. The names of those who were present at the meeting on the 1st of May 1843 are given in a separate list. The names of those who were present at the meeting on the 1st of June 1843 are given in a separate list. The names of those who were present at the meeting on the 1st of July 1843 are given in a separate list. The names of those who were present at the meeting on the 1st of August 1843 are given in a separate list. The names of those who were present at the meeting on the 1st of September 1843 are given in a separate list. The names of those who were present at the meeting on the 1st of October 1843 are given in a separate list. The names of those who were present at the meeting on the 1st of November 1843 are given in a separate list. The names of those who were present at the meeting on the 1st of December 1843 are given in a separate list.

APPENDIX

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APPENDIX.

No. 1.

*Verses addressed to the Emperor Franz Josef, by the "Youth of Linz,"
and recited to him by a Linzer Student, on the 25th of November, 1849.*

The times were dark and heavy, and with destruction rife,
War, rapine, reigned o'er Europe, and loudly raged the strife;
But victory crowned the right cause, and peace spread o'er the land,
And to thy people, Master, thou stretchest forth thy hand.

From land to land thou speedest, thou goest from town to town,
As once thy great ancestor, of glorious renown;
All hearts are bounding t'wards thee, all homages are thine,
The loyal from each province come forth, an endless line.

But thou art thoughtful, Master! at many a grey-haired head
Thou lookest, and it seems as though a voice within thee said:
"May these be trusted? will their faith secure me from all wrong?
My task is hard and trying, my way is wide and long!"

Yes, Master! it is true, thou hast bound with unsafe chain
Thy ship to many an anchor that will but snap in twain;
Stars, too, whate'er their lustre, will drop from out thy sphere;
And of all those who greet thee, full many will disappear.

But see, oh, Star of Austria! the spirit of thy times
Surrounds thee in these children of thy fair native climes;
See here the fresh green branches on Austria's fresh green tree,
See here the youth of Austria—they live, they breathe for thee!

These are thine own, oh, Master ! whatever may betide,
 To watch thy glory, mark thy fame, for ever by thy side.
 Their strength is thine, their labours, their havings, and their life ;
 For thee they'll fight, thy foes they'll quell, or die in desp'rate
 strife.

They who now stand around thee, in youth's bright, brilliant day,
 Will later, Sire, surround thee, thy manhood's firmer stay.
 One day, too, Sire, as vet'rans, after life's wear and tear,
 Thou'lt see them on thy passage, their white-haired foreheads bare.

Thy time, thine age, are theirs, Sire ; in them lies all thy force.
United strength, it is thy word,* of greatness is the source.
 The youth of Austria, Master, which proudly greets thee now,
 Will one day bind the laurel wreath about thy princely brow.

Then let no sad thought vex thee, thy heart's horizon clear,
 Though aged hearts may leave thee, more youthful ones are here.
 Our young devotion, Master, is staunch as older truth,
 In place of Austria's veterans, now count on Austria's youth.

This little poem, which has no great literary merit in the original, and far less in my translation, serves to show the spirit which reigns throughout a considerable portion of the Empire. This antagonism of the young and the old may be looked upon as somewhere about the greatest of Austria's internal divisions.

No. 2.

Letter from the Patriarch Josef Rajacic to General Hrabowsky.

Karlowitz, Aug. 1, 1849.

Excellency,

With a bleeding heart, I take up my pen in order to describe to you the atrocities which, in certain spots where civil war has broken out, have been committed by the Magyar troops. In the Servian town of Futtak there was not one single enemy to be found, when the Magyar troops, commanded by your Excellency, burst into the place, some of them slaughtering innocent children, women, and old men ;

* *Viribus unitis*, the device of Franz Josef.

others seizing hold of a priest, stripping him to the skin, and dragging him after them in this state, whilst they forced him to show them the houses inhabited by Servians, and then plundered or pulled them down. In Mohol, the soldiers tore out the entrails of a priest, the venerable Constantine Popovich, and massacred his son.*

Not to be depicted are the horrors committed by these wild troops, in the churches of Futtak, Földvar, Mohol, and Kikinda. I will pass over in silence the wanton destruction of all the objects belonging to the celebration of Divine Service; but I believe it is without example in history, that Christian troops, in a place they had taken, should have seized the Holiest of Holies—the blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, which was there in readiness for the sick, and should have dared to trample it under foot, setting fire to the holy altar itself, with nameless other horrors! At the image of the Virgin they fired their pistols; of the pictures of other saints they picked out the eyes. As they could not wreak their cowardly rage upon any Servian warriors, they outraged women and young girls, slaughtering them, together with infants and children, and all defenceless beings, cutting off their noses and ears. All that they could carry away, they plundered; the rest they destroyed. From the camp of Tarak there came no one single man—no enemy could be found on the Neusatzer territory, yet the whole of Neusatzer Sallaschen is a heap of ruins.

Excellency!—from this description, far short of the truth of the excesses of the Magyars, you may easily draw this inference; namely, that if to such barbarities some limit be not speedily set, this national war, provoked by the Magyars, may, nay, must soon turn to a religious war. I fear much lest I may soon be no longer able to withhold the troops, and their commanders here, from the commission of similar excesses, in the way of reprisals. I fear much that the Bâtchka, the Banat, and Sirmia, may soon be but a desert waste; I fear much that the entire benefits of a thirty years' peace may be effaced, in these countries, in the space of a few weeks. After what has happened, the Servian nation finds itself forced to self-defence; and, from the knowledge I have of the Servians, I am convinced they will fight for their religion and nationality to the last, and desperately, and sooner die than allow either to be touched.

I must openly avow to your Excellency, that the Servians, after all the atrocities of the Magyars, have drawn the conclusion, that the Magyars, in respect to them, are bent upon a war of extermination. What will be the consequence? I believe this, that they will take a lesson from the Magyars, and repay them in their own coin.

* The Greek priests, it must be remembered, are allowed to marry.

Is it right that two brave, high-hearted nations, should ruin one another for the caprice of a few wild fanatics? is it right that the nation should here be slaughtered, which on the battle fields of Italy is sending forth its sons to fight like lions for the Emperor, and for the maintenance of the Monarchy, supporting the honour of the Austrian arms, giving their best blood to keep her banner spotless? I ask you, as an old soldier, as a man of honour,—have they done this, or not? Ask Marshal Radetzky, ask the other Generals in Italy—they will confirm my words.

Is it right that, from the bench of Ministers in Pesth, they should hear the fathers and brothers they have left at home stigmatized as robbers and rebels, whilst they are fighting and dying for a common King? Is it right that so brave, so true a nation, one so entirely devoted to the throne and dynasty, should be massacred, because it asks for the rights awarded to it for services rendered, by Hungarian Kings and German Emperors? rights, positive and sacred, rights which, at the present hour, all nations possess or pretend to?—Excellency! the Servian nation has not the means of prosecuting a war which are at the disposal of the Magyar Ministry—the Servians never dreamt of war, until the attack made on the 12th of June, upon the unoffending town of Karlowitz, and upon all they hold sacred, provoked them to it. They were resolved to pursue the obtention of their rights by legal means. Therefore did they send me, with a considerable deputation, to the foot of the throne, to ask for help,—there where they had been ever accustomed to seek for aid and assistance. Whilst the Servians had recourse to this step which I, and every one must regard as a perfectly inoffensive, legal one, you make an attack on Karlowitz, an open, unarmed, undefended town—a town which, as you well knew, had suffered frightfully but the year before, from fire and from storms, a town which had ever received you within its walls, with kindness, respect, and hospitality; a town more worthy of your pity than of your vengeance;—you time your attack upon a day holy throughout all Christendom, at an hour devoted to the worship of the Almighty—instead of the gifts of the Holy Ghost, the wretched town receives your balls, your bombs, and your murderous brands, which know no difference between innocent and guilty; your soldiers—Magyars,—set fire in cold blood to the houses, wound and maim women and children, shoot in the *fossés*, under the bridge, nine unarmed men—throw an old wounded man with his wife into a burning house, and then, pursued by some ill-equipped peasantry, fly back to their fortress!

With this most ill-advised act, your Excellency has occasioned three evils: first, thirteen innocent lives have been lost, besides all those who have perished in the burning of different dwellings; secondly, you have driven the Servian nation forcibly from the road of legality, on which it hoped to attain its ends; but thirdly, the

greatest evil produced has been, that you have lighted the flames of civil war, and given to it the peculiar character of horror by which it is marked. Excuse me, Excellency, if I give you this true—most essentially true, description of the attack upon Karlowitz, for I happen to know positively that the report made upon it to you by the Commandant of the troops, was an inexact one, as it sufficiently proved by the public papers, published under the influence of the Magyars.

Excellency ! what I say is not alone the expression of my individual opinion, but that of public opinion throughout the whole nation. If the Magyars do not immediately change their mode of proceeding, and do not begin to carry on the war against the Servians upon a more civilized system, the latter will inevitably take example upon them, and copy their barbarity. Germans, Slowacks, Wallacks, Russines of Syrmia, of the Bâtchka, and of the Banat, all those who voluntarily or involuntarily (it matters little which) make war upon the Servians, under the banner of the Magyars, will be treated like the Magyars. Peace-lovers and people of neutral countries, of whatsoever creed or nationality they may be, will be treated like brothers, and protected both in their persons and in their property.

As I look upon your Excellency still as my personal friend, I hasten to impart to you these details, and beg of you to make use of them in the needful quarters, and as quickly as possible.

Humanity, the welfare of our fair fatherland, the welfare of all the populations united under the Imperial dynasty, the welfare of the united empire, all ask for a rapid peace, all clamour for tranquillity. Each day's delay brings a thousand evils to the country.

I shall rejoice beyond everything, I shall be the happiest man in existence, if my observations obtain from your Excellency, and in a still higher quarter, the attention and the approbation I think they deserve.

Meanwhile I remain,

Your Excellency's obedient humble servant,

JOSEF RAJACIC,

Archbishop.

No. III.

Proclamation to the Croato-Slavonians.

When, in the days of March, the loud voice of the people clamoured for deliverance from the secular oppression of the old system, our good monarch listened, and spoke at once of freedom, of equality, of rights, for all the populations of his vast and powerful empire.

A happy, a brilliant future, seemed assured to us ; but, unluckily, we—Croats, Slavonians, and the other Servian, Rouman, and German members of the same family—we were soon made aware of the precise contrary. An arrogant, selfish, ambitious faction in Hungary profited by the excitement inseparable from such changes, to wrest from our most gracious sovereign concessions, by which the most precious of all our possessions, liberty, became their privilege, and that of the Magyar race alone ; by which all the other subjects of the Hungarian Crown were to be doomed to slavery. And this same faction also, by the establishment of a separate ministry, annihilated in fact the unity of the Hungarian provinces with the Empire, guaranteed by the Pragmatic Sanction.

The existence of the kingdom of Croatia was straightway denied ; the kingdom of Slavonia was declared a county of Hungary ; the use of the Magyar language was prescribed, and established in all the provinces, even in the more southern ones, almost entirely peopled by the Servians. The consequence was, the discontent of a race distinguished for services done to the country, and for its bravery ; a discontent augmented to desperation, so soon as the Hungarian ministry began to give the support of force to the work of injustice.

These were the fruits, to us, of our newly obtained freedom ! Here were the “equal rights” set down by the law of nature, and sanctioned by the sacred word, the law of our most excellent monarch ! This was the reward for the thousand services that our race has, through centuries, done to the Hungarian Crown, and to the United-Monarchy, for the rivers of blood that it has poured forth for the defence of a common fatherland ! This to a nation, which, in our immediate times counted, on the battle fields of Italy, 35,000 of its sons in the ranks of the Austrian army, until its struggles to preserve the honour of the Austrian name had decimated its numbers.

I will not speak of the manifold direct and indirect attacks upon the Croato-Serbo-Slavonian race ; of the thousand suspicions, and disdains, and slights ; of the endless persecutions, which in a thousand forms menaced me, as Ban of the three united kingdoms,

threatening my honour and my life. I advert to them simply, because not alone I, but in me, the good right of the nation was thereby attacked.

Constant deputations of our people begged repeatedly, at the foot of our good monarch's throne, for protection, for justice. Ill luck watched over us, and all our prayers were in vain.

At length, in gracious consideration of these sad circumstances, his Majesty fixed upon the Archduke John to be the intermediary and the adjuster of the differences between Croatia, Slavonia, and the Hungarian ministry. In obedience to most high commands, I also went to Vienna, readily lending my hand to the work of peace and conciliation. But this step, too, was useless. I demanded, in the name of the Croato-Slavonian nation, the maintenance of the Pragmatic Sanction, the which establishes (Croato-Slavonian Provincial Diet, of the 9th March, 1712, sanctioned expressly by the Emperor Charles VI.) "that the kingdoms of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, subjected to the rule, not only of the male, but also of the female descendants of the Imperial House, shall however only be held to obey those who shall be possessed not alone of Austria, but also of Styria, Carmiole, and Carinthia, and who shall reside in the above-mentioned Austria:" which further ordains (Art. XI. 1723) "that the German and the Hungarian hereditary possessions shall be governed indivisibly, inseparably, and by a common Government." To be true to this, I demanded that there should be a Central Ministry of War, of Finance, and of Foreign Affairs: I demanded, on the ground of its being just, and according to the sacred word of His Majesty, the equal rights of our nationality: I demanded the accomplishment of the promises made to and hopes entertained by the Servian nation in Hungary.

As the Hungarian Minister-President would not agree to any compact on these bases, I had no resource but to await the decision of the Hungarian Diet upon our last conciliatory propositions.

But this most important question, upon the solution of which depended not only the welfare of Hungary, and all the populations belonging to the Hungarian Crown, but also the maintenance of the United Empire, this question never was brought under discussion, but on the contrary, the aggressions of the Hungarian Ministry still continued. Misguided sons of our own fatherland, under the protection of the Magyar party, laboured that material order in Croatia might be disturbed; in Slavonia, ministerial Commissaries backed by military force, constrained the populations to elect deputies for the Diet of Pesth; in Trieste a vessel is fitted out to disturb the Croatian Coast; another similarly equipped and armed pursues upon the Danube a work of wanton destruction; detachments of troops formed of the mobilized National Hungarian guard cross the frontier, and invade the territory subjected to the Banal authority; the most frightful war rages with increased terrors in the Banat; and in

order that the worst might be done, the emissaries of the Magyars were instructed to excite the Bosnians, so that their wild savage-hordes might carry desolation and ruin with fire and sword into a land whose inhabitants had for centuries truly and honestly watched over the distant borders of the Empire, giving their lives to ward off from Hungary, Austria, and thereby from all Europe, the two fearful evils of the East: barbarity and the plague.

I am a lover of the people, I am a lover of freedom, I am a lover of Austria! devoted to my constitutional Emperor and King, I reject with undisturbed tranquillity of conscience all accusations and suspicions, whether of "reaction," "Panslavism" or what not; and declare in the face of all Austrian nations, that, bound by the resolutions of the Croato-Slavonian people taken in their provincial Diets, and by my own internal convictions, I neither can nor will give up one iota of the conditions recognized as the basis and foundation of a future pacification.

We desire a united, powerful, free Austria—therefore one indispensable condition is, the centralization of the Ministries of War, Finance, and of Foreign Affairs. We demand the equal rights of all nations living under the Crown of Hungary; these have been promised to *all*, in the March-days, by the sacred word of our gracious Monarch. In accordance with a determination *solemnly* adopted by the Croato-Slavonian Diet, we will not separate our affairs from those of our brothers in blood and language, the Servians of Hungary. Nations, like individuals, have their honour, which to them, as to the individual, must rank far higher than life. The Servians have one desire with us; they desire to remain true and faithful to their Emperor and King; they, like us, will rest inflexibly attached to the great Empire of Austria.

Now, as the Hungarian Ministry thinks it cannot consent to our proposition, as it persists in its separatist tendencies, that is to say,—as it contemplates the decline and fall of the great and fair United Empire: honour and duty command us to risk everything, and appeal to arms;—we must with strength, with possessions, with life, devote ourselves to the good right, to the holy cause!

God save our Constitutional Emperor and King, Ferdinand!

JELLACIC, BAN.

Proclamation to the Magyar Nation.

Magyars! Brothers! True to the resolves of my nation and to duties sworn, I stand here with arms in hand, on the frontiers of your home, and speak to you an earnest word in a most earnest hour.

In darkness and servitude lived for centuries the nations of the earth. Our great and fair empire groaned under the spirit-quelling pressure of heavy institutions; then all at once light broke upon Austria's hard-bound lands, and her kind-hearted Emperor himself undid the prison-bolts, gave freedom to his people, and spoke the word of equal rights for all nations.

But brothers! the will of our King, the just desires and wishes of the people were not fulfilled; for in the very moment when not you alone, Magyars, but all of us in the Empire, received the gifts of Liberty, in the very moment when the Constitutional Emperor and King, according to the already consented Constitution of Hungary, could make no further concessions without the free agreement of his free subjects, and without the concordance of his responsible Central Ministry—in that very moment, guilty hands are outstretched to seize our common good,—Freedom!

Your Ministry, not at the head of the Magyar nation, but at the head of a faction, asks freedom for itself, and forges chains for us: it has, in fact, even now, torn itself asunder from the great Austrian Empire, upon whose integrity the fate of millions hangs, and has destroyed that treaty common to all, the Pragmatic Sanction. This Ministry has, by its aggressiveness, occasioned everywhere confusion, opposition, desperation, and our fatherland is already stained with the blood of warring brothers. The mediation of His Imperial Highness, the Archduke John, desired by our Most Gracious Sovereign the Emperor and King, begged for by the Hungarian Ministry, produced, although met on our side by a ready wish for peace, no result, and six weeks are now gone by without this most important question,—important for the welfare of Hungary, as also for that of the whole united Empire,—having been proposed to the discussion of the Diet in Buda-Pest, by the Hungarian Ministry.

This situation can last no longer, and, forced to the last resource, nothing remains for us but to set our lives upon the obtention of Freedom and Order in the land.

Brothers! not against you do we go forth, but against that faction which, in its self-willedness, has brought us all upon the brink of ruin. We would wish to realise the ideas of freedom, equality, and fraternity; we desire to be neither oppressors nor oppressed, but to live in a happy equality of rights, side by side, whether by name Magyars, Slavonians, Germans, or Roumans.

Receive us, therefore, as friends, and be assured that I will main-

tain aid and protection to every one,—protection for his property and for his life, who does not meet me as a foe.

What is needed for my troops will be negotiated with your local authorities, and exchanged either for payment in coin, or, should money fail, for equally valuable, legally recognized notes.

Therewith do I place my trust in God, hoping His help, and the aid of all well-thinking persons in this most just and holy cause of freedom and of my country.

God save our Constitutional Emperor and King, Ferdinand !

JELLACIC, BAN.

On the banks of the Drave,
Sept. 10, 1848.

No. IV.

LE CHŒUR DES JACQUES.

Souffres, que rien ne te rebute ;
Il faut souffrir jusqu'à la fin,
Les hommes sont prêts pour la lutte,
Quand ils sont dressés par la faim.
Réponds par un calme sublime
A de lâches séductions.
Attends, pour sortir de l'abîme,
Le flot des révolutions.

(*La Jacquerie*, par Bravard).

Air :—Le peuple est Roi ! le peuple est Roi !

Refrain.

Nargue aux Rois et nargue aux Cosaques !
La misère a repris les rangs !
La moisson s'approche—et les Jacques
Vont moissonner chez les tyrans.

Le peuple a quitté la charrue,
Sur la place il s'est assemblé,
Et vers la frontière il se rue !
Le bon Dieu mûrira le blé !
La patrie en danger l'appelle,
Il vient de briser son carcan !
Il a suffi d'une étincelle
Pour rallumer le vieux volcan !

Nargue, &c.

La faim le chasse du village,
Il faut manger, Jésus l'a dit.
La misère pousse à la rage !
Et s'il se plaint, on le maudit. . . .
Qu'à juste droit l'on nous maudisse,
Il faut en finir au plus tôt !
Pour que l'huissier ne la saisisse
Rapportons la paille au château !

Nargue, &c.

D'étrangers la frontière est pleine ;
Sous eux voyez le sol trembler !
C'est le ciel qui nous les ramène ;
Nous avons un compte à régler !
Pour les repousser, la souffrance
N'a besoin que des outils.
Jamais un enfant de la France
N'a demandé, combien sont-ils ?

Nargue, &c.

Toujours servir, mais c'est terrible !
Toujours ramper, c'est infamant !
Toujours pleurer souffrance horrible !
Quand le pain manque à tout moment.
Cent fois, notre bouche affamée
Vint prier au seuil du manoir ;
Mais la porte en resta fermée—
Pour nous le ciel est toujours noir !

Nargue, &c.

Les hommes noirs de la discorde
 Ont reparu dans nos hameaux ;
 Le ciel avec l'enfer s'accorde
 Pour mettre le comble à nos maux !
 Les Cosaques sont à nos portes,
 Les Jésuites sont dans nos murs !
 Nos bras sont bons ! nos faulx sont fortes !
 Les seigles seront bientôt mûrs !

Nargue, &c.

Finissons-en ! la terreur blanche
 Décimerait tous nos cantons ;
 Chaque arbre lui doit une branche,
 Chaque branche des rejetons—
 La police, jusqu'en nos bouges,
 A porté son regard fatal !
 Et l'on dit que nous sommes rouges !
 Oui ! pour l'exil ou l'hôpital !

Nargue, &c.

*Rome est par nous occupée !
 Oh ! Bem, Kossuth et Mazzini,
 Garibaldi, la longue épée,
 Pour vous, tout est-il donc fini ?
 Que trouve-t-on du Rhin au Tibre ?
 Du sang, des cachots, des gibets !
 N'est-il donc plus un homme libre ?
 Tous les vaillans sont-ils tombés ?*

Nargue, &c.

Du vieux Danube à la Tamise
 Chaque maison pleure un martyr,
 Doullens est la terre promise
 Où les nôtres vout s'engloutir !
 Du Caucase à l'Adriatique
 S'allument de nouveaux bûchers.
 Qu'est-ce donc qu'une république
 Qui ne produit que des bouchers ?

Nargue, &c.

Eh bien ! soit, que la boucherie
Soit ouverte à tous les drapeaux !
Allons, place !—la Jacquerie
Pour bannière a ses oripeaux !
Pour la moisson qu'attend le maître ?
Les pleurs sont un trop faible engrais :
C'est du sang qu'il nous faut y mettre ;
Le sang fait mûrir le progrès !
Nargue, &c.

No. V.

ODE TO RADEZKY.

SPEED thee well, noble General ! to work with thy sword !
Not alone for the sake of a glorious action ;
It is Austria lives in thy camp and thy word ;
Of the land of our fathers we are but a fraction.

In our vanity blind, in our folly grown weak,
We have fallen to pieces, divided and lost ;
Whilst there is but one mind, if Radetzky but speak,
And to battle command all his conquering host.

In the thousands who march as thy banners are spread,
There is found in the mass neither stripling nor youth
Who would question thy word, or endeavour to shed
False delusions around the pure beauty of truth.

And thy guards, they can watch, ay, and wake all the night ;
They protect what they watch, at their post they will stand ;
Little like the bold burghers, who soon take to flight
When the drums give the warning of danger at hand.

In the field where they fight, in the camp ever changing,
Stands the city of soldiers, their home, and their all ;
If this city is burnt, over all spreads the blight,
Its destruction involves their own ruin and fall.

And thy magistrates are the brave leaders of men,
 With a sword by their side, every outbreak to quell ;
 Firm and good is the law which the sword—not the pen—
 Writes in letters of blood, “ It is death to rebel !”

Be it Croat or Magyar—not a rush does it matter—
 Give the word “ *Vorwärts !* ”—’tis the same for each clan ;
 Be it German or not, they don’t squabble or clatter,
 For “ *Vorwärts !* ” is enough, and they march to a man.

For the danger of all, every man must unite ;
 It is union builds up a city or state :
 We are never alone, save in death’s stillly night,
 But in life’s busy scene every man has his mate.

Be to us, thou old warrior, a glory and sign !
 And our hands and our hearts shall be ever united ;
 It is thus that her laurels proud triumph shall twine,
 And the end shall be joy which can never be blighted.

THE END.



LONDON :

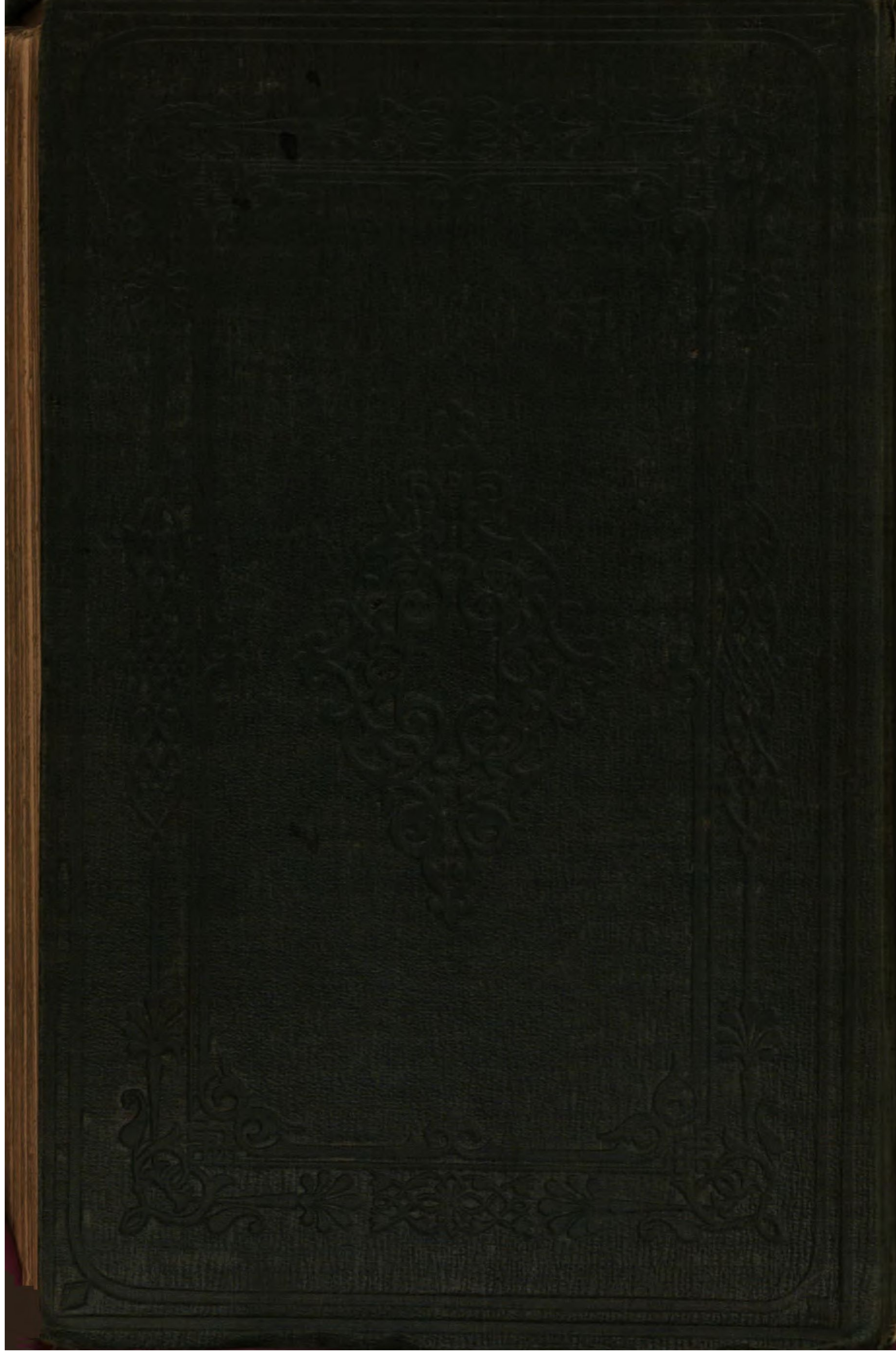
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

And the first thing I did was to
write a letter to the
Governor of the State of New York
and the President of the United States.

— I am sure that the
Governor of the State of New York
and the President of the United States
will be very glad to receive
my letter.

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Blaze de Bury, Marie,

Germania in 1850; its courts, camps, and people

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